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CHICAGO TO NAPLES.

OUR TWELVE MONTHS' TOUR

—THROUGH—

THE BRITISH ISLES, FRANCE, ITALY,

SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, ETC.

BY

ROBERT CLARK.

CHICAGO:
SHEPARD & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.
1885.

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PREFACE.

OBEYING the mandates of a recognized custom, that every book must have a preface, I desire to state that the following pages, narrating my experiences and reflections during a twelve-months' tour in Europe, have been prepared as a labor of love, and are now presented without pretention to my old friends, in the hope that an occasional hour of pleasure and profit may be realized in their perusal. If this aspiration should be accomplished, the author will consider himself amply repaid for his labors.

ROBERT CLARK.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1885.

Batterson, 13 Jul., 1923

CHICAGO TO NAPLES.

WASHINGTON.

MAY 9, 1884. As we journeyed on the train from Chicago to Washington, the Capital of the United States, and in the gathering darkness were rapidly approaching the seat of government, a gentleman sitting beside us peered out of the car window, and pointing with his finger, called our attention to a brilliant, dazzling light in the distance. "There," he said, "is the electric light on the dome of the Capitol building." Looking in the direction indicated, we saw an elongated gleam of great brilliancy. As the city was neared it grew larger, and as we passed an opening, the dome burst on our view. No such sight had ever met our eyes before. There were a number of distinct gleams spread over the apex of the dome, and a circle, as if it were a coronet on the brow of beauty, was revealed to our wondering eyes. The vast sphere seemed hung in the murky sky in a luminous, half indistinct form, which made it look very weird at a distance, and suggestive of grand proportions.

We had not been in the Capital of the United States for fifteen years, and during that time the science of electricity had made vast advances, revealing possibilities not dreamed of when Benjamin Franklin demonstrated to the world, that that subtle fluid could be controlled and made the servant of man; and it was truly fitting that the grand building, under whose roof the foremost men of the country, as legislators and judges, met for the transaction of business, should have the best light physically, that modern science could give them, although intellectually, in a great many cases, our representative men are not burning and shining lights. We got apartments for the night at Willard's Hotel.

Next morning we decided to stop over in Washington for a few days, our family wishing to become acquainted with the city

and its celebrities, as far as strength would permit. We decided to visit the White House first; we inspected, in detail, all the rooms usually shown to visitors, including the vestibule with its stained glass, and fine panels. We were shown the well known east room, 40 by 80 feet. This is the reception-room, elegantly furnished, and highly worthy to have been the scene of so many gatherings of illustrious men and fair women, for this room embodies all that is meant when we are told that the White House is not only the center of political rule, but is as well the social center of the country. The other rooms open to visitors, are the green room, the blue and red rooms, the state dining-room, 30 by 40 feet, each furnished in the color indicated by their names. They are well, but not extravagantly equipped, and form a harmonious whole. Many articles of *vertu* are to be seen scattered about on tables and mantles. There are also a fine library and valuable cabinets of curiosities. On the whole, the appointments of this residence are on a noble scale, but its conveniences might be added to, and ought to be, for the national honor, even if we insist on republican simplicity. A nation of sixty-five million people, perhaps the most energetic, and certainly one of the wealthiest in the world, ought to have a residence for its virtual ruler in keeping with its noble present and its grand future. However much we may contemn useless display, we cannot afford to deny ourselves, through our chief representative, the means of hospitable and dignified comfort, for the ends of the earth have able and honored embassadors at Washington, who require to be entertained in proper form.

As we leave the precincts of the White House, we observe across the street Lafayette square, with its fine trees and trim shrubbery, surrounding the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, and for two terms president of the United States. Adjoining the square is the Corcoran art gallery, which, with the building and grounds, were donated to the country by W. W. Corcoran, one of the wealthiest bankers in Washington. Many rare works of art are to be seen in this fine collection, including the Veiled Nun, in pure white marble, and the Death of Saint Sebastian, in oil; also the original Greek Slave by Powers. This is one of the finest sculptures of modern times.

On the east side of the White House, are the vast and imposing buildings of the Treasury Department, and on the west the still larger offices of the State, War and Navy departments. These

make a very imposing and grand addition to this portion of Washington, and placed as they are, at the west end of Pennsylvania avenue, form a fitting counterpart to the Capitol at its east end, two miles distant. Leaving this regal part of Washington, and passing through the public park, we reach the fish ponds, used for the propagation of food fishes, foreign and domestic. Towering over these in grand simplicity, is the marble monument erected to the memory of George Washington, by a grateful people, who, from all sections, after the lapse of many years, have joined together heart and hand in the completion of this incomparable testimonial to him, who was first in war and peace, and first in the love of his countrymen. The shaft, now finished, is 560 feet high and 40 feet square at the base, and is the highest construction in the world. At the east end of Pennsylvania avenue, on the most elevated point in the city, stands the vast, classic building, known as the Capitol. Pinnacled by its massive dome, this structure and its associations are worthy of attentive study. Contemporaneous with the city, it was commenced in 1790, and as originally designed, was completed in 1814, but was soon after destroyed by the British. However, it was speedily rebuilt, and, although for the time, large and commodious, in less than thirty-five years it was found to be too small for the public business. Two new wings were accordingly added, making the length of the fronts 750 feet, while the north and south fronts are 325 feet. The dome has an altitude of 396 feet above the level of the grounds; it is constructed of iron and copper, and surmounted by a colossal statue in bronze 18 feet high, and weighing fifteen tons. The rotunda below the dome is 96 feet in diameter, and 180 feet high to the canopy. The rotunda walls, divided into eight panels, are each filled by a historical painting; four of these represent leading events in the Revolutionary war, the Declaration of Independence, Surrender of Burgoyne, also of Cornwallis, and the Resignation of the Command of the United States Troops by Washington. The other four are the Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Landing of Columbus, De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi, and the Baptism of Pocahontas. All these paintings are by American artists, and are correct portraits of the parties represented. The view from the top of the dome is one of the finest in the world. The surrounding states teem with reminiscences of the country's history from the settlement of Maryland, by Lord Baltimore, and the occupation of Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh, including many stirring events

in the war of independence, the war of 1812 to 1814; also the great civil war of 1861 to 1865, and incidents of social life covering a hundred years of our country's history.

The building and grounds have cost, to date, $15,000,000. This is exclusive of paintings, sculptures, libraries and museum collections, and is occupied by the House of Representatives, whose room is 139 by 93 feet, seating over three hundred and twenty members on the floor, while the galleries can accommodate fifteen hundred visitors. In connection with this spacious hall, are numerous rooms used for receptions, committees, refreshments and stores. Connected by roomy corridors with the Representatives' Hall, is the Senate Chamber, 113 by 80 feet, seating seventy-four senators, the galleries seating one thousand persons. Adjoining, is the President's room, in which he transacts all business, when required, as the executive of the government. The Congressional Library consists of four hundred aud fifty thousand bound volumes, and two hundred thousand pamphlets for the use of the two houses. The public are allowed to draw books to be read only in the room. The Supreme Court, consisting of nine judges, is the last court of resort in the United States, and is a very dignified and learned body of men. To them are intrusted for settlement, all judicial questions arising from disputed interpretations of the National Constitution, their opinions being considered final.

The city of Washington is handsomely located on the Potomac river, and is one of the finest cities in the world. For residence purposes it cannot be excelled. The most accomplished citizens of the United States, and many from other countries, find here an agreeable and bounteous home, in the midst of an intellectual and social activity, rarely met with elsewhere. Palatial residences are numerous, and all enjoy the use of finely paved streets, numerous parks and pleasure grounds, a genial climate, water without stint, while all the supplies which can, in a temperate climate, be gleaned from air, earth and water, contribute to the comfort of the people. And last, but not least, this fine city is under the paternal care of the Senate of the United States. Among many points of interest around Washington, the Government Cemetery at Arlington Heights will well repay a visit. It is located across the Potomac, high on its southern bank, and formed from part of the confiscated estate of Robert E. Lee, once a sworn and trusted soldier of the republic, who allowed his own convictions of duty to be overborne by the clamor of men who were

determined to drive from their allegiance all whom they could influence, in their mad determination to organize a government, based on the iniquity of unrequited labor, and the merchandise of human souls. Casting in his lot with these unreasoning men, he took up arms against the United States, and like many more salved his conscience by the sophism that he was bound in honor to obey the will and follow the destiny of his native state, Virginia. The ablest of the professional soldiers who seceded, he was also imbued with the best instincts of a man, and never held the crude idea that a war for the perpetuity of slavery was not only justifiable, but was also a religious and civilizing necessity. However, he has left a name and reputation more honored than many of his colleagues, in their mad attempt to subvert the United States government. In this cemetery on the Lee estate lie the bodies of sixteen thousand men, killed in the defense of the stars and stripes. Marble stones mark their names and resting places, and where slain, except about five thousand who are unknown. An elaborate sarcophagus covers the remains of some two thousand men, gathered years after the war, from various battlefields. Overlooking the cemetery stands the Arlington mansion, with its wide, columned portico, which looks quite imposing as seen from the city.

In an opposite direction is located the picturesque buildings and grounds dedicated to the use of disabled union soldiers. Here the lamented Lincoln often withdrew from the carking cares of his arduous life, and in umbrageous retirement, planned and worked for the welfare of the people who had chosen him to be their chief. Here, in the midst of those charming woodlands and flowery slopes, he grappled with his many difficulties, laboring for an honorable peace with those who had rebelled, or striving to harmonize warring factions among those who professed to be loyal, but ever laboriously exerting his mind and body for the vindication of the government which had been laid on his shoulders, so that he might transmit to unnumbered millions a united country, little dreaming that death by assassination was to be the reward of his unselfish labors.

MAY 13. Left Washington for New York.

NEW YORK.

MAY 15. We crossed and recrossed the famous suspension bridge, connecting New York and Brooklyn. This structure is acknowledged by everyone who has seen it to be a masterpiece of

engineering skill. When the engineer, Roebling, had finished his plans and specifications, the estimated cost was $7,000,000, but before the work was completed the cost had reached the startling sum of $15,000,000. Whether there was any job or jobs for the benefit of parties interested there is no reliable record. No doubt unforeseen obstacles had to be overcome, and modified plans were necessary. As the work progressed it was found that the use of steel must enter largely into the construction, because of its greater strength, durability and comparative cheapness. Appliances for traffic not originally contemplated were introduced, the adoption of which has resulted in the most complete structure of its kind in the world. The approaches are massive and substantial, the river span in the clear being nearly 1,600 feet, with an elevation from high water to center of span of 136 feet, the roadways being suspended by four steel wire cables, 16 inches in diameter, anchored at each end in the most thorough manner, and passing over the two towers at an elevation of 275 feet above tide level. These cables sustain road beds for cable cars, carriage and pedestrian ways, which are all in use now. Eventually steam cars connecting Long Island to the mainland, through New York, will give railroad communication to the whole continent. The panoramic view from this colossal structure must be seen to give a realizing impression of its surroundings, overlooking, as it does, the whole of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, the East River, with its famous islands, the North River, with its endless commerce and contiguous country, stretching away through the Narrows, past Long Island and Staten Island, with their wooded hills and peaceful homes, out and away beyond the tongue of land called Sandy Hook, until the view is lost in the immensity of the Atlantic Ocean. There are few points on this earth's surface which can compare with this in sublimity of natural position, and evidences of man's onward march in commerce, science and art.

MAY 16. Yesterday and today there has been great excitement in that financial center, called Wall street. It would seem that one of those periodical convulsions in money matters has culminated at this time, producing panic and disaster which, so far, has been confined to a limited number of speculative bankers and reckless stock brokers, whose financial demise no one will deplore, but there is in this convulsion a peculiar case of disaster, which will appeal for sympathy to the hearts of many people. We refer to the case of General Grant, whose connection with Ward in the

Marine Bank, has drawn down obloquy on a name hitherto held in high honor; but it is the old story, the moral of which covetous people never will learn. Men who depart from the rectitude of commercial life, and in making haste to be rich, sacrifice to the Moloch of greed their own, their families and their friends' reputation, must expect eventually to be fleeced of their fraudulent wealth. The Grant family, in this case, has been duped, and designing men, taking advantage of a national reputation and honorable career, have shown that commercial integrity and professed friendship are very uncertain quantities, when brought down to the level of a panic in Wall street. There are big frauds and small ones; of the latter we were nearly a victim this evening. After dinner, in company with cousin B. J. Sturges, we were seated in Madison square, conversing and enjoying our cigars. While doing so, a well dressed young man stopped in front of us, and, smiling in a pleasant manner, said, "how do you do, Mr. Clark." Surprised, we looked our questioner in the face and said, "who are you?" He said his name was Mr. Nickerson, and he was a nephew of Mr. Samuel Nickerson, the banker in Chicago, and had just returned from abroad. He invited us to go with him across the square and he would give us a copy of Picturesque America. We began to think our generous friend was a Philistine, and told him we had no use for him or his books either, quietly hinting that a policeman was the man he wanted. Much chagrined, our friend left, and we had a good laugh over his discomfiture. Our civilization develops very peculiar paths of effort, and the unwary are easily led astray by plausible knaves.

ON THE OCEAN.

The Devonia was advertised to leave pier 20, May 17, at 10:30 A.M., for Glasgow. We were on deck at 8:30, the two hours intervening being spent in the midst of bustle and anxiety, regrets and partings, only known to those who have to undertake long and dangerous journeys. Friends from home and New York were present to wish us a good and safe journey. For their kindness we were very grateful, and will always remember their good wishes. Within half an hour nine large steamers left their docks and began their journey across the Atlantic. Among these was the City of Rome, the largest mercantile steamer afloat, if we except the Great Eastern. It was a stirring sight as they plowed their way majestically through the Narrows, out to the open sea. At half-past 10

A.M. our cables were cut loose, and, bidding tearful adieus to friends and relations, we realized our isolation, and that for ten or eleven days we should be a little world to ourselves, far removed from friends and home. About 3 P.M. our pilot left us, and with him was dissolved the last tie that bound us to the shores of America. But the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, the day sunny and warm. As the land faded from sight the sun sank in the west, and night with countless stars reigned supreme around and over our little world.

Our list of passengers was not large, and among others there were four clergymen, the reverends Wyllie, Hawes, Sharp and Father Gallagher.

MAY 18. Had divine service conducted by Mr. Wyllie, according to the order of the Presbyterian Church; music led by the purser, Mr. Murray. Weather pleasant and all present at meals; in the evening had sacred concert. Music very good.

MAY 19. Weather pleasant; all well.

MAY 20. Hazy weather; considerable sea; head wind; indications of our approach to the banks of Newfoundland, but no sickness in the cabin. Shuffle board, smoking and games beguile the time. Capt. Young is a thorough sailor, intelligent, courteous and careful, evidently realizing his responsibilities. He looks after the welfare of passengers and crew. Day and night finds him on deck, or on the bridge. The other officers quiet, but attentive to their duties. Music again tonight. All well pleased with the ship, officers and crew. The purser does everything possible to divert and amuse the passengers.

MAY 21. After midnight there was a disagreeable change in the weather. It became cold and the sea began to heave and foam in quite a disgusting manner, as some of our friends said in the morning when they managed to reach the deck and found their gorge rising with the ship's uneasy motion. We remarked if we had nothing worse than this we would be very fortunate, but they disappeared below one after another, and their pallid faces bore a sure testimony to the internal tumult which had begun to rack their weary frames. At the breakfast table we missed many of the company, their duties for the time being requiring all their attention, in paying tribute to that old salt, Neptune, who is incessantly crying, "give! give!" During the day we passed many fishing vessels. Dismal weather made this vocation seem to be most unpleasant, but as we remarked to Father Gallagher, Fridays must

be provided for, hence the demand for cod. Toward noon, the thermometer sank to freezing point, and we passed through some shoals of sludge ice. Shortly after lunch, the cry was raised, "iceberg ahead!" With our glass we saw ahead of us a white and pale green mass floating on the surface of the ocean. As we passed it at about one-and-a-half miles distant, it appeared to be 50 feet high and 400 to 500 feet long, but it smelled strong of Greenland, and we were not sorry to leave it astern. As this piece of winter disappeared another one loomed upon our port bow, showing grand and massive in its isolation. Apparently aground, it towered up on one side more than 100 feet high. Dangerous neighbors are these chunks of Greenland on a dark and foggy night. Many a good ship has gone to her doom by collision with these erratic wanderers of the deep. Of course we were much interested, as all voyagers are, in that restless, tumbling and fussy fish called a porpoise. We passed through a school of them this afternoon; there were probably fifty all told. Father Gallagher insisted that there were thousands of them, but he had just left the dinner table and doubtless his powers of vision had been largely increased. It became very foggy toward night.

MAY 22. This morning the glass indicated 30° Fah. and the rigging was covered with ice; heavy swell and head wind; the fog which inclosed us last night had disappeared, and we had a clear horizon. Last night a pathetic and sad event occurred on board; there died an old lady, a Mrs. Archibald, from California. She had been ailing for years, and, in company with her brother, was returning home to Scotland after many years' residence on the shores of the Pacific, hoping when she died to be laid down among the bones of her forefathers, but, at noon today, her body was consigned to the mighty deep. We were all very much impressed by the reading of the service for the dead, according to the Episcopal ritual, which was conducted by the purser. His reading was clear and sympathetic, and as we stood uncovered, the ship was slowed, and as the coffin slid from the grating and disappeared, another blank had occurred in time, and we who were left felt keenly the peculiar solemnity of the day. At nightfall, warmer weather.

MAY 23. On awakening this morning and reaching the deck, found the weather warmer, and took a constitutional with G. Muirhead; found the walking easier, but still we felt the undulating, swaying motion quite unpleasant. To the landsman, for some time,

walking is difficult on shipboard; it is rather provoking to see the officers and seamen going about their business without being seemingly aware that they are moving about on an unstable, ever swaying, slippery deck, while we are compelled to move about with the utmost caution.

MAY 24. As this is the anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, custom and patriotism demand a proper celebration of the day. After consultation, a programme of exercises suitable to the occasion was duly prepared, consisting of speeches, vocalism, recitations and dancing. All entered into the spirit of the affair, some from patriotism, others from motives of sociability. After tea, the passengers assembled in the music saloon, Mr. Wyllie in the chair. His opening address was eloquently appropriate to the occasion, and well applauded. We were called upon next, and responded in a few words pleasantly received by the company. Mr. Murray, Mr. Parker and the ladies acquitted themselves with ability. Even Father Gallagher was so inspired by the general good feeling that he fairly bubbled over with fun, and gave us some Irish songs in capital style. After the concert the literary association met in the smoking-room. We were called to the chair. Mr. Walker, chief steward, ordered champagne placed on the table, and it was agreed that speeches, quotations, songs and toasts would be in order. At the will of the company we had given the quotation, "Breathes there the man with soul so dead," etc., and called upon George to give us his selection, but with great disgust he assured all present that we had stolen his thunder, and he had no other quotation to give. This bit of humorous evasion was highly relished, but had a bad influence on further literary effort. However, midnight found us still drinking the Queen's health and enjoying each other's society, but a hint conveyed quietly from the bridge by the captain, that we had better adjourn, brought our meeting to a close by singing "Auld Lang Syne." It was an occasion long to be remembered.

MAY 25. The weekly day of rest dawned on us, fresh and invigorating, but there was no cessation of our onward push for the shores of Great Britain, the engines making sixty revolutions each minute. The motion of the ship was lively; walking the deck was difficult, sitting down very uncertain; lying down you were alternately pitched up, dropped down, swung to one side, then the other; steadied for a few seconds, then away you go as if you were taking flight to No Man's Land, the result of this poetry of motion

being the most enervating sickness, and compelling that oft repeated vow, "You will never catch me at sea again." Divine service, Dr. Hawes officiating.

MAY 26. There were two topics for discussion this morning. One was, how many knots have we made the past twenty-three and a-half hours (for that is really the length of the day) at our present rate of speed, and how soon may we reach the Irish coast. To the first query Captain Young tells us we have made three hundred and seven knots since noon yesterday. As to the second, he hoped by noon tomorrow we might smell the whisky stills of Ireland. Our spirits rose at this exhilarating news. There was not wanting some among us who had to put some *spirits* down as a sacrifice to these happy statements from the bridge, but at nightfall the fog closed in on us, the whistle bellowing every minute. During the night we slowed up for four or five hours, the wind blowing strong from the east.

MAY 27. After breakfast the fog cleared away, and we made rapid progress in the direction of Paddy's Land. Crossing the Atlantic today is a small matter when compared to the passage of fifty years ago. Then sailing vessels took six to ten weeks from land to land; now some of the steam greyhounds of the deep make the run in about six days, and have on board the best of modern appliances for the comfort of passengers. In the old days it was long passages, and very often short rations, with tyrannical captains and brutal officers and sailors, who had no compassion for poor sick landsmen trying to crawl about on the limited bit of deck allotted to them. All this is changed, and the Atlantic voyage is like an extended picnic from shore to shore. As we work up into the north we perceive a startling lengthening of the day, daylight continuing until 10 P.M. As we fully expected to be in Moville some time in the afternoon, we induced our friend Mr. Frazer, from Milwaukee, to bring out his pipes, which he took out with him from Scotland forty years ago when he sailed for America. He tuned up, and we marched around the deck several times to the stirring music. We learned from Frazer that he made the overland journey to California in 1849, and on several occasions the bagpipes were the means of saving his and his companions' lives from attacks by the Indians. Verily, "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." By noon we were on the coast, but the fog obscured the land, and we saw nothing until later, when we could see, hazy and indistinct, the hills back from the coast. At

5 P.M. we passed Instrahull lighthouse, and entered Lough Foyle an hour later. As we steamed up to Moville we saw the tender from Londonderry waiting our arrival. As she ranged alongside we dropped our anchor, and realized that we were on British soil and under petticoat government. Here our friends, Dr. Hawes, Mr. Parker, Father Gallagher and others, left us, and embarked on the tender for Derry, and we felt keenly that that there is no union here of hearts that finds not here an end. Farewell, dear friends; we have had a pleasant and profitable experience of your company during our ocean voyage. At 9 P.M. we were abreast of the Giant's Causeway; weather cold and hazy, but the sea calm as a mill pond. As soon as we were inside the Mull of Cantire we retired to rest.

ON THE CLYDE.

MAY 28. Coming on deck met George; he seemed to be highly amused. Supposing that it was the hope of being soon ashore which made him look so pleased, we remarked to him "it is a cold morning." "Yes," he said, "and it ought to be warmer, for I have seen four suns rise since I came on deck." We instinctively looked up to the sky, but the same old Sol was there, and no more. In explanation he said that the ship in her course up the Clyde had passed mountain and valley in such a manner that the sun had been obscured and revealed alternately that number of times before we had come on deck. And now, at 5 A.M., we dropped our anchor below Greenock, under the vigilant eyes of custom house officers. After breakfast we were ordered to have our baggage on deck for examination. There are four articles which claim close attention from the British Government; they are spirits, tobacco, dynamite, and a musical publication called the Song Folio. These are all subject to confiscation by the authorities. Four or five of the Song Folios were taken. In a short time the examination was concluded, and we were sent ashore, and placed on board cars for Glasgow. We reached the St. Enoch's Station at 10 A.M. Here we were met by Mrs. and Miss Rankin, for many years residents of Chicago, but now living in Glasgow, giving us needed instructions. We were soon domiciled in the Philp's Cockburn Hotel, and comfortably at rest under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Philp.

GLASGOW.

JUNE 6. Since our arrival we have been engaged in sight-seeing, such as all tourists who are healthy have a weakness for. Shopping, that work so dear to the ladies, has been industriously followed, and many comparisons drawn as to the relative difference in the cost of goods in Britain and America. The United States markets being highly protected, the question was, what is the difference? The result of a comparison between the two was, there is not so much difference in the retail trade as we expected; but then, an American is soon recognized and dealt with accordingly. The drives around the environs of Glasgow are very interesting, and in many instances romantic in scenery as well as historically. In one of our tours we approached the city by the Dumbarton road, which runs parallel with the river Clyde, and close to numbers of the large ship yards. As we passed along our attention was drawn to the great number of men and boys who were lounging around the corners of the streets. On inquiry we learned that they were unemployed, many thousands being out of work because of the decline in shipbuilding and other branches of mechanical industry. We find that other localities in the British Islands are suffering as much as the people here because of over-production, another term for reckless speculation, and which sooner or later carries to the homes of many poverty and crime. But the people here are hopeful, although the situation is rather grave.

The distinction which Glasgow has attained in the world of art, science and literature, many think, has been overshadowed by her signal prosperity in manufacturing and mechanics; and as she sits a queen in the midst of her vast enterprises, "Excelsior" is ever the word. Teeming thousands of industrious people are hived around her bleachfields, mills and workshops. For twenty years she has been without a rival in ship-building — we have reference to tonnage — and the products of her shipyards girdle the world, from the steamship of ten thousand tons to the smallest steam yacht. The work and material used here are nowhere excelled. This is manifested by a constant demand for the product of her yards, although the demand has been greater than it is now. The Glasgow people are instinctively constructing mechanics, from the advent of James Watt and the practical development of the steam engine. No community in Britain or elsewhere have evinced such a natural bent for the construction of machinery in all its ramifica-

tions. Go where you will over the whole earth, wherever you find expensive and complicated engines requiring intelligence and care in their operation, in a majority of cases you will find the man in charge has graduated from some shop in Glasgow. In company with one of those graduates referred to, we visited an establishment for the construction of marine engines and other heavy machinery, and were highly gratified as we examined in detail a ponderous set of compound cylinders, with all their attachments, constituting a complete marine engine of the largest size. To make and complete works of this kind there are required mammoth tools and massive buildings, covering the most complete appliances for minimizing expense in the completion of this class of work, which has practically annihilated space, so that a journey round the earth can be accomplished in one hundred days. The capital invested in these establishments has brought vast fortunes to many of the proprietors, and their palatial residences are numerous. Many of the estates of the old time nobility have passed, and are still passing, into the industrious hands of iron and cotton lords, who have risen from the working classes, beginning their careers as millwrights, blacksmiths, joiners, etc. The municipal motto has achieved successful results, and still we say, let Glasgow flourish.

We also visited a shop or shops for building locomotives, where we saw some three thousand people employed, who were using the most complete and handsome tools required for this work, arranged in airy and well constructed shops. The men looked steady and intelligent; system and order reigned everywhere, and all were serenely busy. The great development of Glasgow in population and wealth has been the means of wiping out many of the historical landmarks, and as a sanitary matter this was desirable. During our absence of eleven years startling changes have been made. The Salt Market, once the abode of well-to-do citizens has almost disappeared; the High street has been greatly changed; many of the historic buildings and closes wiped out, and the old University, where so many distinguished men for hundreds of years received their education, has been converted into a railway station. But Glasgow has still her historic schools, as the vast pile of buildings which have been erected in the west and fashionable portion of the city well testify. The diplomas from these schools still hold a high rank in the world of letters.

The only cathedral in Scotland which has come down from mediæval times, in a habitable form, is one of the objects in this

city which attracts the curiosity of the antiquary and the student of history. Saved from the fangs of time and the fiery passions of fanatical men, this fine old church is the last of the many noble edifices which were scattered all over the country. That it has come down to the present time as originally built, is due to the energy and good judgment of the trades and craftsmen of the city who rallied to its rescue when the "rascal rabble," as Knox called them, undertook its demolition. "Destroy the images," said the citizens, "but ye maun leave us oor kirk." And so the images and all the other insignia of the Roman Church were destroyed, and the remains thrown into the Molendinar burn. Around and con nected with this hallowed fane, clusters many of the most notable events of Scottish history for nearly one thousand years, and there is no more graphic or intelligent description of the building than that of Sir Walter Scott in his stirring novel of Rob Roy.

THE TROSACHS.

"Have you seen the Trosachs or bristling land"? is a question always asked of those who have visited the west of Scotland. Yes, we have made the journey, and it is one of great interest; but it has been so often and copiously described that we forbear extended remarks on its features here. Its popularity as a tourist's excursion dates from the time Sir Walter Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake," and it is primarily due to his facile and attractive pen that this once hotbed of clan cut-throats has become one of the most traveled mountain districts in Scotland, affording to the rapacious hotelkeepers and stage drivers fine opportunities for the display of their capacity in the way of toll-gathering. Some of the scenery is rather fine, but the lochs are comparatively small, and the varieties of mountain rocks, trees and fells from Callender to Inversnaid, can be duplicated over and over further north.

IN BURNS' COUNTRY.

JUNE 10. Among the many famous men of Scotland there is one most conspicuous as the poet of the people—the one par excellence, whose genius has endeared him to the peer and the peasant. Not only is he beloved by his own countrymen, but wherever you find a reading people you will surely find the name of Robert Burns a household word. Reserving a day we went on a pilgrimage to the scenes so graphically depicted by his matchless pen.

Arriving by rail at the "auld toon of Ayr," we drove to his birthplace. As many have described all to be seen here, we refrain from repeating so oft told a tale. To the admirer of the man who sympathizes with his struggles, mourns over his unappreciated genius, and esteems his thorough honesty, there is a strong feeling that if he died only partially appreciated, yet the world is richer and better for his writings. Carping critics have assailed Burns' moral character, holding him up to obloquy as a drunkard, a reveler and a rogue — in short, a man whose career was one of lawless license, unredeemed by any good traits of character. Our experience of such men's opinions has proved that they have never read his correspondence, nor even his poems, or if they have, their minds were biased against him because he detested shams and held pretense in the utmost contempt. Had he been one of those panderers to birth and position who were so common in his day; had he truckled to those in power, his career would have been one of triumph, instead of penury and misfortune. However, for many years past the creations of his brain, the wonderful pathos of his songs, have been so highly appreciated, we only need to call as witnesses his many memorials in the land of his birth, as well as on other and distant shores. In descriptive power there is nothing in the English tongue that can excel his graphic, though fanciful description of Tam O'Shanter's journey from Ayr to the auld brig o' Doon, and as one traces the localities and ponders the incidents so buoyantly depicted, astonishment fills the mind, and sympathy the heart.

Of the cottage where Burns was born there has been so much said and written that we need only note that the Biggin, in and out, is kept cozy and clean. Those who wish can purchase souvenirs of their visit, in various neat and artistic forms. From the cottage to "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," the distance is short, and the building to many would be a disappointment. It is small but substantial, and is now roofless. We believe it to have been erected after the Reformation had been accomplished and the Romish houses suppressed. There was such an intense hatred to Rome and all things that reminded the common people of her power, everything was put under their ban. Abbies, monasteries and chapels, with their accompanying images of saints, pictures, grotesque corbels, dainty pillars and tinsel work which filled their interior, and all the exterior decorations which exhibited great wealth and refined superstition, in the new light, were held to be such an abomination,

that in flying from them they swung clear round to the other extreme, and the new houses which were dedicated to divine worship were no better, architecturally, than a modern stable. Of this kind is the building which will go down to posterity as Alloway Kirk, but it has a glamour wreathed about it all its own. There is the "winnock bunker in the east where sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast." There, also, is the window through which Tam singled out of the motley crowd of witches, that "winsome wench and walie," the redoubtable Nannie. The fierce ride to the auld brig was not a long one, less than half a mile, in fact; if Tam had a good start, he was a safe winner. Since Burns' day they have built a wall across the center of the church, and the divisions look very diminutive. All this county and the town of Ayr teem with reminders of the lad that was born in Kyle; among these is the old tavern still occupied, where, as described, Tam and the souter held their nightly orgies and vowed eternal fidelity to each other, they paying no heed to the angry storm which was howling through the streets of Ayr. We visited the handsome monument which overlooks the Doon, and under shadow of the new brig recited Burns' pathetic lament to the memory of his Highland Mary; we then took our way back to Ayr. On the road, we passed his grandniece sitting at a cottage window; she looked well preserved although said to be an octogenarian. She is the last family link connecting Scotland's greatest poet with the past the present and the future. And thus we left the neighborhood made classic by the genius of Robert Burns.

EDINBURGH.

JUNE 11. The city of Edinburgh and capital of Scotland is acknowledged by all who have visited it to be historically most interesting, containing, as it does, so many reminders in buildings and surroundings of the past history of Scotland, having been for many hundreds of years the seat of government. Socially, religiously and architecturally, its mementos of the past are of the most absorbing kind. Many centuries ago and during the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, the inhabitants of the country were beginning to emerge from heathern barbarism. Although Christianity had been introduced, yet there is no doubt that in the thickly wooded neighborhood of this, the future capital, Druidical rites were still performed in secret, and human sacrifices were still offered to the gods of the northern mythology.

Ethnologists tell us that primitive men inhabited dens and caves of the earth, their intelligence being of a low order. This we can fully believe, for at the present time there are tribes of men in Africa, America, Australia and other portions of the globe, who are very little removed from the level of the brutes; but as time lapsed and the lair which was inhabited by man and animal together became too well populated, a change of shelter from the elements became necessary, and man, being the higher intelligence, conceived the erection of booths and houses of skin to give the needed protection from rain, snow and frost. Having accomplished this much, he was compelled by inroads upon his own peace and safety, and those under his charge, to take another advance in construction by building in wooded countries houses of logs from trees. In warm, dry situations, sun-dried bricks were used, and here began the career of the mechanic as distinguished from the tiller of the soil. Now it is a matter of history that in Scotland, before the time of Malcolm Canmore, in the tenth century, there were very few structures which were built of brick or stone, but there are remains of strongholds which were built about that time which were simply plain towers or keeps with a ground and second floor. Under the shelter of these massive structures, the people repelled the attacks of their enemies, thus living in comparative safety, using for defense the bow and arrow, the spear and shield, with, occasionally, a breast plate and cap of iron mail. These caps were the rude progenitors of the later and elaborate steel helmets inlaid with gold and silver.

The science of architecture in Scotland really began with the advent of those talented men who designed and constructed the vast number of abbeys and religious houses which dotted the land, their influence causing substantial advances in science and art which they brought with them from Italy, France, Spain and elsewhere. With these also came well compacted systems of education. These requiring schools, learning began to be common among the lower as well as the higher grades of society; and the science of architecture became one of the higher studies of the school, and is today practically the leading study of human progress. Divided into two distinct branches—land and marine—we cannot confine the benefits of construction to *terra firma*, but must concede that the present and prospective advance of civilized life is more owing to improvements in marine construction than to the building of palaces and factories. The floating palace which, at

the rate of twenty miles an hour, brings the ends of the earth together is commercially and socially more potent for human welfare than any structure reared on land. We examine with great curiosity an old ruin which reminds us of the people who lived, say five hundred years ago, and as we ponder over the ruined arches, the roofless walls, the decayed tracery, shattered gargoyles and corbels, thought instinctively surges back to the days when their constructors slowly added stone to stone until the noble pile was completed, and we speculate on the builders name who designed and completed those massive walls. Generally their names are forgotten. Written records of these men are few, because their efforts were either provincial or hedged in by church authority. In our day, buildings have a complete record, which will be handed down to generations for hundreds of years, so that if a man die his name will be remembered through his works. Contrast the dwellings of the poorer classes today with the damp and meanly constructed houses of a hundred years ago, and you will realize that architecture is a grand development of modern science, and a lusty benefactor of mankind. This fact is apparent as much in Edinburgh as in any other city in the world.

As early as A.D. 850 quite a village had begun to spread east along the summit of the Castle rock. Two hundred years later it ceased to be a province of Northumbria, and became in fact a portion of Scottish territory. Raised to the rank of a Borough by David I., A.D. 1130, it was soon after created a Royal Borough by William the Lion, and made by Alexander I. the seat of government for the Kingdom, the royal residence being Holyrood Abbey, erected by David I. The other buildings within the walls were mere huts thatched with straw. These, about the middle of the sixteenth century, gave place to the substantial stone houses of the nobility. These massive, towering buildings were the town residences of the powerful feudal chieftains, who assisted in the maintenance of a court, where royalty was supposed to be chief of all, but these belligerent and despotic lords were continually at war with each other, and quite often the king on his throne had an uneasy and troubled reign, if he endeavored to restrain them in their bloody and oppressive raids on each other. The trades guilds, being occupied in trade and mechanics, very often held the balance of power. When insulted royalty had to lay vigorous hands on some contumacious but powerful vassal, this balance was invariably exercised for their own benefit, although they generally

struck on the king's side. The poorer classes, being virtually serfs, were invariably transferred from one lord to another, along with the lands and castles, and had, perforce, to help the turbulent baron on whose estate they might be living in his revengeful expeditions on the houses and cattle of his neighbors. In fact, society, until the advent of the Reformation, consisted of the feudal owners of the soil, their warlike vassals and the unscrupulous denizens of the numerous religious houses, who held all classes of society from the monarch down to the humblest tiller of the soil in a pitiless and unyielding grasp. Avarice and personal and church aggrandizement controlled the conduct of those who should have been examples of peace. Instead of being the stay of the poor and needy, often would the Superiors and the Brethren of the Convents and Abbeys be found fighting for plunder, their religious garments covering armor of proof, the sword and the cross suspended from the same belt. With such examples as these, was it any wonder that wars were continuous, that might made right, that the brutal and strong should trample under foot the finer aspirations of the human mind? To be educated was effeminate; he who could read and write, unless a monk, was held up to scorn and derision. This is no overdrawn picture of Scottish society as it existed previous to the sixteenth century. As one stands in front of the house where John Knox lived and scans the neighborhood, once the center where the aristocracy of Scotland were wont to congregate, he can hardly realize that here, hundreds of years ago, the cry today would be a Douglas, tomorrow a Hamilton; again a Murray, a Gordon, or a Scott. And "the Croon of the Causey" was always debatable land held by him who, for the time being, had the strongest arm, the largest sword, the sharpest dagger, and the most numerous adherents, whose mission was to revenge some real or fancied wrong done to one chieftain by another. But as the sunlight of the Reformation began to illumine the national mind, and education became a power in the land by means of the reformed clergy, giving a higher tone of morality to the people, then commenced that development of intellect which has made Edinburgh famous the world over, and given her the name of the Modern Athens. Other cities may be famed for their millionaires; her undying fame rests on her famous men of letters, science and art, who have drawn their inspiration from her schools, and her many great thinkers, some of whom have changed the current of European thought. Scotland has ever been the cradle

and nursery of civil and religious liberty, and, Edinburgh being the capital, naturally became the center from which emanated the influences which led to important changes in civil and religious history, thus receiving her full share of excitement, caused by the intolerance and hate of one party, and the stubbornness of conviction on the part of the other. Whether the ancient Druidical rites were suppressed by violence or not, history is almost silent, but we may suppose, however quietly the rites of the Christian faith as taught by the peace-loving Culdees may have permeated the minds of the people, the docrines of the cross taking the place of the mistletoe, and human sacrifices abolished to all time, we know that for centuries calm and peacefully passed the generations of the holy men and women, who, by their exemplary lives, endeared themselves to the people. Their influence was supreme in religious matters over the whole land, and their teachings sank deep into the hearts of the people. When property had perverted the religious houses, and rapacity had made them obnoxious to all classes of society, looking upon their open immorality and secret vice, men called to mind the traditional repute and sanctity of the clergy who succeeded the Culdees, and who carried on the good work which they so nobly began; and so odious to the thinking minds was the difference, that the Reformation was hailed as the harbinger of a mighty revolution in the then existing society of Scotland. This change was not accomplished without severe internal commotions, and in the capital was centered the warring ideas which developed such men as Melville, Hamilton, Wishart and many others whose representative man was John Knox. Under the teachings and guidance of these men the steadfast and unyielding character of the people became so remarkable that neither faggot nor stake could quench their convictions of duty. Not the morose bigotry of Mary of Guise, nor the blandishments of Queen Mary, could divert their consciences from the reformed doctrines, and multitudes testified to their convictions by a martyr's death, manifesting again and again that their love for religious liberty was as strong and abiding as had been their determination to resist the English in their encroachments on their national and civil rights. The anecdote of Jenny Geddes, throwing her stool at the head of the dean who was endeavoring to revive the Episcopal service in St. Giles, is a notable instance of conscientious daring, and a good illustration of the Scottish motto, "No one touches me with impunity." This unflinching spirit was lamented over by that sapient monarch,

James VI., but he philosophically yielded to the inevitable, remembering his mother's repeated discomfitures and final defeat in her struggles to suppress those hard-headed men and women who composed the population of Scotland. Charles II. and James II. were guilty of the vilest atrocities toward the non-conforming Scots, and their names are being handed down to posterity as the most infamous persecutors the later centuries have seen of those who objected to their arbitrary measures, and to the men who were sent to enforce them. Unyielding opposition on the part of the people finally assisted in breaking their power and banishing the Stuart family from the throne of the British Islands.

During our stay in Edinburgh we visited Holyrood Palace and Abbey, where we were reminded of the death of Rizzio, and other dark deeds of relentless men, who even invaded the sanctity of their queen's apartments to glut their morose jealousy, by the murder of a helpless foreigner. The picture gallery is a stately room, and contains the portraits of one hundred and six Scottish kings, which were almost all painted in the reign of Charles II., nearly one hundred of them being painted entirely from fancy, from Fergus I., 330 B. C. to James VII. This exhibition is a heavy tax on the visitor's credulity. The chapel is one of the best illustrations of the early Gothic, and its interior has been the scene of many historical events. The modern fountain in front of the palace is a pleasing work of art, and said to be a duplicate of one formerly in Linlithgow Palace. The castle at the other end of the old town stands high up on the top of the Castle Hill, and on three sides, supposed to be inaccessible, was at one time considered impregnable, but in modern warfare would be as easily destroyed as a shepherd's shieling. Its chief, and only use, is as a barracks for soldiers of the regular army, but it has a fine esplanade, which serves as a drill ground for the recruits of the Highland regiments. Many people have seen or heard of that battered and time eaten piece of ordnance called Mons Meg, which shows even in its ruins that there were some good blacksmiths four hundred years ago. High upon the battlements is St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest habitable place of worship in Scotland. The regalia is a great contrast in its poverty to that of the crown jewels shown in the Tower of London. We spent a profitable day in the National Gallery and National Museum, and then drove round the Queen's Drive, and were charmed with its ever changing views ; scaled the Calton Hill, and loitered

around its various monuments, finished and unfinished. From this point we had a very comprehensive view of the cities, old and new. Along the shores of the Firth spread the towns of Leith and Portobello, while in the distance lay the Island of Inchkeith, surrounded by the glancing waters, and in the far distance, hazy but apparent, rose North Berwich Law, and the isolated Bass Rock, upon whose rugged and barren cliffs many of the persecuted, for conscience sake, lived out a miserable existence, and died neglected and forgotten. Not the least celebrated of the ancient buildings, is St. Giles Church, which fills a prominent place in Scottish history, as well as in the landscape, and is much admired. In the adjoining Parliament square is an equestrian statue of his most sacred majesty, King Charles II., in lead, and bedded in the pavement, is a memorial brass to the memory of an infinitely greater and better man, John Knox. We were introduced to one of the law courts, where sat four venerable looking gentlemen—lords by courtesy, crowned with white wigs, and arrayed in crimson gowns. They were giving earnest attention to the arguments of eminent advocates, also in wigs three stories high, which we suppose indicated the wearer's towering ability to make the worse appear the better reason. St. John's Cathedral was visited. It is said to be the finest modern Gothic Church in Scotland; its finished proportions are very imposing and substantial. Although unfinished, it is an intelligent revival of that style which was introduced into Europe from Egypt fifteen hundred years ago, only more elaborate, although not so lavish and complete in design as that matchless memorial, which raises itself in pinnacled beauty on Princess street, and which is sacred to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. From the monument to his home, at Abbotsford, is a short and pleasant journey by rail. This house was built by Sir Walter when in the full tide of popularity and financial prosperity. For years his writings in prose and verse had been read and more highly appreciated than any other modern author's. He had opened to the literary world views of historical romance and antiquarian research, which had been theretofore almost unknown. Shakespeare had dug largely in the same soil. He, alone almost, of modern authors, had laid open to popular ken, the social and domestic habits of far distant times. But to the "Wizard of the North" there remained laurels and renown, which the lapse of time has only made more brilliant and enduring.

ABBOTSFORD.

On a balmy, pleasant day, which was an agreeable change from the weather we had experienced since our arrival in Scotland, we arrived at Melrose, the nearest station to Abbotsford. By carriage we were speedily conveyed to the house and grounds which lie on a fair, sloping bank of the River Tweed, famous as a fishing stream, and rich in historic and romantic suggestions. Access to the house is gained from the rear. After some waiting, a young man introduced himself as our guide. We paid the usual fee, and were led by this beardless autocrat to the dining-room, library, drawing-room, armory, and bedrooms. His description of the various rooms and their contents was rather disjointed, and given much in the same manner one hears the wild beasts described in a traveling menagerie. If any of the party of twelve asked an explanation about any object not referred to, a stony stare was the only response. We were hurried over the whole house at such a rate we could only form a chaotic idea of the relics and valuable souvenirs which were shown to us. The guide evidently conceived that Abbotsford was merely a show place, designed for the collection of as many shekels as could be gained in the shortest possible time. We cannot give any coherent detail of what we saw, but if time had been given, no doubt would have derived much pleasure from our viewing so many interesting mementos, of one whom we have always admired, since, as a boy, we read his "Grandfather's History of Scotland." It is, however, a consoling reflection that Scott's reputation does not depend on what he left in the shape of antiquities or of presents he received from illustrious friends, but that his name and fame lies in the noble addition he made to the literature of all time, gleaned not only from his own, but from almost every country under the sun. We drove back to Melrose, and after lunch, took our way to the old Abbey, one of the most celebrated ecclesiastical ruins to be found in Scotland, so often described by travelers, but by none better than Sir Walter. Founded by David I., at the base of the Eildon hills, its situation is fine, and its beautiful ruins suggest a checkered and painful history. Six miles distant lies the extensive ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, also a foundation of David I., and, like its neighbor, Melrose, it had a stormy history. The ruins are picturesque, and within its walls is the revered tomb of Walter Scott.

ARBROATH.

Among the finer feelings which actuate the minds of men, perhaps there are none so powerful in influence as the love of native land and the home of youth. For ourselves we had such a strong desire to recall the scenes of our boyhood, that with our family we left Edinburgh and journeyed to the ancient and royal borough of Arbroath, where we hoped to renew, so far as we might, the associations of other times, when the morning of life had a glamour all its own, and recollections, which in the lapse of thirty-five years' sojourn in America, and the formation of other ideas, caused by new relationships and business intensity, had become hazy and uncertain. So when we found ourselves perfectly at home under the shadow of the round O, and meeting familiarly relations and schoolboy associates, we delighted to turn our conversation back to our youthful experiences, when fun and mischievous pranks gave great enjoyment, despite of parental discipline or pedagogic terrors. Then our blood was young and health exuberant; even stolen enjoyments were precious, and half-holidays were all too short for our youthful schemes. We can never forget the kind friends who made us welcome to their homes and hearts with such genuine warmth, that the term stranger was completely forgotten.

To the ordinary tourist there is little that might be called attractive about Arbroath, if we except the remains of an old abbey, founded by William the Lion, seven hundred years ago, and which, at one time, was the most richly endowed establishment in Scotland. This wealth was its ruin, and it was so often plundered by warring factions of the Scottish nobility that the monks took up arms in their own defense. That was their ruin, for the nobility burned the buildings, slaughtered the monks, and wrought such dire havoc to the surrounding country, that even before the suppression of the religious houses in Scotland, the buildings were in ruins and the vast estate had been divided up so completely that only a few acres remained for the lords of the congregation to appropriate for the purpose of education. The ruins of this old abbey are extensive; the south wall of the transept is of great height, with a large circular opening toward the top, which had once been filled with glass. This opening is seen far out at sea, and sailors know it as the round O of Arbroath.

East of the town, standing as a barrier against the stormy surges of the German Ocean, is the Heugh Head, or sandstone cliffs,

which extend for many miles along the coast, reaching their utmost height at the Red Head, which rises from the sea to an altitude of over three hundred feet. Among these cliffs there have been perforated by the action of the sea many large caves and land-locked inlets, which, one hundred years ago, were the chosen haunts for the practice of smuggling. These caves, at that time, gave fine opportunities for the landing of valuable cargoes, which paid no duty to the government. The whole coast is graphically described by Scott, in his novel of "The Antiquary," and Arbroath is easily recognized as the town of Fairport, and the fishing village of Auchmithie, as Mussel Crag.

GLAMMIS CASTLE.

Glammis Castle, the scene of the murder of Duncan, King of Scotland, in Shakespeare's play of Macbeth (the historical inaccuracy of substituting Duncan for Malcolm we need not discuss), is one of the seats of the Earl of Strathmore, and one of the oldest residences in Scotland. Aside from its historical associations, it is well worth a visit by those who delight in old tapestry, old furniture, secret chambers, hidden stairs, and all the other uncanny accessories that have made so many Scottish castles the centers of romance and improbable tales. We were courteously allowed to make a visit. We passed through the staid old town of Forfar, at one time a residence of Malcolm Canmore, but now a manufacturing center of linen goods, and the seat of government for the county of Forfar.

DUNDEE.

Notes of this neighborhood would be incomplete if we did not refer to the ancient and now populous town of Dundee, which is the third in population and second in commerce in Scotland, being almost wholly sustained by its jute, flax, and kindred manufactures. Its harbor, extending along the estuary of the River Tay, for nearly two miles, is perhaps as commodious and busy a one as can be seen anywhere. Here, also, are large ship-building yards, where steamers and sailing ships are launched in great numbers, equal in equipment to any afloat. There are still remains of the walls which surrounded the town in ancient times, and these show conclusively that Dundee must have been a place of importance, and the scene of many assaults and sieges, the history of which

has never been written. The time-scarred East Port still lifts its arches in the midst of a far different civilization from what it witnessed when George Wishart, scholar and martyr, from its battlements, prayed that the plague might be removed from his native town. Another relic of old times is the massive, but well preserved tower of the church, built by David, Earl of Huntington, one of the companions of Richard the Lion King of England, in his celebrated crusade to the Holy Land. The original church has disappeared, but the tower looks down on the swarming thousands around its base, a lonely reminiscence of the troublous times when bitter barons fought for supremacy around it, and within the sound of the chanted matin and vesper services of the church, whose ministers, for generations, were banished from the realm of Scotland.

High up over the smoke-covered town rises the Law Hill, from whose top a view of large extent and great diversity is gained, including the town, docks and river. Beyond lies Fifeshire, and stretching to the far east the German Ocean, dotted with ships of all kinds. Looking in the other direction, the valley of Strathmore, fertile and green, lies a picturesque foil to the Sidlaw hills, and the rugged peaks of the distant Grampian mountains. Long may Dundee flourish!

BRECHIN.

Twelve miles from Arbroath, near to the entrance of the Highlands, and on the banks of the South Esk, lies the town of Brechin, the seat of a bishopric, and the remains of an ancient cathedral. Adjoining is one of those round towers, the origin of which has so puzzled many antiquaries. There are only two in Scotland, but quite a number in Ireland. Our opinion is that they were originally bell towers, and as seen so often on the continent were separate from the churches; and that this one at Brechin was built about the era of the Culdees. To this old town of the round tower, some fifteen or sixteen of the men from the O made an excursion, not as their forefathers were wont to go, in armor, and for the purpose of spoliation and plunder; their mission was one of peace, and emulation as to whether the men of the O or the men of the tower could play the best bowls. For three hours there was a keen competition, and when time was called the men from the O were found to be the victors. Then we all adjourned to an inn, and in copious bumpers drank to each other's health. About 10 P.M.

we started on our twelve miles' ride for home, which we reached about midnight. We have made a record of this incident to show what has elsewhere come under our observation, how popular all over Scotland this game of bowls has become. Of one thing we are convinced — Scotchmen have a happy faculty of making a half-holiday count in its enjoyment as much as many other people can in a whole day.

FOURTH OF JULY REFLECTIONS.

JULY 4. This anniversary comes to ourselves and family with peculiar feelings, not only because of our absence from Chicago, but it is evident to us that many people here, while willing to concede to Uncle Sam his supremacy on the west side of the Atlantic, as shown by his gigantic development, yet affect to believe that his present prosperity is fictitious and only foreshadows his eventual downfall, when the present system of government shall have proved itself a failure, and universal suffrage a dream. "Your country," say these wise men, "has no cohesive qualities which indicate a prolonged existence. In spite of the result of the late war, it would have been better for you and us if the Southern States had achieved their attempted secession, because then we could trade with two nations instead of one. The one we wanted to take by the hand, the sunny south, would have been our vassal financially, our colleague in aristocratic ideas and caste distinctions, and the sworn friend of free trade. Now we are paying the people of the re-United States a large cash balance year after year for their cotton, breadstuffs, and provisions, while everything we send to them is loaded down with tariff duties from thirty to sixty per cent." It is an enigma to them why so many of the farmers in the States are protectionists, while they are so willing to send them clothing and all other textile fabrics so much cheaper than they now pay. Some of these parties believe that this state of things cannot continue much longer, and that disintegration is even now apparent in our political affairs. It is only just to all parties to say that such feelings are more pronounced among the people of England than they are in Scotland. Many Englishmen whom we have met do not hesitate to advance such views on this subject, and in a very intolerant manner, while others whine and complain that other people do not acquiesce in their peculiar notions. We have so far in our discussions on these topics done so in apparent good humor, while internally we have been much annoyed.

We believe, however, that the future of the United States is a subject of grave inquiry when we look at the conglomerate population which is being poured upon its shores from Europe, and which consists of such diverse materials, in the shape of nationalities, with their distinctive manners, customs, traditions and prejudices. So long as we can assimilate these prejudices and characteristics to the genius of our own institutions, we need apprehend no danger to the perpetuity of our national existence. We believe that the most potent measure we as a people can use in this direction is to follow the course now pursued, of showing those who have been accustomed to paternal and despotic rule that their own energy, sobriety and thrift will insure to them that material prosperity to which they are unaccustomed. Example will do more for the benefit of those who seek a home in our midst than laws, however judicious and beneficial they may be. Communism, as a social and political force, can have no foothold on American soil so long as the people will work intelligently for permanent homes for themselves and families. So soon as they become rooted to the soil as actual proprietors, they have an interest in the stability of government which no sophistical arguments can annul.

We have been led to these reflections by coming in contact with so many here, who, although intelligent on most subjects, are so full of the leaven of prejudice that they will give no heed to the lessons of our past history, and disdain to make themselves acquainted in the least with our present condition, because, as they say, we have isolated ourselves from the rest of the nations by our peculiar commercial laws, they not heeding the fact that many of the European nations are as open to these charges as we are. Our system of government they do not and will not understand, and our geography to a vast majority is simply unknown. We tell them plainly that America cannot consent to be the tail to the British kite, as we have a very strong impression that our own balloon is becoming stalwart and has acquired a wide atmosphere in which it can float at its leisure. This remark they furiously call Yankee brag, to which we retort that many of us are descended from bragging ancestors. We have, however, reason to believe that there is a strong desire on the part of many people here to see the bonds of amity drawn closer between the two countries, and that an identity of interests, socially, morally and politically, should be heartily encouraged for the welfare of Christendom. This consummation all good men desire.

ABERDEEN.

JULY 9. Left Arbroath for Aberdeen, two hours by rail. Took rooms at the Palace Hotel. Our principal object here is to reach Balmoral, the Highland home of Queen Victoria. The day after our arrival it rained without intermission; the second morning was fair, and we took train for Balater. Before we reached that point it stormed severely and continued. Braemar was sixteen miles distant, and no inside seats in the coach, so we reluctantly abandoned the trip and returned to Aberdeen in a pelting rain. The third day found Jupiter Pluvius still in command, and learning that the weather was fair further north, we paid our bills and left for Inverness, as we had no acquaintances in Aberdeen, and the weather was so wet we saw very little of the town. However for one thousand years this has been one of the most important towns in Scotland, and today it is the fourth in population and the third in commerce. Built at the mouths of the Dee and the Don, here are very substantial docks and large ship yards. Cotton and flax factories of the largest size give work to a thrifty population. But the fame of Aberdeen rests primarily on her consolidated universities, founded four hundred years ago. From these have graduated many eminent men during that time. The granite quarries of Aberdeen are known all over the world, and their products can be found in every clime. We left Aberdeen in a pouring rain. As we passed a reach of the river Don, our wife, pointing to an object in the center of the stream, said, "Is that a goose?" Studying for a moment, "Yes," we said, "a big goose," as we recognized a disciple of Isaac Walton up to his armpits in the water fishing. The rain had no terrors for him. As we advanced north, the weather moderated and the sun shone out, and added much to our pleasure as the train sped onward through a beautiful country. We passed through the town of Elgin, with its ruined cathedral and monuments of the Gordon family, who have dominated this part of Scotland for many generations; thence through Forres, the scene of many a fierce contest between the Scots and the Danes. All over this part of the country there are many traditions and mementos of the heathenish piracies of these fierce old vikings. Nairn, a popular watering place, was left behind, and we reached Inverness only to find that all the hotels were crowded except the Victoria, across the river. We rested there.

INVERNESS.

The annual wool market and a horse fair had brought many strangers to the town, hence its crowded condition. After tea we drove out to the picturesque cemetery of Tomnahurich, formed on the top and sides of an isolated hill, resembling a huge ship with its keel turned up, said to have been raised over the remains of "Thomas the Rhymer." As a burial place it is unique. The top and sides of the hill are divided into places of interment, beautified by evergreens and the rarest flowers. From the top, looking south, can be seen the line of the Caledonian Canal, and in the near and far distance, mountain and valley stretch out, far as the eye can see, while stately mansions, with their wooded parks, are so numerous as to bewilder the senses with their varied beauty. At the other end of the mound the first object that salutes the eye is the Moray Firth, stretching away to the north and east, with well tilled shores and dark plantations, while towering over all, and streaked with snow, stands Ben Wyvis, one of Scotland's highest peaks. Half a mile from where we stand flows the river Ness, rapid and clear. Beyond, and sloping down to river and sea, lies the capital of the north. Beyond it again lies the flat and dreary plain on which was fought the battle that decided the claims of the Stuart family to the throne of Great Britain. It was there that "the clans of Culloden were scattered in fight," and the last abortive effort made to continue a dynasty that had been honestly tried and found wanting. Although the history of Inverness runs back nearly a thousand years, there are very few ancient remains, and these are fragmentary. Of the modern buildings the county offices on the Castle Hill, and the Cathedral of St. Andrew are remarkably fine. The chain of islands which lie above the city are a favorite resort of the residents and visitors. These islands are connected together and to the shores by neat suspension bridges. Professor John Stuart Blackie's sonnet in praise of Inverness, none too lavish, is perhaps in place here:

"Some sing of Rome and some of Florence. I
Will sing thy Highland praise, fair Inverness!
And till some worthier Bard thy thanks may buy,
Hope for the greater, but not spurn the less.
All things that make a city fair are thine,
The rightful Queen and Sovereign of this land.

"O Bens and Glens and valiant men who shine
Brightest in Britain's glory-roll, and stand
Best bulwark of her bounds, wide circling sweep
Of rich green slope and brown unpurpled brae,
And flowery mead and far in-winding bay.
Temple and Tower are thine, and Castled keep,
And ample stream, that round fair, gardened Isles
Rolls its majestic current, wreathed in smiles."

THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

JULY 10. Left Inverness for Oban by the Caledonian Canal. This important connection between the east and west of Scotland is sixty-two miles long and mainly consists of three Lochs—Loch Ness, twenty-four miles long; Loch Oich, four miles, and Loch Lochy, ten miles. These sheets of water are connected together by a system of locks and canals of most substantial construction, costing upward of £1,000,000. The work was completed and opened in 1822, and is capable of passing vessels of one thousand tons. We left Muirtown by the steamer Gondolin in the morning; weather fine and a goodly company of passengers. We soon passed from the canal into Loch Ness, which stretches away to the southwest, hemmed in by beetling crags and woody mountain slopes, cleft here and there by dark and rugged glens, all of which have a distinctive record of the days when men's lives were held cheap, and life was a very uncertain possession, being entirely at the disposal of the wayward tyrant, who, as chief of the clan, controlled, without appeal, all that belonged to the clansman. The chief disposed as he pleased of the whole clan, and the privilege of sepulture was granted to the dead clansman by the chief, simply because policy in his paternal government required at least a show of decency to the eyes of the living. But fealty to the chief was the one ruling trait of the true-born Highlander, and all that he possessed was at the disposal of him who, for the time being, represented the clan name, and there was none other recognized as his superior, a fact which the kings of Scotland often experienced to their bitter chagrin. Some believe that the condition of the people of the north of Scotland today has changed for the better, and no doubt the population are not tied down to the soil as they were formerly; but if not evicted from their holdings, and sent wandering out to the unknown world to live as they best can, on their native hills their means of subsistence is of the most precarious kind. But this is wandering

from the description of the great Scottish canal. We passed many modern houses, castellated mansions and lowly homes, and as the mountains began to close in on the right and left, we realized fully that this is truly the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood." On either hand ruined castles, even now grim and strong looking, lift their ivy mantled walls over the bright, sparkling waters of the Lochs, reminding us that "the stateliest mansions man can raise is the ivy's food at last." On the right we passed the stately ruins of Urquhart Castle. At the entrance to the glen of the same name, we stopped for a few minutes at Foyer's Pier, but as there were none who seemed to care about walking two miles to see the falls, we steamed on our way to Fort Augustus, which was built early in the last century, and could accommodate a full regiment of the line. After the suppression of the rebellion in 1745, and the pacification of the Highlands, the fort was dismantled, and it, along with the site, was purchased by the late Lord Lovat, who built and endowed a benedictine monastery of large and well proportioned buildings in the Gothic style. Here also are extensive locks, and we rise to the level of Loch Oich, 100 feet above the Atlantic level. Along in this section we pass through the lands of the Camerons of Lochiel, the MacDonalds of Laggan, the Frazers, the Mackintoshes and others, and many a local battlefield tells that the grave had no terrors for those sons of the mountains. Here we begin to observe the dark outline of the highest mountain in Britain, the mighty Ben Nevis, 4,400 feet high. As we approach Fort William the remains of snow from many winters are seen imbedded on his rugged head. A level plain some miles in extent spreads in the direction of the fort; on this plain are the remains of the old castle of Inverlochy. The only other object of interest is the Ben Nevis distillery, the product of which is called Long John, or the Dew of Ben Nevis. Fort William has a large share in the history of this part of the Highlands, and, as usual, if local historians may be believed, its history runs back into the past so far that it seems incredible. They tell us that it was once a royal residence. This can be believed. Further, we are told that a treaty of peace was concluded here between Achaius and the great Charlemagne, which is improbable, to say the least. But Banquo, the thane of Lochaber, lived here, and in 1646, Montrose defeated Argyle, graphically described by Scott in his "Legend of Montrose." It is a famous neighborhood, and well worth a visit. We took coach from Corpach to Benavie, and the steamer, Mountaineer, to Oban.

OBAN.

This port is the center of the West Highlands, and during the season is thronged with visitors, who arrive by steamboat from all points, and by the Caledonian line from Callender. One of the most interesting, of many, is an excursion by steamboat round the island of Mull. As you leave the harbor on the right you pass the ivy-covered ruins of Dunolly Castle, for hundreds of years the seat of the chief of the McDougalls. It must have been a place of great strength, as the ruins testify. Near Oban, stands a rock some forty feet high, in pillar shape, said to have been used by Fingal for tying up his dog, Bran. Judging from the size of the rock, Bran must have been a phenomenal canine; those people, long ago, had a fine faculty for the marvelous. Passing round the north end of the island of Kenarra, the Sound of Mull is directly ahead on the right, a lighthouse on the left, and the ruins of Duart Castle, the stronghold of the MacLeans. Here, also, may at low water be seen the rock on which one of the chiefs left his wife, a daughter of the house of Argyle, to be swept away by the inflowing tide. She was rescued by some fishermen and carried home to her father. A few weeks after the supposed funeral of his wife, Duart called on Argyle in deep woe, relating that he had lost his wife, but her brother, enraged at Duart's duplicity, ran his sword through the would-be murderer. This incident is the origin of Campbell's ballad: "Oh heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale." We pass Ardtornish, Aros, Killuidine and other castles, ancient and modern. Leaving Tobermory, the largest town in Mull, we next pass Bloody Bay, the scene of a naval battle between two rival clans. These rude old caterans felt toward each other much as the fisherman at Donnybrook fair, trailing around their coat, and asking for some one to step on it. Reaching the open Atlantic, we steer for the island of Staffa, containing Fingal's Cave, and other geological wonders. If the day is fine, a visit can be made to this remarkable basaltic formation, which extends from the Giant's Causeway, on the Irish coast, across and under the channel to this point, thence on to the island of Mull. A description of the caves need not be given here; they are well known, have often been described, but once seen, can never be forgotten. The columnar formation is unique in form and grand in its massive height, while the material is practically indestructible. The sharp angles of

each separate column shows this, where they have been lashed by the storms of unnumbered ages. To the devout mind a visit to this remarkable island is most suggestive.

Iona, or Icolmkill, is an island, famed in church history as the residence of St. Columba, one of the earliest preachers of Christianity to the Scotch, making his advent about A.D. 560. As seen from the steamer, this patch of holy land is not attractive. Similar to all of the storm-beaten isles which dot the Atlantic along this coast, cultivation is scant, but perhaps there is no other limited area of rock and moor in this wide world so pregnant with memories of the almost forgotten as these barren acres, which are owned by the Duke of Argyle. James VI., of Scotland, annexed them to the Bishopric of Argyle, in reward for services rendered to the state, and this is only a small slice, compared to the plethoric loaf which the astute ancestors of the MacCallum More acquired then, and subsequently from James and his successors. The history of this spot of sea-girt land is, in many things, obscure. We know that it was the home of Columba, for many years after he left Ireland; and generation after generation of holy men and devout women lived and died here, and succeeded in establishing on the adjacent islands and the mainland, the gospel of the Man of Nazareth. The remains of buildings are not very extensive, and belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They are small in size, and ruggedly plain, St. Oram's Chapel, the oldest structure, being only 40 by 20 feet, supposed to have been built by the Norwegians. The nunnery, although small, must have been quite comfortable, and was occupied by the nuns of the St. Augustine order. At the time of the Reformation they were allowed to remain, but they gradually died out, and the resident population disappearing also, the buildings fell into decay, and finally, ruin. The Cathedral of St. Mary stands in ruined dignity; its massive square tower, hoary and weather beaten, together with the church, is now roofless and fast crumbling to its original dust. Lying around its walls, and fast disappearing, are the graves of eminent men, many of whose names have been forgotten. They were brought here for sepulture, from all the countries in Northern Europe. Sculptured stones in great numbers testify to the memory of men and women who were famous in their day. Of the three hundred and sixty crosses said to have been erected on this island, two only remain complete. It is said of Iona, that when the neighboring islands and the mainland shall have been

submerged in the sea, and have disappeared for ever, the town of Iona shall remain unscathed.

DUNSTAFFNAGE.

Another famous and historical point, reached from Oban, is the ancient royal residence of the Kings of Scotland, Dunstaffnage Castle, said to have been long the capital of the Picts. It is now nominally the property of the crown, the real owner being one of the Campbell family. The stone of destiny was at one time kept here, its history being something like this: It is said to be the veritable stone which was Jacob's pillow the night he slept in Bethel, and was for ages the coronation seat of the Irish Kings. It was then conveyed to Iona by Fergus, who led the Dalriadic Scots into Argyleshire; from there it was transferred to Dunstaffnage; after many years it was taken to Scone by Kenneth II. in 842, and remained there until Edward I., in one of his invasions of Scotland, carried it into England. It is now to be seen in Westminster Abbey, as part of the coronation chair. However improbable all this history may seem to be, there is no doubt that this piece of rock is believed to be of great sanctity.

Unless the fates are faithless grown
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this sacred stone
The Scottish race shall reign.

On the battlements of the castle is a bronze gun, captured from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada. It is small, but of excellent workmanship. The view from the battlements is varied and includes Ben Cruachan, cloud-capped and blue, standing sentinel among his lesser neighbors. The rocky base of the castle is washed by the waters of Loch Etive, and in the distance is the island of Lismore. "And many a Ben and many a Loch, well known to song and story," surround this rugged, remnant of feudal power.

Oban in the season is a lively town. Here you meet all nationalities, bent on spending their surplus cash — and the hotelkeepers with great unanimity assist in this operation. But while they charge high, they do keep clean houses and bountiful tables. The season is short, and they are compelled to make hay while the sun shines.

PASS OF BRANDER.

One of the most picturesque coach excursions in Scotland is to the Pass of Brander. This mountain gorge is one of savage grandeur, and incloses part of Loch Awe, and the short but tumultuous river of the same name which falls into Loch Etive. The bare, rugged rocks on either side rise to a height of nearly 1,500 feet above the lake, seamed with the beating storms of countless ages. These precipices have a most inhospitable appearance. When in old plutonian times the shell of earth was being upheaved and torn to shreds, this particular tract of country had a full share of toil and trouble. The bare, jagged cliffs and fissures which are so often found throughout the West of Scotland, evidently show intense volcanic action, which subsequently was succeeded by grinding glaciers, and these again by oceanic turmoil. It seems to be generally agreed among geologists that these epochs exhibit the true cosmogony of the Western Irish, Scotch and Norwegian coasts, the western coast of England being protected by Ireland acting as a breakwater. There is no grander coast scenery in the world than that of the western shore of Norway, and Scotland has the same variety, although her mountains are not as high nor her bays as deep as those of Norway. To the traveler there is more fascination in her storied castles, although in ruins, her landlocked bays and inland lakes, with their gems of sylvan scenery overlooked by her towering Bens, whose snowy summits feed her rushing streams and picturesque waterfalls. Added to these, her stately homes and dark plantations, her well tilled farms, and clustering hamlets, all giving a variety to the tourist which will always be appreciated and serve to reconcile one even to the rapacity and greed of the average hotelkeeper.

BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

Lying at the foot of the lower spurs of the Ochil Hills is the famed Scotch sanitarium "Bridge of Allan." The medicinal springs here are efficacious in the cure of many maladies, and the hydropathic hotel is much frequented by English people as well as natives. On the Abbey Craig, east of the town, stands in massive proportions, the monument, erected by his grateful countrymen all over the world, to the memory of Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot. For the most royal self-abnegation no man has ever appeared on Scottish soil who could compare with this great

martyr to the principles of human liberty. He refused to accept from his grateful countrymen the Scottish crown. Edward I., of England, claimed the right to dispose of the sovereignty of Scotland as he pleased, holding that the people were his vassals. Wallace and his co-patriots denied this assumption, and fought for the independence of Scotland. His zeal and ability as a statesman and military leader determined Edward to gain possession of his person, and by treachery he accomplished his purpose. Wallace was taken prisoner and became a martyr to his conviction of duty. Bruce, Douglas, and other valiant men, however, finished the work which, by treachery, Wallace was not permitted to complete. Looking over the visitors' book one is impressed with the fact that people all over the world have been drawn together here. Looking abroad from the top of the monument, 600 feet above sea level, six distinct battlefields can be traced, fought from the time of Kenneth II., between the Picts and the Scots in the ninth century, down to 1715, between the adherents of the Stuart family, and those of the House of Brunswick.

STIRLING.

Two miles distant, on an eminence similar to the Abbey Craig, abrupt and bold, stands Stirling rock and ancient castle. Around this famous fort and its immediate neighborhood cluster more Scottish historic reminiscences than can be found within the same radius anywhere else. All there is of interest in and around Stirling is identified, more or less, with the history of the castle, which was long recognized as the key to the almost unknown Highlands, and there is no time, however remote, in tradition or history when this place was not known as a center of power and law-giving. Kenneth II., after his victory over the Picts, fixed his residence here, and with Stirling as the center of government consolidated his kingdom, and for the first time amalgamated the Lowland tribes and part of the Highland clans into a solid nation. Alexander I. gave the town a royal charter, and lived and died here. In the neighborhood, almost under the castle walls, James III. was stabbed. But to Sir Walter Scott is due the principal credit of giving breadth and coloring to many of the historical facts which cluster around this home of royalty. The buildings which compose the present castle are, to a great extent, modern; the most remarkable, architecturally, is the Palace built by James V., the "Gudeman of Ballengeich." This jovial monarch, in disguise

and unattended, often traveled about the country and learned from the common people many facts of every-day life, which he would never otherwise have known. No doubt the desire to enjoy himself in a rather questionable manner was a controlling reason for his tramping tours. If his great-grandson, Charles II. of England, deserved to be called the merry monarch, this jolly good fellow was by all odds the merriest. Read his "Gaberlunzie Man," and "We'll gang na mair a rovin'." His unfortunate daughter, Mary, was christened here.

The history of the James's from the first to the last is one of great interest. James I., when a lad, and voyaging to France to receive his education, was taken captive by the king of England, although there was peace between the two countries. After a captivity of eighteen years he was restored to his throne and became celebrated as a poet and scholar. While confined in England his father, Robert III., died of a broken heart. James was too progressive for his barons when he ascended the throne, and, headed by his own uncle, the Duke of Athol, they murdered him in his forty-third year. James II., after a troublous reign, in which revolt, plague, famine and endless conspiracies against the king were prominent, was killed at the battle of Jedburgh by the bursting of a cannon. James III. became King, like his father, at the age of seven, and had the same dire experience of foes within and enemies without. His son conspired with a number of the nobility and tried conclusions with his father, who was defeated on the field of Bannockburn, this being the second fight there. Fleeing from the field, James fell from his horse; lying helpless by the wayside, sorely hurt, he asked a passing traveler to find him a priest; the priest came and ordered the man who called him to bring some water from a neighboring spring. Left alone with the wounded king, the supposed confessor drew a dagger and plunged it into his breast, and immediately disappeared. James IV. was an energetic ruler, but his father's death caused him great remorse, and as a penance he wore an iron chain around his waist, to which he added a link every year. With the flower of his nobility and subjects, he was defeated and slain at the battle of Flodden Field, and was succeeded by his son James V., then a year old. In due course he took the reins of government into his own hands, and among other good deeds established the High Court of Session, which is commemorated by a beautiful stained glass window in the old Parliament House in Edinburgh. Having

quarreled with England, he took the field, but his barons refused to obey his orders, and ten thousand of them laid down their arms. This broke his heart, and he died, leaving a daughter, Mary Stuart, only a few days old. Her history is well known to have been troubled and tragic, and we will let her memory rest in peace. Her son, James VI., had a long and comparatively quiet reign. He was crowned in Stirling when a year old, and reigned fifty-eight years over Scotland and twenty over England, having succeeded Elizabeth as the nearest heir to the English throne. We thus see how intimately Stirling and the Stuart family had their destinies entwined, sometimes for good, more often for evil.

STIRLING CASTLE.

The castle stands 350 feet above the valley of the Forth, and the approach is very similar to that of Edinburgh Castle. Reaching the esplanade, and to the right of the entrance, stands a heroic statue in bronze of Robert Bruce, in full chain armor, looking toward the field of Bannockburn. Crossing the drawbridge, and passing through the gloomy port on the right are Queen Anne's and the spur batteries; on the left is the palace built by James V., architecturally a unique but imposing structure. The racy and jovial disposition of the gudeman, however, has left its impress on the designs and embellishments of the walls. The most grotesque and irrelevant figures of men and women, mythological and personal, crowd the walls and give a rich and startling tone to this relic of a peculiar but learned man. And it reflects very little credit on the government and the Scotch nationality, that this gem of Stirling Castle has not been better preserved. Reaching the upper square, on one side is the old Parliament House, plain and substantial; on another side is the Chapel Royal, built by James VI. for the baptism of his son, Prince Henry, until recently used as an arsenal. In the Douglas room, so called because here James II. stabbed the eighth Earl Douglas, are to be found many relics of the past, such as Knox's pulpit and communion table, chair of James VI., instruments of torture, and other reminders of a dubious past. The view from the castle ramparts is very extensive; on a clear day, Arthur's Seat and Auld Reekie are plainly seen; the erratic course of the "mazy Forth," as it winds upon itself is very surprising, and the distant mountains, hemming in the landscape on three sides, give an aspect of grandeur seldom seen in this or other lands. Many

objects of historic interest lie scattered around the base of this rugged memento of Scotland's history, when, although poor in purse, she was rich in warlike character, not always developed for patriotic purposes, though often for personal and family aggrandizement. Among these are the High Church, south of the castle. Before the Reformation it was attached to the grey friars monastery, which was destroyed, as Knox said, by the rascal multitude. The church was spared, but was denuded of all its relics and images and other reminders of the Roman Church. James VI. was crowned here, and Knox preached the sermon on the occasion. The building is no beauty, built during the decadence of the Gothic style. It is plain, massive and weather seamed; its tower, dented here and there by cannon balls, is more like the donjon keep of some old feudal castle, with its narrow, irregular windows and ragged battlements; the stained glass in the church windows is excellent in design and color. Much of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland has transpired here; and in the old churchyard adjoining, many monuments testify to the virtues and usefulness of ecclesiastics who, otherwise, would now be forgotten. Cowan's Hospital and Argyle's House are both used for the treatment and care of the sick and needy. Mar's work, a crumbling ruin, was built by the regent Mar in 1570, of stones taken from the old abbey of Cambus Kenneth, which lies a short distance from Stirling, and built by David I., was at one time a prominent religious house, richly endowed by kings and nobles. All that now remains of it is an isolated and massive Gothic tower. To the student of Scottish history, Stirling and its environs will be found very interesting. We left its venerable precincts with mingled feelings of pleasure and veneration.

ROTHESAY.

From Stirling we went to Rothesay, in the island of Bute, on the west coast of Scotland. This is the most popular of the many summer resorts which are patronized by the nabobs of Glasgow and other western towns, and is finely situated on the bay of the same name, which stretches in a semicircle around the coast of the island. There is no livelier place in the British islands, and none more accessible by steamboat. During the season, the arrivals and departures are simply numberless. Such boats as the Columba, Iona, Lord of the Isles, and many others, make daily trips from Glasgow and back, and regularly make from eighteen to twenty

knots an hour. Their accommodations are superb, and their officers and men are gentlemanly and civil. We took up our temporary residence at the Glenburn Hydropathic Hotel, and during our month's stay had every comfort we desired. During all that time the establishment was patronized to its utmost capacity, showing conclusively its popularity. The charge is about $16 per week, with all the benefits of bath, boating, bowls, lawn tennis, private theatricals, concerts and other diversions. The management, under the Messrs. Philp, father and son, insist on strict temperance and wise decorum. For a number of years, hydropathy was very popular in Britain, and many places were erected for carrying out the system. A number have failed, and this one is, perhaps, the best paying of any now in existence. Water is indispensable in the economy of nature, but there are other fluids which have strenuous, if not always wise, devotees. The past and present of this old new town presents singular vicissitudes.

It is always a difficult task to those who write of particular localities in this country to know when reliable history began to be written, and the uncertain records of tradition began to be doubted. Until the Picts and the Scots were merged into one nation, and the government became stable, very little of the course of events were made subjects of written record. From the time the Romans left Great Britain, until the Danes and Norwegians were compelled to do likewise, after they had, for hundreds of years, plundered and harried the country, the period which elapsed between these two epochs, has been, with true significance, called the middle or dark ages. There was no civilization, wars were incessant; agriculture was almost unknown; men were only trained to the clash of arms, and subsistence was consequently uncertain, dependent as it was so largely upon the chances of tribal quarrels. Yet, there were still a few monks scattered among the monasteries, which were here and there the centers of population, who wrote to their spiritual head at Rome, giving crude and imperfect accounts of their religious work. Incidentally, in these furtive details of missionary labor, there was occasionally a reference to this or that king who had died or been killed, but of general history there was none written. For five hundred years tradition, often of a vague and uncertain sort, is the only source of all that we know. During the dark and somber time, the history of the occupation of Scotland and the adjacent islands by the Norsemen, so far as we can glean from tradition and history, is in brief, as follows: When in the tenth

century, Scotland, under Kenneth, began to unify and become a cohesive power, tradition was the principal reliance they had for family history, land boundaries, and all matters pertaining to rule and law in the reconstructed state. As might have been expected, family and clan quarrels became incessant; one chieftain after another appealed to the Danes and Norwegians for material assistance in support of their real or supposed grievances against one another; this assistance was granted with alacrity, and then commenced that series of invasions and piratical excursions, which, for hundreds of years, kept the British islands in a continuous battle for home and country. On the western coast of Norway, for many ages, there had lived a hardy, daring and savage race of men called Vikings, who, until the tenth and eleventh centuries, were idolaters, practicing all the enormities of the northern mythology, by human sacrifices and other horrors of which today we have little comprehension. These Vikings, or Sea Kings, were known under the generic name of Norsemen, bold, alert, unscrupulous, the best of sailors, and practiced in the use of arms. They made themselves a terror to all the other nations of northern Europe, and in their war ships carried fire and sword through all lands in the north Atlantic. The bond of union among these lawless men was simply the plunder of the neighboring nations, and he who was the most brutal cutthroat was the ruler for the time being. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the western islands were completely under the sway of the Vikings. About that time Haco, king of Norway, made Uspac, a relative vassal, king of the western isles, and gave him a sufficient army and navy to take possession of his royal gift. Arriving off the western coast he was joined by Olave, king of Man, another vassal of Haco. Joining their forces, they rounded the Mull of Cantire, took possession of Bute; Rothesay Castle, held by the steward of Scotland, was assaulted and taken, and great spoil fell into the hands of the Norwegians. This seems to be the first recorded authentic event which gave Rothesay a name in history. Alexander III. speedily retook and garrisoned the castle. Haco, being determined to hold the islands, completed an alliance with a sea chieftain, named Ruaric, a descendant of Somerled, the original Lord of the Isles. After some time spent in negotiations without result, Alexander and Haco threw their forces at each other in the neighborhood of Largs. The Norwegians were defeated, and driven completely out of Scotland. During the vassal reign of John Baliol, the English held Rothesay castle.

Robert Bruce recovered and held it. During the minority of his son, Robert II., the English, through Edward Baliol, were again in possession. After Robert II. was called to the throne he recaptured it, and built that portion called the palace. After the accession of Robert III., he created his son David, Duke of Rothesay, and made the town a royal borough. Rothesay was not so good a man as his father, but was dissipated and disloyal, to his father's sorrow. His uncle, the Duke of Albany, under pretense, confined him in Falkland Palace, in Fife, and he was there starved to death. This, and the capture by the English of his other son, James I., broke the old king's heart. He died and was buried in Paisley Abbey. During the commonwealth, Cromwell's troops partly demolished the castle. It was rebuilt, but in 1685 it was burned down, and has been a ruin ever since. In recent years all the rubbish has been cleared away, the place beautified, and today we consider it the finest, as it is, undoubtedly, one of the most ancient ruins in Scotland.

We have been led to this *résumé* of the history of Rothesay Castle, because, as Stirling was so closely identified with the James's, so has Rothesay been associated with the Davids I. and II. and the Roberts I. and II., each dynasty forming distinct epochs in the history of Scotland. So much for its past, and it is at present a remarkable example of the drift of modern habit and social resources, developed by the advances of science and mechanics in this and other countries.

Among many objects of interest in and around Rothesay, the old Castle is one of prime importance. Before Robert II. built the palace addition it was circular, about 150 feet interior diameter, flanked by four towers, three of them 28 feet in diameter, and 50 feet high; the other 33 feet in diameter and 60 feet high. Judging from its present appearance, it must have been of great strength. Acccess to the interior was by the drawbridge on the north side over the moat. Of course, there is the usual tradition of a murder. A stair leading from the chapel, but now closed up, is said to be indelibly stained with blood. The story runs thus: Ruaric, the Norseman, had assaulted and taken the Castle; the then Lord in possession was murdered, and many of his adherents also, but a daughter of the murdered lord was spared, and was held in confinement, but allowed to walk at stated times on the top of the walls. Ruaric, cuckoo-like, having installed himself in this bird's nest, and meeting the young lady walking on the walls, demanded

that she marry him. This she refused to do in such defiant and bitter terms, that when she turned from him, he, boiling with rage at her refusal and contumely, ran his sword through her, and she fell down the stairs, leaving the before mentioned gory marks as a memento of the rough manner of wooing in those good old days. The palace and chapel have not been very ornate in style, nor large in size, and indicate forcibly that neither domestic comfort nor church dignity were very much considered in those primeval days. The whole fortress is strong and massive, and a characteristic relic of the marauding and turbulent people who built and maintained it for five hundred years.

In direct contrast to the old castle is Mountstuart House, the new residence of the Marquis of Bute. In the Gothic style, it is of irregular design, built on the site of an old and historic house, burned down some time ago. The new one is built of a bright red sandstone, and has more the appearance of a monastery than of a baronial hall, but it is large and dignified in appearance, and with the Marquis' income must be quite comfortable. The grounds, although finely wooded, and rising boldly from the sea, have an air of neglect pitiful to behold. On the Island of Bute there are old church ruins, vitrified forts, Druidical stones and other mementos of lang syne, which, to the ethnologist and antiquary, may be of value, but to the ordinary observer are simply piles of moss-covered stones.

Arran, a neighboring island, is reached from Rothesay by the Kyles of Bute, and across the mouth of Loch Fyne, and is well worth a visit. Towering grandly to the sky, with its pointed summit on savage rocky gorges, Goat Fell draws the mind away back toward the unknown time in the history of the world, when internal fires were upheaving the bowels of the earth in fierce, unintermitted throes toward its surface, to be brought in contact with watery gases which then formed our atmosphere, there by chemical action cooled, and forming the present crust of this mundane sphere of ours, now the abiding place of the biped called Man. Geologically, Arran is an unfailing source of interest to those who dive into the inner and hidden phases of creation. Here almost all of the known and classified strata of rock are plainly revealed, each in rotation, and superimposed one over the other, but irregular in contour, for while some strata are in layers, with more or less dip, others are thrust upward, with vertical lines and jagged points of the hardest kinds, and all belonging to the basalt family of rock.

In other places the surfaces have been smoothed over by glacial action, and finished by the incessant flow of water. We find scattered all over the surface of Arran, bowlders of immense size, and of a material which must have been carried from great distances, and left here to bleach in heat and cold for countless ages. Arran has had her full share of vicissitude, among the many dynastic changes which have taken place socially and politically in Scotland, and among the Western islands, and many remains of the Druids, Picts, Scots, Norsemen and English occupation, down to the more modern times, attest that civilization, until these later centuries, was a myth, and man was a relentless scourge to his fellow man. In the proprietorship of the Duke of Hamilton, and his conduct in regard to the land question among his tenants, we find that the old feudal feeling is still nursed by this and other descendants of reavers and raiders, who by violence took and held the lands of the people, defying lawful authority, in the person of the king and his officers, to strip them of their stolen possessions. These ancestors have transmitted to their successors those despotic habits of conduct, which have made many of the British landowners a scoff and a byword to all right-thinking and right-feeling men of a progressive age, for their motives of action are entirely controlled by the law of caste or feudal superiority, which is now, as formerly, stamped upon social, religious and political life, in their effort to hold what was gained by fraud and violence, and adding to the same by oppression and injustice, toward the poor and lowly, who, they well know, are unable to resent these systematic assaults upon vested right and common justice toward the tiller of the soil and the poor fisherman, who, driven from the lands they and their fathers had occupied and tilled for hundreds of years, were, and are, compelled to emigrate to distant lands, and lay down their wearied bodies in death, far from the graves of their revered ancestors.

The reign of might is still held sacred by lords spiritual and lords temporal all over this caste-ridden country. It is not necessary that we should cite specific cases of fierce injustice; there are multitudes of them, which have been practiced by relatives of the royal family down through all the grades of the old and the upstart aristocracy. This may be an unpleasant subject to some, but to sojourners, such as we are, it does appear as if there were something very incongruous in the British boast of freedom, while they are hugging to their hearts that vile system which was founded in

feudal rapine and lawlessness, and cemented, through numerous dynastic wars and social eruptions, when men were held in deepest ignorance, and had no aspiration beyond their every-day existence, and their desire for the good will of him who lived in the nearest castle, and controlled the lives and property of those whom he claimed to be his serfs in life and death. However, the schoolmaster is now a most potent factor in the body politic, and if not hampered by ecclesiasticism and the House of Lords, the school, commerce, and more equalization of wealth, will induce a reign of law, based on mutual confidence and good will. A reform thus accomplished would be far preferable to a social revolution, accomplished in disorder, and perhaps bloodshed.

"Would you like to come back to Scotland and make it again your home?" is a question we are often asked; and when we answer "No," they look surprised and disappointed, for it is said of Scotchmen who live abroad, that they are more instinct with love of their native land than those who have always lived here. This all can believe. While those abroad are deprived of personal intercourse with relations, and the friends of their youth, their native scenery, and the every-day traditions of social life, and although their social enjoyments in their new home are more or less changed, and they come in contact with other and alien people, whose habits, language, and even color are different from their own, and although successful in all their undertakings, as Scotchmen usually are, yet there still remains the cherished recollections of their birth land, and as opportunity serves, their meeting together whether informal and social, or hedged around by some society organization, is almost always characterized by the songs, stories, traditions, and patriotic sentiments of their "ain countree." To one who has identified himself with those communities who speak the English language, there is less desire to return to their old home, except as a visitor, and we have reason to believe that this feeling is caused in many breasts because of their instinctive hostility to social or political distinctions which they know prevail here by custom and titled repression. Accustomed to equality before the law, and an aristocracy only of merit, they cannot tolerate caste privilege. Hence very few who leave Scotland for other spheres of action ever come back to remain permanently, but speedily assume the interests and assist in molding the institutions of the people among whom they are resident.

BELFAST.

At 6 A.M., on a gray, foggy morning, we left Glasgow for Belfast, Ireland. After leaving Paisley the sun shone out from a cloudless blue, and the day was as fine as was ever seen in this or any other latitude. We took steamer at Stranraer, on Loch Ryan, for Lorne and Belfast. In three-and-a-half hours we were located at the Royal Avenue Hotel. The country around Belfast reveals to the visitor many historical suggestions of the wealth and power of those men who, in old times, ruled in this prosperous part of Ireland, and were styled the Kings of Ulster. The town, however, is purely modern, little being known of its existence until it began to export cattle and hams. These were the only articles of trade until the beginning of the present century, when she demonstrated that her home-grown flax was the finest in the world, and that her citizens were prepared to compete with the Scotch and English in the manufacture and sale of the finer linen fabrics. The march was onward, and now Belfast goods are held to be among the best in any market; her large factories are kept fully employed; her ship-building yards give employment to thousands of mechanics, and their products are second to none in quality. There are many other branches of manufacture, all of which tend to support a thriving population, hardy, energetic and shrewd. There are few abler or more successful business men in any city of the world. This they ascribe to education and the commercial instincts derived from their Scotch ancestors, who planted here, along with their Presbyterianism, flourishing schools. This is also the center of Orangeism, or those who admire the character and career of William III. of England, who drove his father-in-law, James VII., from the island, and planted, deep and strong, the power of the Protestant throne, by laws and armies which were upheld by the people of Ulster, but which were defied and opposed by the other provinces. This opposition exists in a modified form to the present day.

Belfast, although wealthy and progressive, is often very turbulent and riotous, and this is caused by political differences which cannot be reconciled between Catholic and Protestant. Of course, it is only the unruly and naturally vicious on both sides who indulge in these factional brawls, although often encouraged by men of mark and high social standing.

Society is more cosmopolitan here than in any other place in Ireland, and approximates very closely to the larger cities in the

United States, but the common people are carelessly rude and boorish on the public streets, after working hours thronging the corners and compelling the old, the young and the helpless to take the streets, where they are liable to be run over by the reckless jehus who drive their jaunting cars as if they were imitating the charge of the six hundred.

We spent a pleasant day at Bangor, a seaside resort at the entrance to Belfast Lough. It was a grateful change from the noises, smells and crush of the city, and the strong, breezy, salt atmosphere seemed to put new life into us. The remains of an old castle are here, otherwise the place is modern, with a fine surrounding country. On the opposite and north side of the Lough is one of the oldest historical towns in Ireland, named Carrickfergus, so called, say old historians, because a King Fergus was shipwrecked and drowned here three hundred years B. C. But the more likely origin of the name is derived from Fergus McErc, who from this point led a colony of Dalraida Scots into Scotland in the beginning of the sixth century. There are remains of the old castle which was then in existence still visible, and the castle built in the end of the twelfth century is still entire, and occupied as a military barracks. This structure was erected by John DeCourcy, Earl of Ulster, subsequently strengthened by Hugh DeLacy, who held Ulster by gift from King John of England in the fine old days when tenant rights and peasant proprietary was unheard of.

DUBLIN.

From Belfast we went to Dublin. Made our headquarters at Morrison's Hotel, adjoining Trinity College grounds, and said to be the headquarters of the Parnell party here. Whatever this house may have been a hundred years ago when it was opened, it is now open to the charge of being stuffy and seedy, and is only frequented by those who respect its past traditions, deeming those sufficient to atone for their wants of the present. Such, no doubt, was the feeling of the estimable lady who seemed to be in charge on our arrival. With great dignity she instructed a servant to show us to Lady Westmeath's apartments, and make everything proper for our comfort there. Surprised at our sudden social elevation, we ventured to suggest that perhaps the apartments were too extensive for our wants, but with a bland wave of her shapely hand, we were assured they were just what we wanted, and Dennis was

ordered to have our baggage taken to the rooms indicated. We found them quite convenient; the ceilings were 20 feet high; the beds were also high and lifted up, cleanly and comfortable.

Dublin is a city presenting great social contrasts. From the viceroy to the squalid persistent beggar is a fearful descent. The trader class insist on being recognized as essentially the representative Irish people. Generally their shops are small, business slow, and their lives listless, but they are content, for no one can boss them, and if poor, they are independent. Begging is not so popular as formerly, only the really helpless being found asking alms. Independence is the political cry of the people, and the sentiment is being applied to everyday life. This result is admitted to be the fruit of the political and social amalgamation of the upper and middle classes into one party, whose aim is the comparative independence of the people, in this picturesque but unfortunate country. To this also may be added the influence of railroads and steamboats, these, by their regularity and dispatch, begetting habits of thrift and energy, and the people are led gradually to follow in the path of these potent civilizers.

Dublin is one of the oldest cities in the British isles. But very few remains exist of its former and ancient history; all her public buildings belong to the past two or three centuries. The foundations of Christ Cathedral Church, lately restored, are, perhaps, the oldest masonry in the city. In the nave is the recumbent effigy of Strongbow, who remodeled and extended the church in accordance with Norman ideas, and also endowed it handsomely, and the building was a fitting monument to him who consolidated Norman rule on Irish soil. Although numerically these Normans were but a handful, they were astute enough to play one Irish king against another, when their interests were in jeopardy, thus keeping what they had acquired, and adding still further to their possessions. Many abortive efforts were made to drive these Normans from Ireland, which they had invaded because a revengeful Pope had ordered them so to do, but hitherto without success. Thus, the turmoil which originated in Rome centuries ago continues, and when and how the struggle may terminate, none can tell. A profitable hour or two can be spent in this renovated relic of the middle ages.

St. Patrick's Cathedral is another ancient pile, and was originally the official church of the castle. It has been restored lately by that munificent brewer, Sir B. L. Guinness. There is a good

deal of modern, social, and ecclesiastical history connected with this church, and many memorials erected to the eminent dead are covered by its roof; but its surroundings are squalid and filthy, although at one time the neighborhood was among the most fashionable in Dublin. Both of these large and historical churches belong to the communion of the Episcopal Church. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a massive, but plain building, in the Doric style, large, but somber, in the exterior handsomely finished and decorated; inside well adapted to the imposing ceremonial of the Roman Communion.

Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth three hundred years ago, is large and commodious in its various halls. The front, toward what is called College Green, in its simplicity is quite imposing. Passing through the great central entrance, the visitor is at once removed from the glare and bustle of a populous city to the cool shades of the college courts, with their shady walks, noble trees and green lawns, surrounded by the plain but substantial buildings suggesting retirement and rest. Many of the illustrious men of Irish history have graduated here, and gone forth into the world to add to her fame. College Green is the business center of Dublin, and is embellished by the statues of men famous in Irish and English history and letters. The north side of College Green is occupied by the noble colonnade and porticos of the Bank of Ireland, at one time the Irish Houses of Parliament, and center of political life, but now the center of Irish financial effort. With Dublin Castle, the official residence of the Viceroy, the visitor will be disappointed, if he expects to see anything suggestive of Battled Keep or Donjon Tower. Instead, you look upon two plain quadrangles, inclosed by plain, dingy looking buildings, some rather dubious, leaden statues looking down upon the bare court. Here and there a sentinel paces his weary beat, or a castle official occasionally flits across the square, and disappears in a listless kind of way behind a solemn closing door, which echoes despairingly around the deserted piazza—then all is quiet. The Viceroy's rooms are large and elegant, in great contrast to the barracks-looking exterior. These rooms are only used occasionally, the real residence being in Phœnix Park. The castle chapel is a gem of light, airy, Gothic work, elaborately carved in the interior and hung round with aged tattered banners. Adjoining the chapel is the Birmingham Tower, sole remnant of the great mediæval castle. Here is stored the documentary history of

Ireland, dating back hundreds of years. We looked upon the signatures of kings, queens, and viceroys, from Elizabeth to Victoria. At the end of every fifty years a large proportion of these papers are sent to London, but the charters, grants, and endowments from these various potentates are here, and are rather solid reading.

The river Liffey, runs through the center of Dublin, thoroughly walled in, and either side connected with numerous bridges. Among others, rising close to the river on the north bank, is the building known as the Four Courts ; it is purely classic, and its stately dome rises from the center of the building in all the majesty of the law, which is here dispensed and enforced with learning and discretion. The residents of Dublin admire this pile as their central gem. Further down the river on the north bank, is the Custom House, large, elegant, of fine proportions, and well adapted to its use. It could accommodate a far larger commerce than Dublin enjoys today. None who visit Dublin will forget Sackville street, imposing in width, lined with handsome buildings and wide pavements. It is an avenue of busy activity. Rising in the center is the Nelson monument, 120 feet high ; the statue on top is 13 feet, reached by a spiral stair in the inside ; near the monument is the General Postoffice, Ionic, ornamented by statues, and the portico surmounted by an elaborate pediment. At the lower end of the street, is the O'Connell monument, by Foley, not finished, but in fine proportion. The street is continued over the river by a substantial bridge.

Glasneven Cemetery and the Botanic Gardens are contiguous, and are each well worthy of a visit. In the gardens the palms and many other tropical plants are the finest in the British isles. Resting in the cemetery are the remains of many of Ireland's best and brightest sons and daughters.

Phœnix Park has recently had thrust upon it an unenviable notoriety, as the scene of the murder in broad daylight of Secretary Burke and Lord Cavendish. It is a large and picturesque breathing place for the people of Dublin, comprising nearly two thousand acres, dotted with fine old trees, beneath whose ample shade browse deer, sheep and cattle. These give an impression of rest and comfort, which many of the biped loungers imitate. Broad avenues and drives lead in all directions, and vehicles of all styles stream in every direction in pleasant weather. The Zoölogical Gardens have a fine collection of animated nature in all varieties, many species being reproduced. The People's Garden is a triumph of

horticulture and the gardener's skill. The Vice-Regal Lodge, broad, low and handsome, is embowered in trees and shrubbery. There are a number of monuments, all of them, as usual, dedicated to men who had acquired more than their fellows the art of destruction.

St. Stephen's Green, near the center of the city, after long years of neglect, was bought by Lord Ardillaun some years back, and by him beautified and improved. This accomplished, he presented the grounds to the city, to be by its authorities kept in good order forever. In the center is an equestrian statue of George II., crude in design and coarse in workmanship.

The immense brewing establishment of the Guinness family is probably the largest in the world. The buildings extend over a large portion of the city, with a quay frontage on the Liffey of half a mile. Remove this business from Dublin and thousands would suffer poverty and want.

ISLE OF MAN.

SEPTEMBER 23. We left the capital of Ireland for the Isle of Man. On our way to England we had a rolling passage and many were sick. We, however, kept the deck, reached Douglas late at night, and slept at the Peverill House. Friends had given us glowing accounts of this insular spot of earth, and we were on the *qui vive* for peculiarities in country, people and animals. So far as we have seen, the people are commonplace, physically strong and rugged. They appear as if they had been intermarrying among each other in close family lines, much similarity of features in male and female, sameness in tones of voice, quiet in movement; in fact they are a plodding, easy-going, primitive race, and take the world easy. The aboriginal cat of Man has no caudal appendage, and when the inevitable dog puts in an unwelcome appearance, there is no elevated bottle brush to shake in his face; but there is the arched and bristling back, which reminds Towser that pussy has still her claws to use in self-defense. Kittens sell for twenty shillings each, and there is a big demand. Many of the barnyard fowls have no tails, and look badly balanced. Even some of the dogs have no rudder to steer them round the corner, or upon which to tie the traditional tin pan. This want of course keeps the canine mind easy when he is interviewed by the wheedling small boy, looking for amusement at any cost to clothes or conscience. With

these exceptions the fauna are of the usual type known to the British islands. The flora—and by this term we do not mean any special young lady of that name, but simply all that is the product of the soil, whether cultivated or natural—is of the usual kinds to be seen all over Britain and Ireland. The soil is productive, and the fields very irregular in shape, furnishing any variety of models for crazy quilts, which are so popular an article of manufacture among the ladies of today. Meridian line surveying is unknown in the boundaries of fields; all are laid out in picturesque disregard for compass points, and present in the sunlight a beautiful diversity of color, making a fine contrast to the brownish blue of the mountain tops and hillsides. At the date of our visit the season was dropping into the sear and yellow leaf; the blackberry was in its dusky but shining glory, and the youth of Man was swarming over the island, bringing in day after day thousands of quarts of the ripe fruit. Crops are more reliable yearly in Man than in the rest of the islands, and the farmers can depend on the well earned reward of their skill and thrift.

The fisheries of Man are a very important industry. On a dark but clear night there can be seen in the offing south of the island, from hundreds of boats, a line of lights stretching from horizon to horizon, giving one the idea of an immense city, with its twinkling lights far in the distance. From Douglas is sent three-fourths of the land and fishing products of the island; the imports, likewise. During the season there are daily lines of large, fast and handsome boats, which ply to Liverpool, Barrow, Fleetwood and Whitehaven; also regular steam packets to Glasgow, Silloth, Belfast, Dublin, Greenore and other ports, these combined bringing to the shores of Man vast numbers of the *genus homo*, with all the varied characteristics that term implies. Here is a fine field for the study of humanity in the concrete. Business men and their families, the trade and working classes, all come here to enjoy themselves, because the expense is comparatively small. Every house takes lodgers, and the number and the variety of vehicles is bewildering, carrying, in many cases, thirty people, and used for conveying them to any point agreed upon. The company is sometimes rather mixed, but very jolly. Leaving early in the day, they return late at night in all stages of enjoyment which liquid and solid refreshment can give them. Interesting routes of travel over the whole island are numerous; the ethnologist, the antiquary, botanist, geologist, and admirer of varied scenery, can revel in their

respective preferences on this unique and complete kingdom. The bay of Douglas has a fine appearance day or night, sweeping in crescent form east to west for a distance of three miles, the shore protected by a strong sea wall and promenade flanked by a long line of handsome hotels and residences. In the center of the bay is an islet covered by the sea at high water, upon whose summit a lady has built a tower of refuge for shipwrecked people. This tower has taken the place of an ancient beacon, and adds much to the attraction of the harbor. There is one iron and three concrete piers, and these make a healthy, breezy promenade for the visitors. Terrace upon terrace rise above each other on the abrupt hilly shore, giving fine views of the bay and far-stretching blue water. Huddled between the upper and seaside terraces lies the old part of the town, a labyrinth of low, rusty houses and shops. We have been through the oldest portions of many old towns, but for narrow, sinuous streets this excels. Five to ten feet is about the average width. They are not lanes, but have dignified names, and looking through them we have come to the conclusion that when the collection of the king's customs revenue was habitually evaded, this town was a hotbed of smugglers, and these streets were designed for baffling the custom officials. The cellars have underground passages running in all directions, through which, no doubt, spirits, silks, laces, broadcloth, and other dutiable goods were conveyed to places of safety and disposed of when the coast was clear, at a grand advance on cost.

Although a dependence of the British empire, the Isle of Man has its own code of laws and its own courts, and these decide all questions which come before them, civil or criminal, except customs. Writs of *habeas corpus* run to the crown. The government consists of two houses, the Council and the House of Keys. These united make the Tynwald Court, over which the governor presides, wielding all the power and rights which by law pertain to the crown. There are two deemsters, or judges, who decide all common law and criminal cases. The criminal court sits in Castleton, where the old castle of Rushen is the state jail. This venerable old keep, supposed to have been erected by the Norwegians in the eleventh century, was partially dismantled by Edward Bruce, rebuilt in 1593 by the Earl of Derby, then King of Man. It is a strong building, but its situation is not commanding. For hundreds of years the home of royalty, more of the political history of the island centers here than in any other place. In the old chapel

is a clock presented by Queen Elizabeth. It is still running, and is standard time for Castleton. It is very simple in construction, and if the maker could see it now he would be a proud man.

On an island adjacent to the fishy old town of Peel, are the remains of Peel Castle, the most interesting to antiquarians of all the antiquities to be found in Man. The ruins cover the whole island, about seven acres, and consist of civil and ecclesiastical buildings, all in decay. The cathedral could be renovated for a few thousand pounds. It was dedicated to St. German, a contemporary of St. Columba, and successor to St. Patrick. This St. German would seem to have belonged to the church militant, as well as the church triumphant. He left his diocese, went over to Wales and drove the Saxons in all directions, securing for mother church substantial booty, and increased prestige. This episode in the life of the bishop was duplicated repeatedly by his successors; in fact, the ecclesiastical history of Sodor and Man is a blot and tarnish on the name of religion, although redeemed to some extent by the self-sacrificing labors of many who succeeded these belligerent churchmen of the dark ages. This middle ground of the Irish Sea was for hundreds of years the refuge of lawless men, driven from the neighboring countries. When the Earl of Derby, at that time titular King of Man, rebuilt Peel castle, there was inclosed within the walls a church called St. Patrick's, and we are convinced from peculiarities in its construction, that it is very much older than the cathedral, which is a small building and cruciform, 115 feet long, proportionally wide and high. Under the high altar is a barrel crypt, strong and massive, which was used as a church prison. Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, was imprisoned in this subterranean hole for fourteen years, being charged with conspiracy against the health and life of Henry VI. Roger Bolingbroke, the king's chaplain, charged with the same imaginary crime, was executed, and Margaret Jardemain was burned, while the poor duchess died in her prison. It must have been pleasant to live in those days. There is also within the walls a round tower, 50 feet high, probably used for a beacon light. We sometimes regret to see these old castles and churches allowed to rot and decay, and yet it would seem perfectly proper they should disappear from sight, for their history is invariably one of dire oppression and bloodthirsty injustice.

We went to Laxy, seven miles from Douglas, and saw the biggest water wheel in the world—73 feet in diameter and 6 feet

across the face. It makes two revolutions a minute, and pumps from a depth of 1,200 feet two hundred and fifty gallons of water per minute. Approaching Laxy from the coast turnpike, the visitor comes to a pleasant populous valley, through which flows a rushing, turbid stream, along whose banks are manufactories of various kinds. In the distance looms Snaefel, the highest point in Man. The principal industry is mining for lead, copper, tin, black jack, etc. Looking along the further side of the valley, we observed a peculiar object colored red, and asked the driver what it was. "Lady Isabella," he said, and explained that it was the big water wheel. Compared with objects in its vicinity it did indeed look big. We drove to it and looked it all over. Mechanically, it is a wonder, constantly at work for thirty years. The lady looks as if her utility might be endless.

LIVERPOOL.

October 3. Left Douglas for Liverpool on board the Ben Machree, the best and largest boat of the line. The autumnal equinoxes were abroad, and we expected a rough passage. It might have been worse, but many were sick. However, the sun shone overhead, and we reached the landing stage in four and a half hours, distance eighty miles. As we approached the coast, and entered the estuary of the Mersey, the fog lifted from the land and revealed the Welsh coast in its solemn grandeur. The sail up the Mersey is tedious, lacks the romantic surroundings of the Clyde, and the contrast between New York harbor and the approach to Liverpool is very great. But if the harbor is not picturesque, the commerce is vast. As we steamed up to the landing stage we passed, lying at anchor, representatives of the Atlantic steamship lines, besides many others, for the East Indies, Australia, China, etc., giving one a strong conviction that distance on this earth has been practically wiped out. Charts may indicate miles and degrees, but aboard these steamships degrees drop very fast astern.

Beyond its surging commerce there is very little to interest one here. We visited the Art Gallery, and saw many fine paintings and sculptures, mostly by British artists, some works excellent in drawing and color. After calling on a friend whom we had not seen for thirty-five years, we drove to Sefton Park, which has an air of pastoral beauty, very pleasing. It is large and of easy

access from the city. We paid a visit of examination to the famous landing stage, and were surprised at the magnitude of this floating pier. The crude wharf boats of our western rivers are very unlike this grand piece of mechanical engineering work. It extends along the river front for about half a mile. The principal is the pontoon bridge; the deck is over 100 feet wide, and rests upon a series of strong iron tanks, properly connected to each other; these tanks are connected with the shore by immense iron girders, 150 feet long, and jointed at the tank and shore ends, so that the platform will rise and fall with the tide. By this contrivance steamships can reach the landing at any stage of the tide.

LONDON.

OCTOBER 5. After a smooth and rapid run of two hundred miles we reached London in four and a half hours, and went to the First Avenue Hotel, Oxford street, a first-class institution, lighted throughout by electricity. To those who like the never-ending noise of this great thoroughfare, one of the most bustling in London, there can be nothing more entertaining than posting one's self at the door of this hotel to study the street traffic of the largest city in the world. We tried it until our head swam, and we had omnibus and hansom cab on the brain. It is one uninterrupted procession each way from six A.M. until past midnight, and this ever-rushing movement surges onward and never falters. If a 'bus horse looses his feet and goes down on the worn Belgian pavement the driver and conductor proceed to get him on his feet again; in the meantime all traffic moves on and very few loiter on the spot to see the result. In one hour's time we saw three mishaps of this kind, but there was no excitement, and the roar and rattle was simply stunning. But in the midst of this old-time bustle and seeming confusion, there has lately appeared a new feature on wheels. It is noiseless, and no equine ghost need come to disturb the midnight slumbers of the driver. He is his own motive power, and you have a flitting vision of a man elevated above the usual height, darting here and there, but ever onward, with almost railroad speed. The use of the bycicle has grown wonderfully in Britain. Of course, the splendid turnpikes all over the country give fine opportunities for its use, and it is an exercise conducive to vigorous health. It is a matter of regret that there is not more effort made in the western states in the direction of

improved highways. We know of no improvement that would tend more to the profit and comforts of our farmers than good turnpikes. They cost money to make and maintain, but their benefits are priceless.

To write of London is a vast subject, whether the writer elects to deal in fact or fancy. Facts are supposed to be without change, and fancies are the variable impressions of the human mind, biased by education and association. The truth of history is open to question according to personal bias. More history has been written from prejudice than from disinterested and pure motives, and tradition, from which much history has been written, often runs into exaggeration and the incredible. Our notes of London will be descriptive, and, if you please, philosophic and historical. That the origin of this vast gathering of humanity commences at an early date there can be no doubt. From Roman historians we know that at the times of their invasions there was enough of restless population on its site to require a Roman garrison. Those keen-eyed invaders saw at a glance that its situation on navigable water, with a large morass in its rear, was just suitable for their occupation, while its close proximity to the continent, and its short distance from the North Sea, gave them assurance of its valuable situation. It gave them the opportunity of transportation, by land or water, of any troops required at any point in the south and east of Britain. As a central point for commerce there was no better site south of the wall of Agricola. West and south of this the fertile hillsides and well watered and wooded vales of an extensive country intervened between this point and the savage tribes of Celts who inhabited Wales and Cornwall, and who, ever restless and strongly addicted to a war of reprisals, kept the Roman invaders at bay. Their advanced garrisons were kept continually on the alert, to repel and drive back to their mountain haunts those tough and revengeful Britons who, even in those primitive times, seem to have acted on the maxim, "Britons never, never shall be slaves." London was the center of government for Britain during the whole time of the Roman occupation. Lying east far enough to be beyond the range of incursions, it was available as a depot for men and stores, which could be hurled at their unconquerable enemies as occasion required. As all distances in Europe were measured from Rome, so in Britain all distances were measured from a point in London, marked by a stone now built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church, and carefully preserved as the most ancient relic in the history of the city.

Shortly after the commencement of the Christian era, the Romans, having secured a tenacious foothold at London, compelled an armed peace in the south and east, and a desire for further conquest toward the north impelled them to establish a military center at York, from which point the whole of England proper and the south of Scotland could be overawed and compelled into subjection. This they accomplished after many years of varying but successful warfare, and the native tribes were gradually assimilated into the military rule which Rome knew so well how to place and keep upon the necks of her conquered vassals. Although order reigned south of the wall between the Solway and the Tweed, cohort after cohort had to be sent north to fill the depleted ranks of the army, whose very existence was often threatened by the Picts and Caledonians of Scotland. This incessant warfare, with its activities and expenditures, was impoverishing the Roman exchequer, which was never afluent during the occupation [redacted] merchants of London were compelled to meet the [redacted] deficiencies as contractors for supplies. Many of [redacted] doing business on the banks of the Thames, were [redacted] and however anxious to put money in their p[redacted] had a peculiar satisfaction, as all army contr[redacted] posing of inferior goods at the highest mark[redacted] fighting the common enemy through his commissa[redacted] perience thus gained in finances, however small at that time, bore fruit in the aftertime when Rome had withdrawn her armies. The Saxons and Angles came into the country with a civilization far in advance of what then existed either north or south, and again we find London showing upon the front as a center of commercial and civil power, and keeping her place in the van down to the battle of Hastings. On the establishment of the kingdom of William the Conqueror, London was virtually made the capital and the chief city of his new kingdom. Since the occupation of England by the Normans, London has really molded the history of the people, controlling all questions of public policy, politically, socially and morally. Here is the central royal residence. In Westminster are the halls of legislation. The Courts of Law give final decisions on all contested questions. Here convocate, as required, England's high church dignitaries, who wield an immense power in the furtherance of moral and religious advancement. This city is the commercial center of the world, and as such controls matters of finance and exchange over the whole earth. To some it may

appear that we magnify her position in this regard, but we cannot ignore the experience of the past nor the conditions of the present.

Some writers have attempted to draw a parallel between ancient Rome and modern London, in relation to size, influence and historic power. In some respects there are similarities. It is asserted that Rome, at one time, had a population of four millions, and the extensive ruins which are found at great distances from the walls of the modern city help to confirm this opinion. Being the center of the most powerful of the ancient empires, there is no reason to doubt her population must have been immense, reaching probably to the present population of London. That Rome wielded a power never equaled, before she reached the zenith of her greatness, cannot be denied, but it was different in kind, and also in extent, to that of London. Her conquests were confined to a great part of Europe, some parts of Asia and Africa, and never exceeded in any direction a radius of fifteen hundred miles from Rome, for the art of navigation by the compass was then unknown, and mariners sailed by coast-lines and headlands by day, and the stars by night. Their largest galleys were cockle shells, compared to the steam ships and ironclads of the present day. It was by her marching battalions that Rome made herself mistress of the world, and by their means she was enabled in her campaigns to draw into the Roman treasury the vast sums that enriched her patricians, despoiled from every subjugated tribe or nation. Not content with acquiring their wealth, the conquerors drove the conquered people in thousands, hundreds of miles, to the city of the seven hills, and there, under the lash, compelled them to live and die their slaves. Today, those who visit Rome and look upon her vast symmetrical ruins, may admire and wonder at their strength and their beauty even in decay; but while doing so, let them also ponder over the fact that these walls were cemented together by the tears, anguish, and unrequited labor of captives, torn from their homes in every clime then known. All were compelled, at the point of the javelin, to minister to the ostentatious pleasures and capricious brutality of conscienceless task masters. But the later reign of a barbarous, effeminate civilization came to an end, and heathen Rome ceased to exist; her influence reached only so far as her armies were enabled to penetrate, and any respect paid to the genius of her government was compelled by fear. There was nothing beneficent in such laws as her rulers gave to her colonies, but her power was enforced and her rule upheld by brute force. There was very seldom an abiding

community of social esteem and confidence between the conquerors and the conquered. The fact is that modern nations are more under the influence of her laws and literature than any of those who were her contemporaries from the beginning to the end of her rapacious career. Essentially military, we have seen nothing in modern times, with the possible exception of the career of the first Napoleon, which can be looked upon as analogous to the triumphal march of her legions. They not only won battles by valor, but reaped the fruits thereof by unyielding tenacity. Diplomacy as an art was not much practiced, and when resorted to was only a veil to conceal the preparations she was making for war. When ready, pointing to her armed legions, she said, these are my further arguments; accept my terms or abide the result. Confining ourselves to a comparison of Rome and London, as two cities alone, is impossible; each of them, in all their history, is so identified with the two empires of which they were and are the capitals, that in this connection London and England may be used as synonymous terms.

London's domination has mainly been accomplished by her commerce and world-wide explorations. The naval and commercial enterprise of London has never been excelled. From the time Columbus discovered the approaches to America, by the help of the compass and his royal friends, Ferdinand and Isabella, there have been mighty changes accomplished by the hardy navigators who have built and sailed victorious navies from the city of London. They were always shipbuilders, but were excited to more effort at the time Henry VIII. threw off his allegiance to the pope. Spain, the eldest son of the church, by papal command undertook to whip the rebel back into the fold. London, at the suggestion of Henry, undertook the task of building ships to guard the English coast against the threatened invasion. Spain had annexed the best territories which her explorers had found on the western continent from these countries, by horrible atrocities committed in the name of Holy Church. The aborigines were plundered of vast treasures, and Spain had become the wealthiest country in Europe. Her ships covered the seas, loaded down with their ill-gotten plunder. The citizens of London represented to Henry that these ships ought to be captured and Spain's sinews of war curtailed. The suggestion was accepted, and the real naval history of London began. From the capture of the enemy's ships, it was only a step further to reprisals on land, and the acquisition of his western

territory. This was the first incentive to acquire lands abroad, and was given to the citizens of London by him, who, seated at Rome, claiming to be the temporal and spiritual ruler of the world, had ordered the faithful to erase from the kingdoms of Europe the name of England, and to annihilate her capital. Thus the Roman hierarchy followed in the footsteps of the ancient empire. As the wealth of London increased, her merchants, by means of royal charters and grants, established colonies in North and South America, the cape of Good Hope, the East and West Indies, and, eventually, Australia. Many of these were gained without bloodshed, and the reign of law, which emanated from London, has vastly strengthened and helped to perpetuate those sentiments of amity and mutual respect which is the glory of the civilization of this later portion of the nineteenth century.

Statesmen have their minds more and more directed toward the adjustment of national differences by the wise use of arbitration. This step in the direction of adhering to the benign principles of Christianity has its most strenuous advocates in London, and is a sentiment common to all sects, and, also, all classes of the established church. Let us not be misunderstood. London has originated, and fought out with relentless vigor, many schemes of conquest, and has been often found in history taking by main force territory and people who desired not her domination, and, at the mouth of her cannon, has often oppressed the weak when their helplessness should have enlisted her sympathy. This is a trait of empire, apparent in all the powerful nations of the earth, whether Christian, Mohammedan or heathen, and is one of those heritages which has, in Christian lands, come down to us from our feudal forefathers, and called by Englishmen, pluck; but comparing the modes and sentiments which induced Rome's desire for territory, plunder and slaves, with that of England, there is a vast difference. Rome conquered with barbarity on the battlefield, and in the persons of captive slaves continued that barbarity to the ends of their miserable lives. England has conquered for revenue and commerce, and was the first of modern nations to set the captive free. London is not only the great commercial center of the world, but is, also, the political center, indirectly assisting in molding the home and foreign policies of all the nations known to civilization.

To describe London in detail would be a vast undertaking, but her buildings and their contents are, many of them, of great interest.

A few words on the river traffic may be in place. Although no sailing vessel can pass above London Bridge, which is the first met in the passage from the sea, still the traffic beyond that point is very great, accomplished by steamboats of small size but great power, and innumerable lighters with hinged masts. These ascend the Thames for a long distance, and passengers and goods are carried to and fro with unfailing regularity. Below London Bridge to the Nore the traffic is something hard to be realized. Here you will find representative vessels and sailors from the most distant parts of the world, and if you have a desire to flee unto the uttermost parts of the earth, a sailing or steamship can be found ready for the passage. The bridges which span the river are not excelled by any in the world, and the traffic from the south to the north bank is simply wonderful. If we endeavor to grasp in our minds the size of this vast and substantially built city we are lost, for there is nothing in existence which we can find as a parallel. The seemingly endless miles of dingy but well kept streets are very much alike, and the buildings painfully suggest corporations of ample means but no architectural taste. The reason is obvious; ground is here feud for a term of years on a valuation, and corporations and building societies absorb the land by contract with the proprietor, and, as a matter of speculation, build these interminable rows of houses at the lowest possible market rates. Then, when they are said to be finished, they rent them to the public at the highest possible rates. After the great fire in 1666, when one-third of the city was consumed, under the influence of Wren and his contemporaries, there was a fierce rivalry in the introduction of the classic styles of architecture in rebuilding the numberless churches and public buildings which had disappeared during that fearful visitation. About that time many artists and travelers had returned from their travels in Greece and ancient Rome. Many of these were wealthy, and in the work of reconstruction they expressed a desire to revive again the classic horizontal, instead of the corrupted Gothic, which had lost much of the grandeur and fine proportions that characterized the baronial and church structures erected during the twelfth and down to the sixteenth centuries. Under these impressions the ancient orders of architecture became fashionable, and for many years, even to the middle of this nineteenth century, all buildings of pretension were designed and built in the severely classic. But in recent years they have adopted again the florid Gothic, and the carved and elaborate designs of the

south of Europe. There are few of the residences of the wealthy which do not present central columned porticos, with extended fronts and pilastered walls, all massive and built for long service. Such buildings as St. Paul's, Royal Exchange, Somerset House, Custom House, Guildhall, and many others are noble in style, and the construction admirable. The Bank of England, called the Old Lady of Threadneedle street, has not a very stately appearance, but like many other matrons, is solid and substantial looking; yet in the eyes of the city moneybags she is a lovely and graceful party, one whom it is worth while to woo. Temple Bar, built by Wren after the fire, has been removed, and in its place there stands, in the center of the street, a column, surmounted by a winged salamander. But the new departure has its best illustration in the new Law Courts recently constructed on the north side of the Strand, adjacent to Temple Bar. These buildings are bewildering in their extent and variety. Here you have dome and steeple, mansards and galleries, porticos and colonnades, the general impression being of a vast irregular pile, whose utility inside and out has been sacrificed to an exuberance of detail from the sky downward, which entails to a certainty speedy disintegration. Further west, the National Gallery, on the north side of Trafalgar square, is one of the portico and pediment class, and is in marked contrast to the Law Courts. Long and low, it lacks dignity. The dome over the center is too small, and the cupolas at either end have little design or character. Filling as it does the north end of the square, twenty feet added to its height would have made it more in accord with its surroundings. There are few prospects in this world which will compare with the view from the portico of the National Gallery. Immediately in front, in imposing proportions, stands the Nelson Monument, shooting skyward 177 feet, with a bronze statue of the sailor warrior 17 feet high crowning its abacus. At each corner of the base is a lion couchant, and the four sides have bronze historical panels. Besides this there are a number of monuments interspersed around the square, and two fountains throwing up their silvery columns to the sun, and, in the midst of all, the ever-changing groups of people, and flashing equipages, give a picture of life and bustle rarely to be seen. On either hand hotels, churches and buildings tower into the sky, with their domes, pinnacles and galleries looking down upon the vast traffic of this part of London. Bending away to the south, broad and busy, is Parliament street; on the right are the Admiralty Offices, the Horse Guards, Treasury,

Colonial Offices, and on the left Whitehall, Chapel Royal, the Gardens, Richmond Terrace, Montague House, and that famous detective center, Scotland Yard. Beyond all these in colossal proportions rises Victoria Tower, 350 feet high. Nearer, isolated and stately, with its steeple roof, immense clock dials, and massive resonant bell, stands the Clock Tower, 300 feet from pavement to pinnacle. Extending between these two towers for a distance of 900 feet is the elaborate building known as the Houses of Parliament. Adjoining these, and forming their vestibule, is the venerable building known as Rufus Hall. West of these buildings, in solemn grandeur, streaked with age, is Westminster Abbey and Henry VII. Chapel. Adjoining these again is St. Margaret's Chapel. Standing, as we are, on the portico of the National Gallery, and taking in this historic view, there rises before the mind, stretching away through the vista of vanished centuries, the whole history of England from the Norman conquest to Victoria. Within a bowshot, in the yard of the Charing Cross railway station, is the last of the nine crosses, erected to the memory of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I. Charing Cross, now so populous and busy, was then a small country hamlet, deriving its existence from Westminster Abbey and Rufus Hall. Cardinal Wolsey lived in the Palace of Whitehall, and was the means of giving to history its name and fluctuating record. Henry VIII. filched from the time-serving churchman this kingly residence. Here, in a closet, he married the ambitious Ann Boleyn, and here they were crowned. It was the royal residence from the time of Henry to William III. Here Charles I. "bowed his comely head" and was beheaded in the palace yard. Cromwell, from this residence, sent forth mandates and laws which were respected and obeyed. He was the first of England's many rulers who compelled that respect abroad which to the present day has inured to her a proud position among the nations of the earth. The Horse Guards is the executive center of the British army. The Treasury buildings are the real center of the government, for in these buildings are shaped the domestic and foreign policy of the empire on which the sun never sets.

Reaching the south end of Parliament street, on the left, spanning the Thames, is Westminster Bridge, which leads the traveler into the ancient borough of Lambeth, with its antiquated but strong and prison looking palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the Lambeth end of the bridge,

stretching along the Albert Embankment for 1,500 feet, is St. Thomas Hospital, an institution to which London points with just pride, a noble and practical illustration of what can be done for the alleviation of human suffering. The foundation dates back to 1213 A.D., and was originally located in Southwark, near to London Bridge. Still standing at the lower end of Parliament street, on the right, are our modern buildings on what was once an institution, called the Sanctuary, pertaining to the time Rome ecclesiastical spread her mantle of protection and succor even on those who had been condemned by the civil courts to suffer death. Holding up her potent finger in the face of the civil officer she said, "we choose to shelter this person, and we command you to vacate our sacred precincts on pain of the Church's Curse." This order was generally obeyed until Henry VIII. assumed the prerogatives of the Roman Church in England; then the Sanctuary and other pretensions were compelled to take a back seat.

We travel south a few hundred feet, and stand under the shadow of St. Peter's, Westminster. This abbey is, perhaps, the best known of any of the ancient churches in Britain or in Christendom. Its antiquity is undoubted, its historical associations numerous and startling. Direct records ascribe its origin to the year A.D. 616, its founder being Sebert, King of the East Saxons. Edward the Confessor enlarged and beautified it. This building was torn down, and the present edifice built by several kings, from Henry III. to the VIII. of that name, in whose reign the gem called Henry VII. Chapel was built as a memorial to his name. Historically, every sovereign from Harold the Saxon down to the present ruler, Victoria, have received the oil of consecration and been crowned within its walls, and, beneath its vast, vaulted roof, kings, courtiers, priests, and eminent men innumerable, have been laid away in the quietness of the grave. A description of the exterior of the abbey is of interest only to the antiquary or architect; we will only say that it is noble and pure in style, grand in conception, and a feast to the eye of one who admires the Gothic and magnificent distances. But how describe the interior, with its columned and pointed arches, vaulted and fretted ceilings, rich stained windows, and lofty clear-stories, rising grand and solemn, as if they stretched out toward the infinite. Around the walls, in bewildering profusion, are the memorials to the eminent dead who have contributed to England's renown for hundreds of years, in war, in art, in science, in literature, in church and state, at home

and abroad. These tributes reflect the genius of her sculptors, and the eloquent praise to the memory of departed greatness are worthy of her scholars. Very pleasing to our feelings, as it will be to everyone identified with the greater England west of the Atlantic, was it to see, in the midst of all these tributes, the simple but expressive bust of our own honored singer, Longfellow, placed in one of the best situations in Poets' Corner. This proclaims that in the empire of letters there is no caste, but all are included on one plane or another. There are four shrines which command mingled feelings of regret and admiration, namely, the Chapel of Henry VII., with its regal wealth of carving and bronze decoration; the recumbent effigy and columned canopy over the remains of Queen Elizabeth, rich in gilding and sculptured work, and not less interesting, the similar, although less ornate, tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, erected after a tardy lapse of twenty-one years, by her son, James I., after she had been beheaded at Fotheringay Castle. She was interred in Peterboro Cathedral, where she lay until her royal son was ready, when she was reinterred here. We pass from these to the time-worn tomb of Edward the Confessor. Here time has shown his tooth, and sculpture and cornice have become almost indistinct in the lapse of centuries. Edward died in the odor of sanctity, but as a ruler he was inert and feeble, though, as a son of the church, he was a bright and shining light. One of the days we visited the Abbey, the people who were present, looking around Edward's tomb, were startled to see three lady visitors drop on their knees and commence to tell their beads before an almost defaced image of the Virgin Mary, which had been cut on the side of the tomb. After some time spent at their devotions, the three penitents arose, and with downcast eyes walked away. Shortly after, a procession of two or three hundred people came through the aisles, and as many as could get around the chapel, kneeled and worshiped for some time. Then the procession reformed and marched away. On inquiry, we learned that there was a convocation in some Catholic church in the neighborhood, which took the opportunity of thus showing their regard for the good man who was made a saint eight hundred years ago, but who, dying, left a kingdom torn by dissension within, and a prey to invasion from without, by the Normans, who, at the battle of Hastings, slew Harold and established William on the English throne. It is a grateful sign of the religious toleration of British law, which permitted this display of Catholic fervency in this

place and in these days. Fifty years ago it would have been frowned down by popular sentiment, backed by the strong arm of the law.

Leaving the Abbey by the north door, we took a survey of the old parish church of St. Margaret's, which stands to the north of the Abbey. Parliament is supposed to worship here. It is a low building, plain Gothic, and has an interesting history, dating from the time of Edward I. Many interesting antiquities are to be found within its walls. During the commonwealth it was used by Cromwell and his adherents, who here preached at each other with much denunciation. Participating in these displays, there would be the Lord Protector, Pym, Harrison, and many others, among whom was the historic Praise-God-Barebones and his brother, who bore the astonishing name of If-thou-hadst-not-died-for-me-I-had-been-damned-Barebones. Passing into Westminster Palace Yard, we entered the stately Gothic entrance of Rufus Hall. This famous building was originally built by the red king, but repaired, and the walls raised by Richard II. The hall forms the vestibule for the Houses of Parliament, and was formerly occupied by the law courts for centuries. Here many notable events in English history have transpired, solemn convocations, notably the Westminster Assembly, and great state trials, among them those of Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, Charles I., England's stubborn king, Warren Hastings, viceroy of India, inflexible and venal. Passing through the hall, we reach the rotunda, 60 feet in diameter, from whence radiate the corridors leading to the houses of Lords and Commons. Here are some fine statues of able men, who in times past have helped to build up their country in fame and material progress. The corridors are embellished by fine cartoons relating to episodes in history. The Commons Hall is a disappointment; it is small, very plain, and has no suitable furniture for the members' use. Plain bench seats run around the room, the Speaker's desk and clerks' seats in the center at one end, and galleries clear round the room. The Hall of the Lords is larger than the Commons, and has a noble appearance. The throne is a fitting seat for the ruler of this great country. Gilding, carving and gorgeous upholstery surround one on all sides. In the center before the throne lies the famous woolsack, on which we rested for a short time, and then we came away. This immense and elaborate pile of buildings, called the Houses of Parliament, was erected on the site of the old Palace of Westminster and St. Stephen's

chapel, which were burned down in 1838, and is a worthy index of the wealth and liberal ideas of the British people.

We left the precincts of Westminster by the way of the Victoria Embankment, designed and constructed to give a river promenade, and contract the channel of the river for better sanitation. The land inclosed by the river wall is intended for shrubbery and flowers, and to be occupied by statues, some of which are in place. The principal attraction, however, is Cleopatra's Needle, which, after lying in the sands of Egypt for many centuries, was presented to the British people by the Egyptian government. Nearly lost in a storm, it was finally recovered, and placed in its present position, where it towers aloft amid a civilization undreamed of by those who originally quarried, shaped and inscribed it. The inscriptions on its four sides are still well defined. How it may endure the damp, foggy climate of London remains to be seen. At any rate, it is one of those links which connect the ponderous civilization of ancient Egypt with the benign influences of the present. When this improvement shall be completed London will have a splendid boulevard, acquired after a royal expenditure of money.

London has an anomalous municipal government, the city proper being under the control of the chartered companies; the surrounding parishes are governed by the vestries, who are elected by the ratepayers, and by appointment of the great proprietors. This mixture of governing responsibilities causes much friction in the improvements of the city. One parish may want sewers or water pipes, or street improvements; the parish adjoining refuses to coöperate, and the people have to suffer from these disagreements. This evil has become so exasperating that Parliament had its attention called to the facts, and a bill was reported for consolidating the different governments into one; but the chartered companies took up arms, and the act was withdrawn.

The park system of London is large, and fairly well distributed over the metropolitan area, in all about two thousand acres. Regent's Park contains the Zoölogical Gardens. The collection of animals, birds, serpents, etc., is large and varied, and is considered one of the most complete in the world. This large and handsome park is much frequented by the north London people. North and adjoining is Primrose Hill Park, from which is the finest view of the city. Hyde Park, with Kensington Gardens, covers an area of seven hundred acres, and is the park par excellence, in the center

of the West End, the most frequented and best known. Here is the famous Rotten Row, much frequented in the season by the fashionable world of London, including royalty, nobility, and the whole upper ten. These join in their enjoyment of each others' presence, of the genial sun, the aromatic scent from countless trees of the pine family, and the fragrance of the rarest and sweetest flowers. Innumerable equipages, with their imperturbable coachmen and liveried servants, vie with each other in lavish style and expensive horses. Gentlemen and ladies amble beside each other, and all seem to be very proper and dignified. Even the servants look as if the whole boundless park was theirs. Hovering over this fleeting panorama, the stately policemen keep an observant and intelligent eye on things, for well they know there are many birds of prey circling amid the airy crowd. There are men and women who live on their wits, and are ever ready to fatten on the thoughtless and profligate, who eventually become the victims of sharpers at cards, and sharks on the race course, keen, unscrupulous Jews and usurers, who are keeping watch on some scion of fashion who has anticipated his rent-rolls, living fast in the present, and giving the future as little thought as possible. On this class the schemers and money lenders expend their vulture energies; inciting to renewed excesses, and looking in apparent happiness at their client's escapades; they smile and smile, and are villains still.

Queen Victoria has erected in this park a memorial to the memory of the late Prince Consort, which we consider one of the finest architectural conceptions to be found. This grand structure is truly a glowing picture in marble and precious stones, worthy of the Queen and her people. Across the street, from the memorial, is the Albert Music Hall, a circular building, dedicated to high class concerts and popular scientific lectures; the building will seat ten thousand persons in comfort. A short distance from the Music Hall is Kensington Museum, one of those institutions whose immense variety of objects of utility, science, art and history are bewildering. As the visitor wanders from room to room, through many buildings, trying to study the endless treasures accumulated from every land, by every sea, as they are here shown, in marble, in metal, in ivory and on canvas, in wood, malachite, porphyry, bronze, and all manner of precious stones, in silk and wool, linen and cotton, manufactures culled and collected from all time and all climes, and representing all phases of civilization and mental development, one feels utterly lost in viewing this, the most

valuable and extensive collection of the product of brain and hands which has ever been gathered together.

Older in collection, and different in composition, the contents of the British Museum are better known to the readers of travel than any other of like kind in the world. To the archæologist, the antiquary, the ethnologist, geologist, naturalist, numismatist, the lover of books and manuscripts, ancient and modern, there is no place more interesting, and no collection so comprehensive in all the various departments. Sculpture and carved figures, dating from two thousand years before Christ to the present time, represent the art of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Grecians, Romans. Mediæval and modern times, air, earth and ocean, all have contributed specimens, from the antediluvian monster, which wallowed in prehistoric mud, to the smallest bird which fans the morning air; insects, winged and creeping, who drone out their short lives in the summer breeze; the shaggy lion, whose midnight roar startles into immediate flight all within sound of the frightful noise, down to the timid dormouse, least of all the quadrupeds. The portrait gallery comprises a fine collection of kings, queens, statesmen artists, scientists, and others celebrated in literature and law. Weeks might be spent in the investigation and study of this matchless gathering of records from the past, and cognate facts of the present.

The National Gallery of paintings is one of the most valuable in the world. For extent and merit it has few equals. Examples of the ability of the most renowned artists of European and British schools are here represented by Raphael, Guido, Da Vinci, Titian, Angelo, Correggio, Murillo, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyke, Holbein and hundreds more. Then there are specimens from the pencil and brush of Gainsborough, Bird, Copley, Armitage, Hogarth, Landseer, Reynolds, West, Wilkie and Turner, and many others known to fame. Looking on the great number of paintings by the earlier artists, one can understand the sarcastic commentary of our American humorist, Mark Twain, who, in describing many of the pictures he saw in the European galleries, illustrating scriptural subjects, could not understand why all the males were monks and the females nuns. Winged angels were tonsured or hooded, and other details served to remind those who looked on them of the traditions and practice of the Roman church, which, in Europe, was almost universal. Many of the famous artists were monks, and all art was made subservient to the embellishment of churches and

monasteries, and the pictures, whether painting or fresco, had to be in keeping with their surroundings and the traditions of the church. Of course, to the modern eye, with its knowledge of historical costume, all this may seem quite incongruous, but is overlooked in the study of the exquisite mechanical work and superb coloring. In perspective these old paintings are often faulty in detail, finical, conventional to excess, and ideally superstitious. Modern painters do not seem to have acquired the permanency of color of the earlier schools, but in drawing, perspective and historical fidelity they are quite superior, and their productions are better calculated to stir the intellect. Raphael's cartoons have a finer finish than Doré's, but they have not that individuality of character or expression which appeals so strongly to the feelings in all the work of the illustrious Frenchman. Perhaps I am presumptuous in drawing a comparison between Raphael and Doré, but I have examined the works of both, and these are my impressions.

Rising above all other objects in the London landscape, solemn and grand, towers up into the sky the dome and cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, indicating a building of vast size and massive strength. On a near approach to this historic church, and as the eye begins to fathom its gigantic proportions, its lengthened lines and towering height, the surrounding commercial bustle is forgotten. In viewing this symmetrical picture and finest effort of Sir Christopher Wren for the first time, one is apt to be awe-struck in the contemplation of its great size and magnificent proportions, and although in some respects smaller than old St. Paul's, it has a more effective appearance. Situated on one of the highest eminences in the city, the site is admirable, and historically is another evidence of the fine judgment of the old Roman architects, who, in this distant and barbarous land, erected a temple to the goddess Diana on this eminence, to remind them of the seven-hilled city on the Tiber, whose summits were covered by

> "Palaces and towers stupendous,
> Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

This temple for five hundred years withstood the winter's blasts and the summer's lightning, but was replaced, in the seventh century, by a church built by the Saxon king of Kent. This was destroyed by fire A.D. 1086. Another was at once erected on its site, known as old St. Paul's and was one of the largest and finest churches in Christendom. It was 630 feet long, 130 feet wide,

with a central spire 520 feet high, the largest structure in Britain, and rivaled any ecclesiastical house in Europe. And we must remember that Henry VIII. was the first to bring contempt upon its sacred walls. Being the richest church in his dominions, and the place of convocation for the dignitaries of the Roman church, this paragon of morality and justice swept into his treasury the whole contents of the church and its connecting chapels, and sent the numerous clergy out into the world to find their own subsistence. He then confiscated its revenues. After this, queer uses were made of this hallowed fane, which became more a place of exchange and merchandise than a place of worship. During the time parliament ruled there was little reverence for anything that reminded them of the old religion, for here the soldiers played ninepins, constructed saw pits, stabled their horses, and the spacious portico was converted into shops. The statues which surmounted it were thrown down; around its walls mean and rickety houses were built, which were put to the basest uses; in short, there was no defilement too base for this grand monument, erected by the warlike but devout Normans. But the fire of 1666 reduced the whole to ruin, and the physical and moral filth of many generations was purged from the earth. The present building was commenced in 1675, and completed thirty-five years after. Wren lived to be ninety years of age, and here he is buried. His epitaph was recently restored, and after reciting his ability and virtues, it concludes by saying, "if you desire to see his monument, look around!" This gifted man's name has come down to posterity as the most able architect of modern times. The present church is 530 feet long; height of dome to cross, 404 from floor; width, 120 feet in body of nave, but at west end 180 feet. This is caused by the two campanile towers, each of which is 225 feet high. Many statues and much carving embellish the exterior. There are many memorial marbles and bronzes in the interior, dedicated to many of England's famous men. The building statues and carving are in good preservation, which cannot be said of the inclosed monument to Queen Anne, which is placed in front of the west portico. This work, by Bird, consists of a statue of the queen, and four groups of allegorical figures, these being surrounded by an iron railing, fast crumbling to pieces. The queen has lost her nose and some of her fingers, and the other figures have suffered similar indignities. Verily, the whirligig of time brings strange mutilations as well as strange mutations, and this group should be removed, for it is a disgrace to the people who

have charge. The monuments in the interior are not so numerous as those of Westminster Abbey, but many of them are very fine works of art. Looking from the west end, the colossal size of the interior is not apparent at first sight, all is in such fine proportion. It is only by comparing the size of human beings on the floor with their surroundings that the vast proportions can be realized and fixed in the mind. Everything around, piers, columns, and arches, are massive and grand, and as one stands below and looks up to the fine sweep of the dome, rising 350 feet to the base of the lantern, the impression of majestic strength is overpowering. Around the base of the dome is the whispering gallery, one of the most unique exhibitions of acoustics in the world. The geometric staircase is a fine triumph of the combination of angles and circles for giving strength and lightness. Our impression of this grand structure is that Wren designed the dome first, and the balance of the edifice was arranged in accordance with its massive but fine proportions. From modern St. Paul there has gone out to the world influences for good which are felt to the ends of the earth, for the eminent men who have preached here and made it a center of Christian effort have left their mark upon the age, and when one noble laborer rests from his work, another equally endowed and energetic is found, who continues the war upon ignorance and vice.

One mile east of St. Paul's, on Tower Hill, rises the massive square building, known to history as the Tower of London. Soon after the Conqueror had gained possession of the city, he erected a fortress on the present site, and some years after commenced the erection of the White Tower, as a precaution against possible insurrection by the people of the adjacent city, who were long unreconciled to his rule. Here the government was centralized, and, although strong, was pacific, finely blended with that astute shaping of circumstances so cleverly practiced by the king and his barons, the half of whom were bred to the church, and had all the wily shrewdness of educated diplomats, combined with that force of will which led them to be as much at home on the battlefield as in the close seclusion of the cloister. They were brave, unscrupulous, and for the times well educated, combining the acumen of Rome with the unswerving daring of the vikings. For many generations these descendants of a semi-barbarous northern tribe had been residing in the south of Europe, whence they had forced their way in one of those periodical incursions which swept ancient Rome with fire and sword, and leavened the lascivious and worn-out

populations on the shores of the Mediterranean, with the blood, bone, and forceful natures acquired among the endless forests and sterile mountains of the north. As their progeny increased, and their political strength developed, they aspired to further conquest. There had been early intermarrying between them and the Saxons, and it became a settled policy to gain possession of the British Islands. Keeping this object in view, they fermented discord in England as far as they could, and when Edward the Confessor assumed the crown, with a heart more in the cloister than the council chamber, through their warrior priests they gained his acquiescence to having the claims of a Norman successor to the crown of Saxon Alfred fully guaranteed, and on his deathbed he confirmed the succession in the person of William, then reigning Duke of Normandy. No time was lost, for covering the seas with their fleets, they landed on the shores of England sixty thousand strong. They were men inured to war, and hungering for the fertile vales and rich domains of the divided Saxons. Harold tried every art in persuading the Saxons that in unity alone could they expect to repel the invaders, but jealousy of each other in the council and the field led to divided efforts, and at the battle of Hastings Harold was slain. William's cause was successful, and the Saxon dynasty ceased. How the new ruler divided with his valiant but avaricious followers the large estates of the slain and banished Saxons, can be found in Domesday book and ancient charters, many of which are still extant. William and his brother, Odo, retained the lion's share, and found in London at once an eligible residence, and a source of income which required to be protected and fostered, and the malcontents were overawed and compelled to keep the peace. Hence this imperial fortress, long the glory and admiration of mailed earls, and groveling serfs, who deemed it impregnable. Although massive and strong it could not resist any length of time a modern bombardment. From the time of its erection down to recent times there has been centered here the worst and most revolting portions of England's political history. This inflexible, frowning keep has been the scene of acts as unjust and vile as have ever stained the annals of any building known to history, not even excepting the Paris Bastile, which met its doom in the days of the first French revolution. How many hapless journeys have been made from Westminster and Whitehall to this tear-stained jail can never be told. Royalty, nobility, clergy, commons, men, women and children have lived and disappeared within its

walls, and the atrocities of its keepers form a dismal chapter in its dark and cruel history. Here have been butchered by the command of tyrant rulers, the victorious on land, the wanderers of the sea, who discovered and held foreign shores for the crown and people. All grades of society have furnished their quota of victims to the misery, grief and hopelessness which was the undeviating lot of all who were thrust within its fearful portals. The Traitor's Gate was used exclusively for prisoners of state. Here entered, among a host of others, at various times, the princes who were smothered; the one who was drowned in a butt of wine; Lady Jane Grey, the victim of bad men's ambitions; Sir Walter Raleigh; the old Earl of Norfolk, who held that Mary Queen of Scots was nearer heir to the throne than the daughter of Anne Boleyn; all these were beheaded and many more. But we will not dip deeper into this bloody recital, and shortly describe the buildings and contents.

The central building or White Tower is 116 feet by 95 feet square, and 92 feet in height, and has stored on the several floors eighty thousand stand of rifles of the most approved make; but to antiquarians, and the men of war, the large number of suits of armor for horse and foot are an interesting study, and range from the time of Harold to that of William III., who virtually abolished the whole outfit so far as the British armies were concerned. This vast and varied exhibition of offensive and defensive accouterments of war is probably the best extant, and is arranged with wonderful system and symmetry. In the gun department there are specimens of all kinds and construction, from the uncouth Coehorn of four hundred years ago, to the breech-loaders of the present day, gleaned from numberless battlefields in all parts of the world, some of them elegant specimens of the founder's art, chased and ornamented in wonderful perfection. They were very interesting. The other buildings have each a history of their own. Even the modern barracks and officers' quarters cover the sites of many of the old flanking towers which strengthened the walls. A brass plate let into the court pavement shows the spot where many a poor wretch was made shorter by a head, for there the executioner did his bloody work. The Traitor's Gate, massive and gloomy, shows where many a disconsolate soul bade farewell to the outer world. The wide and deep fosse has been drained, and partly utilized for military drill, the rest beautified by shrubbery and flowers. But let us leave the Tower of London, with all its pathetic and tragic memories.

WINDSOR.

If the Tower of London has a stormy political history and a sanguinary reputation, Windsor Castle has a social and political record very different. No kingly residence of its age in the world has witnessed less of feudal and dynastic turbulence than this historic house on the banks of the Thames. It was built by the Conqueror for a hunting seat, and occupies an elevated and commanding position, thirty miles from London, in the midst of a fertile and fair country. Seen from a distance it is an imposing and extensive structure. Enlarged and beautified by successive kings, it has the appearance of a fortress, combined with the elegance of a modern mansion embowered in trees. It presents great variety in architecture, the prevailing style being, however, feudal. From the conquest down to the present time this castle has always been a royal residence, and if the exterior is imposing, the interior is magnificent; but as the public rooms only are open to the general visitor, we can only give some short descriptions of their contents. The visitor enters a small door close to King John's Tower; on the staircase are pictures illustrating portions of French history; the Queen's audience chamber is embellished by three tapestry cartoons, which refer to the biblical history of Queen Esther; a full length portrait of Mary Queen of Scots in a mourning habit, with three Latin inscriptions, one referring to her rank and the mode of her death, with its bungling cruelty. The ceiling is painted by Verrio, subject: Queen Catherine as Britania; the admirable carving by Grinling Gibbons. The next chamber has tapestry also, further illustrative of Queen Esther; ceiling by Verrio, and carving by Gibbons, portraits and sculptures. The guard chamber contains fine suits of armor, a piece of the foremast of the Victory, perforated by a cannon ball at the battle of Trafalgar, surmounted by a bust of Nelson; the memorial shield of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, said to be by Benvenuto Cellini; a chair made out of an oak beam from Aloway Kirk, a memorial of the poet Burns; another chair made from an elm which grew on the field of Waterloo, with other trophies and mementos of past history. St. George's Hall is 200 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 32 feet high, dedicated to the Order of the Garter and the chivalry of England. In the east is the throne; on the walls king's portraits from James I. to George IV., and the armorial shields of all the knights from Edward III. to Lord Salisbury. The grand reception hall is a

gorgeous room, the walls covered with Gobelin tapestry; subject, Jason and the Golden Fleece. Here also is the immense malachite vase presented to Victoria by Nicholas of Russia, and many other fine and costly specimens of sculptures, and Gibbons' carving. The grand vestibule is full of trophies, suits of armor and mediæval remains. The state ante-room has its walls covered with tapestry. The ceiling is one of Verrio's best, and there is much marvelous carving by Gibbons. The Zucarelli room contains nine pictures by that famous painter, and fine portraits of kings and princes. The Vandyke room is so called because it is filled with the finest works of that great painter, consisting of historical subjects and portraits relating to the Stuart family. These comprise all the rooms usually shown to visitors. St. George's Chapel, where the Queen worships, is a fine specimen of florid Gothic of the fourteenth century. The interior is rich, and the chancel contains the elaborate stalls of the Knights of the Garter. There are many mortuary brasses and sculptures, among them a tomb and recumbent figure of the Prince Imperial of France. Adjoining this chapel is the Albert Memorial; but the ordinary visitor cannot enter. The interior is said to be very fine. We drove through Windsor Park by the long drive to the colossal equestrian statue of George III., and enjoyed the unrivaled view from this point. The park contains nearly four thousand acres, and looking across the three miles of drive the castle is seen rising in the distance, massive and large, the afternoon sun glinting on its embattled walls, and waving banners, which streamed from the staff on the great round tower. It was a fine sight, and the pleasure was much enhanced by the beautiful surrounding country. As we drove back many of the park deer crossed the drive, evidently very tame.

BATH.

Among the *beau monde* of the eighteenth century, although distant from London one hundred and five miles, the old town of Bath was the most popular and fashionable resort known to the people of England. Its pump room and hot and cold baths had a great reputation for the allaying and curing of many diseases, real and imaginary, to which the votaries of fashion were much subject. Situate in a warm, sheltered valley, through which the river Avon flows on its way to the Bristol channel, the town, as it became popular, outgrew the dingy old portion, and new streets began to

radiate up the steep hillsides in a picturesque, but substantial way, these again branching into terraces, circles and squares, some of which date back to the days of William and Mary. These were handsomely built with Ionic, Corinthian, and Tuscan fronts, in long, uniform lines, indicating wealth and social eminence. But when Beau Nash became the presiding genius, and regulated, by tacit consent, the daily and nightly dissipations of peers, adventurers, and scheming mothers, with their ambitious and facile daughters, who lured to their financial doom the inexperienced and brainless youth of the day, the society of Bath comprised the worst elements of a loose and venal age. Amid the heterogeneous and gay throng was the vile but convenient usurer, who loaned reckless young men, on their expectations, such sums of money, and at such rates as very soon compelled their victims to seek refuge in suicide; and often they reached the end of their career by the duelist's pistol. Gambling and lotteries were the spice of every day life; the well dressed thief, male and female, fattened and grew rich off the spoils pillaged from the young and unwary. The pump room was simply a mammoth house of assignation, for although people went to Bath for the promotion of cleanliness and health, their general habits were anything but pure, morally and physically. The Roman devotion to the baths had a similar result. Because of these vicious developments and wrong doing, Bath became unpopular, and for many years was comparatively deserted. Of late years there has been a revival of its former popularity, and in the season there are many visitors, whose amusements besides bathing, are lectures, concerts, readings, and other instructive and harmless diversions. Shortly after the Romans had occupied England they discovered in the valley hot mineral springs of clear water. This was an opportune discovery, and they proceeded at once to construct baths similar to those used in the City of Rome. Time and money were lavishly spent in the erection of suitable buildings, and other conveniences for their patrician comfort. The main bath was a pool, 40 by 50 feet, from 4 to 7 feet deep, reached on all sides by a continuous flight of steps, leading down into the tepid water. The pool was encircled by a substantial colonnade or cloister; some of the columns are still standing. All the pillars had duplicate pilasters on the outer wall, 12 to 15 feet distant. These supported the roof, which was constructed of hollow tile, indestructible. There were alcoves for vapor baths, and in the floor above the large pool were shallow cisterns, probably intended

for children. Projecting from the floor over the pool are several heavy slabs, used evidently for plunging. The whole construction is of the usual style of Roman work, made to last thousands of years. After the Romans left the country, the baths were neglected and possibly partially destroyed. It is a matter of history that a monastery was built by the Normans over the site. After the suppression of the religious houses by Henry VIII., the buildings becoming ruinous, they were pulled down, and in the lapse of time the baths were forgotten. About the year 1750 the Roman baths were brought to light, and today are the finest remains of the Cæsars to be found in the British Islands. Overlooking the ancient and modern lavatories is the fine Gothic Abbey church dating from the thirteenth century. It is in good preservation, and is open every day for worship. On the west end wall are two Jacob's ladders cut out of the stone in relief, and on these are a number of angels; but some of the celestial visitors are sadly decayed; time has wiped out some of them altogether, and the remainder are fast disappearing.

BRIGHTON.

Brighton, the fashionable seaside suburb of London, is fifty miles south, on the English channel. It stretches for three miles along the Sussex coast, and has a population of one hundred and sixty thousand souls, who call Brighton the queen of watering places. One hundred years ago this now celebrated town was an obscure fishing village, unknown to the people of Portsmouth on the west, or Dover in the east; but about that time the then Prince of Wales, "the finest gentleman in Europe," was ordered by his medical advisers to go through a course of sea bathing to recuperate his shattered nerves, perfect quietness being necessary. Brighthelmstone was selected for its isolation, pure air and diversified scenery. In the immediate neighborhood were many noblemen's seats, and the best of English society. The prince came, and was so carefully managed by the bathing women that he speedily regained his health and spirits, and in gratitude decreed that here should be his marine residence, and immediately society and fashion took renewed interest in sea bathing, and the hitherto unknown hamlet on the shores of the English channel was instinct with life. Hotels were built, places of amusement were opened, and a residence for their royal patron, in fine Moorish style, was

speedily erected, finely furnished, and presented to the heir to the British throne. This generosity on the part of the people was a good stroke of business, for ever since Brighton has been growing, and is one of the phenomenal products of the century in its rise and progress. While Liverpool, Glasgow and Manchester, with other cities in Britain, and New York, Philadelphia and Chicago and other cities in America, have grown with great rapidity, we must ascribe their vast strides in wealth and population to the genius of Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, and such others in developing to its present high plane the use of steam for manufacturing and commercial purposes. On the other hand, the large and growing population of Brighton has been brought together by the impulse of fashionable life, which leaves London and the provincial towns for the purpose of inhaling the sea breezes, a change of scene from Rotten Row and the gayety of the West End. During the months of October, November and part of December, visitors can revel in the aristocratic society of Mayfair and Belgravia. Then there is usually fine weather, and on pleasant days the King's Drive is a second edition of the famous drive in Hyde Park. Many of the nobility, retired military and naval officers and professional men reside here, and society is of the finest tone and widest liberality, manifested by its patronage of the drama, the lyric stage and lecture platform, as well as the active work of the church. In the surrounding country are the residences of many of the nobility, who have their stables well filled with horses, and their kennels with hounds, consequently there is no lack of sport, and large incomes are freely spent. This is the sunny side of life here. There is another sad and pathetic side. Great numbers of invalids come here, hoping to prolong a weary existence. Where frost is seldom felt and the climate is bracing, in the middle of the day, on the promenade of the King's Drive, hundreds of bath chairs can be seen, each containing an invalid, wrapped up and covered closely, showing some kind of suffering by the expression of the weary eye, the hollow cheeks and wan face, peculiar to those who have been long ailing. Of those who come here many are benefited and regain health, but many have been too far reduced, and retire to distant homes, to suffer still longer and then die.

The fashionable attraction in Brighton is the drive and promenade along the sea front, five miles in length. From this the streets run in various erratic courses, through the valley and up the steep sides, on to the top of the Downs. The city is clean and pleasant, with very little squalor to pain the senses.

The Brighton Aquarium is said to be the largest in the world. I do not recollect how many tanks there are. The fronts are made of the heaviest plate glass; the walls and floors are of natural rock, recessed and shady; there is from four to eight feet of water in each, and whether salt or fresh there is a continual circulation. Almost every kind of fish common to British waters are here. Two seals have a large reservoir, and are trained to go through quite a number of maneuvers. The sea lion is a good specimen in the sense of being gluttonous and savage, but the octopus, or devil fish, was the most interesting object of the collection in the double tank, where quite a number of them wriggled and lounged. We stood and studied, with a good deal of loathing, the peculiar movements of the flexible arms, which had the appearance of so many snakes, coiling and twisting one over the other, as they climbed up the smooth face of the tank, their arms dotted on the under side with white-looking suckers, which give to this marine savage such tenacity in a close encounter. Those on exhibition were small, none of them exceeding three feet when fully spread. When reposing on the floor of the tank they looked like frogs, but they are very muscular and dangerous, and grow to a large size, and sailors have had occasion to fight for their lives in repelling attacks upon their vessels by these formidable denizens of the deep. Victor Hugo's description of them in his "Toilers of the Sea" is very graphic, as he relates the encounter and combat to the death between one of them and a poor fisherman. In another tank are two porpoises, never at rest, but moving incessantly, like hyenas in a cage. Those who have passed in mid ocean a school of these active fish, with their tumbling, graceful and swift motion, can feel for these poor prisoners. Turtles, alligators, bears, monkeys and other land and aquatic curiosities are here in plenty, and a cave and waterfall give variety to the artificialities and collections from nature. The concert room is always well filled afternoon and evening, the entertainment being of the variety kind. The chain pier, built in 1823, extends some thousand feet into the sea, is the pioneer of this kind of work, and is much used as a promenade. The west pier is 1,200 feet long, built on iron piles, and is the fashionable resort for all the odds and ends of humanity. Like the chain pier, there is the never-failing shops for the sale of curiosities and the collection of sixpences, which are supposed to be plentiful at all high toned watering places.

Adjacent to the royal pavilion is the Dome Assembly Room,

reconstructed from the prince's stables. It is of circular form, seating over three thousand people, and is the grand focus of the popular enjoyment. All the singers of reputation are as often heard here as in London, and on a Patti or Nilsson night the house is filled with beauty and fashion, at half the rates paid in the United States.

Like many other places on the south coast, Brighton rests on a chalk formation, and gets its water supply from wells which are dug in the chalk, drained into reservoirs, and pumped up to the top of the Downs for distribution. Another remarkable structure is the sea wall, constructed of cement and gravel. It extends east from the aquarium for two miles, is 60 feet high and 25 feet thick at the base. It stands the weather well. From the top of this wall the seaward view is fine, and many spacious residences with their gardens are built on the land side of the drive. Altogether this lively town and the surrounding country has many attractions for a citizen of the world, for here, as in London, all peoples and tongues from all over the world can be found, in society and trade.

PORTSMOUTH.

Forty-five miles west of Brighton is Portsmouth Dock Yard, the largest belonging to the British Government, and situated on the Island of Portsea. It is supposed to have been known to the Romans, for the natural harbor is perhaps the most commodious in England, and it is mentioned in Saxon records at the beginning of the sixth century. But, although this land-locked inlet of the sea was known and used by the early Norman rulers of England, Henry VIII. was the first to give it importance by making it the principal station of the navy, which high position it has held ever since. Its contiguity to Spithead, the great naval rendezvous for British war vessels, and the narrow entrance to its deep, clear waters, has been improved, by art, to such an extent that today Portsmouth is the largest fortification on British soil. Much has been written and sung about the wooden walls of Old England, and there is no doubt that England's high place among the nations has resulted from her daring and brave sailors with their well appointed ships. Her admirals' names are even more illustrious than her generals' in these later centuries, and have made her in fact the Queen of the Seas. The morning we arrived at Portsmouth harbor, it was stormy and raining on the shore, and snowing on the hills. We

waited in the station for some time, and when the weather faired started for the Dockyard. When we reached the gate, our business was demanded. We replied that we wished to visit the yard, as we had been informed strangers were admitted. It was dinner time, and there was no escort to be got, but if we were there at 1 P.M., then we could be waited on. "That will do," we said, and took a ramble through the narrow streets of the dingy old town. It has a decayed look and a desiccated smell, and very cramped, as all walled towns are; but they have tram cars and omnibuses, which give the streets a modern look and an unexpected appearance of wholesome vitality. Returning to the yard, we were placed in the custody of a brawny policeman, and then we proceeded along a wide avenue lined on either side with solid looking workshops and store-houses. At the end of this street we reached the docks proper. Lying at anchor we counted thirteen of the old wooden ships, laid up for all time; they looked very imposing; five of them were three deckers, including the Victory, Nelson's flag ship at the battle of Trafalgar, and on the deck of which he received his death wound; the St. Vincent, the Duke of Wellington; and there was also the Bellerophon, on board of which Napoleon threw himself on the clemency of the British government after the battle of Waterloo. He was on the Bellerophon conveyed to St. Helena, on whose isolated shores, for six years, he lived a prisoner, and it was not until he died that Europe could breathe freely. There has been severe, and, we think, needless discussion in regard to his banishment, for he broke his contract with the allied powers when he fled from Elba, landed again in France, and commenced the campaign which ended in his defeat at the battle of Waterloo. The peace of Europe demanded his death or banishment, and the latter course was certainly the most humane and politic. All the other vessels had assisted in making history, but those mentioned were the most famous we saw.

The docks cover an area of one hundred and sixty acres, filled with iron and steel built vessels, from the smallest torpedo boats to the monsters of ten thousand tons; and what a contrast there was between the old wooden walls, mounting one hundred and twenty guns, and looming up 50 feet above the water, and their successors, those ominous, sleepy-looking monsters, with round casemate or covered barbette, with eight to twelve guns, from thirty to sixty tons, some being prepared for smashers, one hundred and ten tons, all protected by armor of from 8 to 15 inches of solid steel. We

shall enter into no detail about the peculiar build of these modern ironclads, nor need we discuss whether or not they could weather the storms of the ocean as well as the sailing ships, but of their durability and powers for destruction there can be no doubt. As we kept on the move, we had no time for close scrutiny of what was here to be seen. We counted five dry docks over 500 feet long. There were six building sheds, each full of men, and vessels in all stages of construction. In some of these sheds there were two ships being built. As we returned toward the gates our official friend took us toward a collection of steel targets, from 8 to 12 inches thick, and from 10 to 12 feet square, and it was astonishing to see how those immense plates had been punctured and smashed. One of them, 10 inches thick, had two 10-inch holes cut clean through, and a conical 10-inch shot lodged in a third place, the point of which was very little flattened. We had read of these tests and their results, but those battered plates were a revelation of what a conical shot could do, moving with a velocity of 1,500 feet per second. Talk about wooden walls! they might have been a good defense once, but their glory has departed. We wanted to visit the shops, but were told that we must get permission from the admiral in charge, and he was in London just then. We hoped, however, to make another visit to this great hive of industry, where about eight thousand men are now employed, but where, if required, double that number can find employment. Connecting the various parts of the yard there are sixteen miles of track, six locomotives, a large number of cars, and, besides marines, there are one hundred and sixty-five policemen. As we journeyed toward the gate, in a quiet place, we thanked the man with the helmet for his courtesy, and slipped a shilling into his willing hand.

Across the bay lies Gosport, the principal victualing station for the navy, with extensive flour mills and bakeries and vast storehouses, and adjoining the dockyard is the arsenal, where are stored ready for use a great many cannon, with immense quantities of shot and shell and thousands of approved arms for army and navy use. The Island of Portsea is inclosed by well constructed fortifications, and defended by guns of large caliber and long range. Portsmouth navy yard is a most interesting place to visit, and very suggestive of the wealth and power of Great Britain and her dependencies. It is amusing to read the comments, in and out of Parliament, upon the efficiency of the navy as now constituted. The Pall Mall *Gazette* and other newspapers have been discussing

this matter in a lively manner, and the lords of the admiralty have condescended to promise a report at an early day covering this subject. Many of the powers on the Continent, who have a sea coast, are busy building ironclads and torpedo boats, and France, Britain's next door neighbor, has been very diligent in this direction lately, and has aroused the susceptibilities of the people north of the channel. There would seem to have been a tacit understanding between the government of Napoleon III. and that of Victoria, that the French navy should never be more than half as large as that of Britain in ships, guns and men. Since the Republic came into existence the French have ignored this tradition to some extent, and there is growling all along the line that British commerce is in danger, and her coaling stations inadequately protected, if war should arise, an event which seems hardly likely; but if the Jingoes should come to power their instincts would lead them into collision with some of the European governments. When Gladstone gets his franchise and redistribution bills in working order, and the people's minds can turn to matters outside, there will be a concentration of public effort in the enlargement of the area of commercial and trade resources in distant lands. The conventions being held on the Continent, in regard to the affairs of Egypt, the Congo river and other topics, show that nations who heretofore have shown little desire to enlarge their fields of commerce and conquest are now much in earnest for their share in profit and plunder. All this involves naval facilities, either for the acquisition of territory, or the hindering of anyone else in efforts for bringing together governments otherwise inimical to each other. For the discussion of territorial acquisition, and the general extension of their naval resources, there is apparently a desire to overawe this tight little island, which she, as the traditional ruler of the seas, is bound to resent; and, therefore, the cry is, more ships and more men and guns. Another reason urged for naval extension is that work may be given to the unemployed in the various shipyards and other mechanical departments, for there is no disguising the fact that there is great destitution in many portions of Britain. At the present, if it were not for the fertile fields and vast feeding grounds of the United States, the wage-earners of this country would, many of them, be in imminent danger of starvation. There is still another side to this question besides the two cited, and that is, the providing for the younger sons of her nobility opportunities of living at the public expense. In the

navy, as well as the army, younger sons can be provided for; the more ships the greater number of places which can be filled by those who are unfitted for church preferment, or are too stupid for the practice of law or the civil service of their country, and, generally speaking, by education and habits, have no aptitude for affairs. They cannot descend to the ranks of the mechanic, but they must be provided for, and if there is any ambition in their composition active service, by sea or land, may possibly bring them to the front. For these boys will fight pluckily, and those of them who have received a military education naturally desire to achieve renown, and so gain place and power. Many people deprecate war, with its attendant horrors, and in these days the commonalty scrutinize questions of public policy and protest against government acts which manifest too much of the Jingo spirit. The masses, through the press, are more potent than they were fifty years ago, and approve or condemn good measures with the utmost freedom. The social influence of even younger sons has often led to wars unnecessary and revolting, the results from which often involved disaster and loss of prestige to the government and people, but social and financial gain to the younger son fraternity and the army and navy contractors. John Evelyn, in his diary of date 1683, says: Charles II., instigated by the young nobility, began the formation of a standing army, when a number of them, because of incompetence, were cashiered from the navy. "Our Old Nobility," a book edited by Howard Evans, gives a *résumé* of the history of one hundred of the landholders of the British Islands, giving their origin, their acres and how obtained, their influence in church and state. The history of their patriotic, but more often their political, adherence to the various dynasties from Henry VIII. to the present time, is shortly but tersely given. The book is very instructive, and gives a panoramic view of the main actors in the national life of Britain for the past three hundred and fifty years. Very few of the titles run back of Henry; only a few can claim direct or even collateral connection with the Norman invaders; almost all these titles have been given as the reward of easy virtue on the part of men and women who stooped to every kind of meanness and vice that corrupt courts require from those who desired political preferment and were always prepared to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning;" and it is instructive in this connection to trace the origin of the charters granted by the various rulers to their court

favorites: Virginia to Sir Walter Raleigh, Delaware to Lord De la Warr, Maryland to Lord Baltimore, Pennsylvania to William Penn; the Carolinas were parceled out to a number of adventurers by grants from Charles I. and II. All these recipients were younger sons, favorites of kings and queens, who thus rewarded them, not for service in arms or statecraft, but because they were facile tools in the promotion of their open or hidden pleasures. With so many advantages of wealth and leisure, books and education, it is simply marvelous how few have been the contributions of the aristocracy to literature, science or art; and never, in the history of mankind, has so great an empire as that of Great Britain been exploited by such an insignificant section of the community as the lineal aristocracy.

DYNAMITE AND LONDON BRIDGE.

DECEMBER 16. Last Saturday evening, the 13th, toward 6 P.M., when the toiling thousands of the city were hastening to their homes and families, there occurred on London Bridge, the most crowded of the city thoroughfares, another diabolical attempt to commit wholesale murder, and blow into the Thames the bridge and contiguous property. The attempt was a failure. No lives were lost. After the fearful explosion had expended itself, and people had time to collect their scattered senses, it was found that the second pier from the Surrey end of the bridge had been chosen by the miscreants as the point of attack, and that dynamite was the explosive used. Seventeen years ago occurred that disastrous explosion at Clerkenwell prison, when many were killed, many maimed for life, and much property destroyed. More or less frequently ever since, and with more or less success, have these attempts been repeated. Now the question comes, what are the reasons for these repeated endeavors to destroy and annoy the people of this city? The officials of Scotland Yard, to these inquiries, only wail, "Oh, that we could tell!" Many believe that Fenianism is working out Irish vengeance in this manner; and, as usual, Mike is getting this demoniac attempt at wholesale murder and destruction laid at his door. If it be a fact that Irishmen have committed this fearful outrage on the people of London, then it is certainly a startling commentary on the civilization of a people, who, whatever may be their grievances against the British government, should by this means let loose their revengeful feelings

in the midst of a community, multitudes of whom sympathize with them in their attempts to recover the lost rights they have been deprived of, by the machinations of designing men, who, desirous of a territorial control over a divided and fallen people, set faction against faction, and enlisted the cupidity of base men toward the furtherance of their selfish ends. Grievances the Irish people have, many real, others fanciful; but this barbarous course can never gain the sympathy of any who hate what is surreptitious and cowardly. Whatever may have been the motives which induced those three respectable looking men, who hired a boat on the Thames on the night of the explosion, none of whom have been seen since, there is no doubt they must have premeditated some such demonstration as that known as the London Bridge episode; but until an informer turns up, under the influence of remorse, or because there is a comfortable sum of money to be obtained for the information, we can only surmise, for what and who they were, who hesitated not to imperil so many lives and so much valuable property on that dark and murky night of December 13, 1884.

STONEHENGE.

On the south coast of England, separated from the Continent by a narrow, but often tempestuous sea, there clusters much glory of the past and prosperity of the present. If we turn from the coast, and traverse the land in any direction, we find the footprints and remains of people of whom we have hardly any knowledge. On Salisbury Plains we find, towering above the surrounding country, that unique and venerable circle of stones called Stonehenge, whose origin is unknown, but assigned to the Druids who were in the heyday of their strength before Cæsar's legions compelled them to flee to the gloomy caves and mountain passes of Wales, where their barbarous rites and sacrifices were practiced for centuries after the Romans had left the country.

WINCHESTER.

Twenty miles distant we find that hoary old resting-place of the Roman eagles called Winchester; a place of note among the ancient Britons. It, with London and York, was one of the three principal stations of the Roman armies. Its near proximity to Southampton and Portsmouth made Winchester at that time a

place of great importance. Egbert, the Saxon king, made it his capital, and it remained such until the time of Edward the Confessor. All that remains of the famous Canute and Alfred the Great, lie here. William Rufus was crowned and buried in the monastic buildings erected by his father, the Conqueror, and during subsequent reigns down to Henry VIII., its monasteries and chapels were so much enlarged and so richly endowed, that they were said to be the largest and the most wealthy in England. When Henry elected himself Pope of England, and the monasteries were dissolved, Winchester became almost deserted, but revived again during Mary's reign, for here she married Philip. During the civil war the castle built by the conqueror was alternately held by parliament and the royalists. After the battle of Naseby Cromwell captured it and demolished the castle, the city fortifications, and the bishop's palace; and, as was their custom, his soldiers stabled their horses in the cathedral, and seriously injured the fine buildings. On the restoration of Charles II., the palace was rebuilt and the church repaired. He also commenced to build a castle on the site of the old one. So far as it was then built it remains, and is now used as a barrack. But the present glory of Winchester is that stately church, so defiled by the parliamentary soldiers, so highly honored today. The two ancient city gates are relics of the times when all constructions of stone, iron and wood were fashioned with an eye to permanency and protection, and are very interesting. Kinnegills, the first of the Saxon kings who became Christian, laid the foundation of a cathedral here, which was completed by his successors, and is the original of the present building, which received much of its stately character from the architectural genius of William of Wykeham, as displayed on the west front, which is probably the grandest in England. From west to east the building is 560 feet long and 86 feet wide, cruciform in shape. This fine church has a very imposing appearance. The interior is very rich in carving, and other ornamentation executed long years ago by the hands of men whose name and fame has long been forgotten. The oldest mortuary remains in England are here, including, besides those already mentioned, six chests, which contain all that remain of six of the most famous Saxon princes. St. Mary's College, founded and built by the great Wykeham, bishop, architect and scholar, the companion and adviser of kings, is now used as a national school, and ranks with Eton, Rugby, Harrow and Westminster. The buildings are

antiquated but commodious, and many eminent men have graduated from this ivy-mantled relic of a gay but bigoted past. The old Hospital of St. Cross was built in the reign of Stephen. The present Master is the reverend, the Earl of Guilford, and the brothers, like many others who had their origin in feudal times, wear gowns and have silver crosses on their breasts, according to the ancient regulations. There is given to everyone who calls at the porter's lodge a horn of ale and a slice of bread, which are often not of the best quality. This solemn, sleepy old town has an interesting history, and is full of those mementos of Britain's past, which have grown scarce, but are still so full of interest to those who love to ponder over the rise and fall of nations.

SALISBURY.

Salisbury, another old cathedral town, is not so ancient as Winchester, but dates back to the conquest, and its cathedral is said to be the best exposition of Gothic architecture in proportion and details there is to be found anywhere. The spire is 400 feet high, and is certainly a thing of beauty. Seen from a distance, it looks very imposing, and impresses the mind in a similar way as the dome of St. Paul's. The interior is rich, and there is some rare work in screens, both in wood and stone.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Divided from the mainland by the Solent, four to five miles wide, is the Isle of Wight, on whose rugged shores there have been many changes, geological and social, since history began to be written. On the south side of the isle there is a tract of land called the undercliff, which has a continual sinking of the surface. This ever-continued subsidence causes a periodic falling of the chalk cliffs, which slide into the depression, forming very distinct terraces, which, with the white faces of the high precipices, make a very pleasing, although rugged landscape. The island scenery is not very picturesque, being like the English coast, a series of high swelling downs and fertile valleys. Osborne House has a fine situation, and has many attractions for visitors, natural and acquired. Like the Isle of Man, this small kingdom has become a great resort for tourists, and the people have lost much of their primitive habits of thought and action. They have, however, gained sound notions of finance, shown by their steady and

successful assessments on the pockets of the visitors. But this is human nature; and people who stray from home must expect to meet Philistines. The island was invaded by the Romans, A.D. 45, and was in their possession until A.D. 495, at which time Cedric the Saxon took possession. During the Saxon heptarchy it suffered severely, and was often devastated by the Danes. It had long intervals of peace under the rule of the Normans, being under the paternal care of powerful earls. Edward I. purchased the heredity for £4,000, from the Lady of Wight, and it has remained ever since an appanage of the crown. The French tried repeatedly to gain possession of it, but the islanders bravely defended their homes, and drove them to their ships. During the civil war the island was generally left unmolested.

HASTINGS.

Historical places abound in great profusion along the south coast of England, and among these, Hastings, with its reminiscences of the Norman Conquest, is the first in interest. The town is divided in two by the hill and rocks, on the summit of which is perched all that remains of the strong castle built by William. In the valley between this and the east hill, lies the old town, a quaint and irregular aggregation of streets lined with tile walled and roofed one-story houses, which shelter a sleepy-looking population, chiefly fishers. Here Dickens possibly found his original of Captain Cuttle. The Hastings of the conquest has long since disappeared, having been swallowed up by the ever-encroaching tides of the English channel, which have no respect for nature's barriers, far less those erected by the skill of man. This continual advance of old ocean, however, is slow, the modern sea walls being built of concrete block. Hard, durable rock is very scarce along the coast. The whole country is underlaid, and the bed of the sea also, with vast beds of friable chalk. The sea beaches are composed entirely of flints washed from the chalk. These flints serve in many cases for the erection of buildings, where the walls are cemented with the flints embedded, and showing their rounded ends to the weather. Others have the flints cut, flush with the face of the walls, and the construction is unique and strong. We have seen old churches and manor houses built in this manner, which have stood summer's heat and winter's cold for hundreds of years. In a heavy storm at high tide the shingle

is thrown with great violence against the shore, and undermines piers and sea walls, compelling their rebuilding oftener than the ratepayers can afford. The energy of the people, however, cannot be baulked, and vast sums of money have been expended all along the coast for the protection of property. In fact, there is a continuous struggle between the sea and the dwellers on land, but the old briney, so far, has the best of the combat. We have said the castle hill divides the town in two. East of the old town is the east hill, whose sea end is an abrupt, high precipice, on top of which are the remains of a Roman encampment. To the west of the castle hill lies modern Hastings, the new and fashionable town, with its spacious hotels, wide and busy streets, clean and smooth, with wide concrete pavements, where the visitor is jostled by elegant ladies, and young dandies dressed *a la mode*, and glaring out of their solitary eyeglasses, which, in some incomprehensible manner, gets jammed into the socket of their eye. *Paterfamilias* also abounds, moving about in taciturn dignity, while the elder ladies sun themselves on the sea, drive in bath chairs or open carriages, contented with themselves and the rest of the world.

It is claimed by the local historians that William built his castle on the site of a Roman fortress, shortly after he had subjugated the Saxons, and it was long a subject of debate whether he did not make his landing here on the 28th of September, 1066. But it is now conceded that he landed at Pevensey, ten miles further west; that he marched from there to Hastings, intrenched himself a mile or two from the town, and prepared to meet King Harold. What at present remains of the fortress, whether originally Roman, Saxon or Norman, incloses about an acre and a half, and was impregnable on three sides. The walls, originally eight feet thick, may stand for centuries, for those old builders had a faculty for making everlasting mortar, and this particular building has stood over eight hundred years, and has borne the brunt of the battle and the breeze right toughly. Retrospectively we ask what may have transpired within these old walls and the surrounding country, for it is all historic, and events came and went with great rapidity, nationally and socially. We can imagine inside the fortress, stately, and with flowing plume and dinted harness, many a war-worn crusader made his periodic rounds, and personally saw that his men-at-arms were in their places on tower and wall; often looking abroad over land and sea with eager and watchful eye, lest perchance there might be a hostile navy in the offing from yonder

European shores, freighted with those traditional enemies, who were always on the alert, seeking a hostile landing on his shores, compelling him to drive them back to their ships; perchance laying down his life with his gallant retainers in defense of home and country. Perhaps some neighboring baron with his followers may be looking behind some of those chalk hills, on the watch to revenge some heartless raid wherein harmless men and women had been killed for no deed of theirs, but because war was chronic, and plunder, murder and arson were of every-day occurrence. The lives of the churls who tilled the fields were of little value, for deeds of arms was the fashionable employment of every-day life. In the midst of all these uncertainties and unpleasant results, there was little security, even for those who were inside of barbican gates. Any dark night the walls might be scaled by sufficient numbers to put the garrison to the sword, and burn to the ground those frowning towers. We believe that this whole country has seen more battles to the square mile than any other of equal extent in the world. The ruins of castles, watch towers, and grass-grown intrenchments are met on every hand, and the remains of abbeys, priories and churches are innumerable. Hastings Castle has a national history, and many incidents have occurred here bearing upon the changes which recurring dynasties have experienced through many centuries in this country, which cannot be recounted here. Suffice it to say attacks by man and inroads by the sea have been so persistent, that what was once the home of a splendid royalty has within its walls scarcely a corner which could shelter an owl.

BATTLE ABBEY.

The conqueror and his successors seem to have transferred their interest from the castle on the shore to Battle Abbey, eight miles further north. This extensive and fine pile of buildings was erected by William, shortly after the decisive battle which took England from the Saxons and gave the Normans possession. When William was arming for the fight an occurrence gave great uneasiness to his followers. To relieve their minds and reassure them he said: "I make a vow that here I will found a suitable free monastery for you all, and especially for those that fall this day. I will do this for the honor of God and His saints, so that what I acquire for myself I freely offer to all my followers." In fulfillment of this vow he built Battle Abbey, on the exact spot where

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Harold and his standard were borne to earth. In the immediate vicinity of the abbey was at one time a Saxon castle, where Alfred the Great framed and executed those laws which have made his name illustrious. No vestige of this building now remains. As we looked around, on our visit to this historic spot, and admired the extensive buildings, noble trees and ivy-covered walls, and thought of the dauntless king of the Saxons, here losing his kingdom and life in defense of his rights, surely, we said, here was a forcible illustration of the uncertainty of any man's heritage. However we may appreciate the result, so far as the present status of England is concerned, it was probably better that the Norman was successful, for his civilization was in advance of the Saxon, although strongly impregnated with superstition and the lust of conquest. It had the flavor of all that was known in northern Europe of art and science, and the government ever since has been progressive and strong. The Norman was then a colonizer, and his descendants of today are the best colonizers the world has seen. The preparations for the conflict by the two hosts were very dissimilar. Harold and his forces came upon the field flushed with the victory they had just gained over the Danes, who, with his disaffected brother Tostig, had made one of their desperate incursions on the country. They were defeated by Harold at Stamford, and Tostig and King Harold Harfager were killed. Harold, when notified that the Normans had landed, hastened to London. When on the point of marching to meet them, his brother Gurth, a man brave and shrewd, advised him to delay his march until his forces had all been collected, and as the invaders were in an enemy's country, he could harass them until he could effectually engage them with all his forces, when they would fall an easy prey, but if he was determined to give them battle at once, he abjured him not to expose himself personally. Harold was deaf to all remonstrance. Elated by his past successes, and stimulated by his own personal bravery, he proceeded to the south. On his way he was met by a monk, sent by William to propose that they should determine the cause, either by the judgment of Rome, or by duel in sight of both armies. Harold replied that he was advancing to fight a battle in which God would judge between them. William immediately moved his troops closer to the Saxon army and prepared for the contest. He and his army spent the night before the engagement in silence and prayer; the Saxons spent theirs in feasting and riot. Both commanders made a skillful disposition of their forces, each

in three divisions, under tried and skillful generals. Harold's standard was fixed on the spot where Battle Abbey now stands. It was Harold's birthday, and this was held as an omen of success, and as his forces were greatly inferior in number they were marshaled in solid phalanx on the hill, the standard in the center. As the two armies stood fronting each other, the duke galloped in front of his first line, and inquired where the king was stationed. A soldier replied: "He is on yonder hill, for I see the royal standard." William, calling his cavalry around him, galloped to the place. As he rode before, a champion from Harold's army advanced to meet him, but the duke with one fell stroke laid him on the ground. Then the action became general, and was long undecided, but Harold and his two brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, were slain, falling at the head of their men, who, discouraged by these misfortunes, gave ground on all sides, and were routed with great slaughter by the Normans, who left fifteen thousand men on the field, the Saxon loss being greater.

This recital of the circumstances before and during this eventful engagement we have condensed from a black-letter copy of Stowe's Chronicles, printed three hundred years ago. When the body of Harold was brought to William, he restored it without ransom to his mother. After a short rest at Hastings, William marched toward London, where, to complete his triumph, the Saxon nobility, divided by their jealousy of each other, gave in their allegiance to his rule, and Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir, delivered himself and his kingdom into William's hands. Thus commenced, in 1066, the Anglo-Norman rule in England, which, through various dynasties, has come down to the present, greatly extended, and in fact the most far-reaching empire the world has ever seen.

CHRISTMAS.

This Christmas holiday in England is the great annual festival, and is participated in by all classes of society, from royalty to the costermonger. Boxing Day, the day after Christmas, is especially devoted to the giving and receiving of presents, and family reunions. Feasting and drinking healths engross all grades of society. The upper classes have their dinners, and sparkling champagne flows freely. Healths are drank from flowing goblets until mutual admiration becomes maudlin panegyric—of the royal family first, descending through all departments of government, to persons

present and absent, and ending in the self-satisfying toast, "here's to our noble selves; who's like us?" Nowhere is the science of dining so well understood as in England. Among the wealthy, dinner is the great event of their daily life. Everything is subordinated to the dinner hour, and their generally fat and sleek physique and rubicund faces tell suggestive stories of well cooked viands and healthy wines, the partaking of which good things is done with wise deliberation. The interims between courses are enlivened with plenty of talk. Each course has its own brand of wine, and these are supplemented by occasional nips of something stronger, and by the time the ladies retire, flushed faces, thick tongues and loud voices are quite common; but before they adjourn to meet in the drawing-room strong coffee is served, and this helps to steady the stomach. Some of the older *bon vivants* are sent to take a nap in some quiet corner before joining in the further pleasures of the evening. All is done by rule, and the service, whether under the control of a dignified butler, with his liveried assistants, in the houses of the rich, or attended to by the less pretentious table maid in the tradesmen's houses, is of the best kind. Among the working classes, Christmas is the great day for festive enjoyment, and the noisy and somewhat rough hilarity of many of the workingmen is neither better nor worse than such occasions produce in the conduct of their compeers the world over. When stimulated by copious libations of the juice of the grape, the product of the still, or the amber nectar from barley and hops, the over-indulgence in these preparations often leads to arrest, and an ignominious appearance at the bar of justice, presided over by some Dogberry, who curtly passes the sentence of five shillings and costs.

In connection with Christmas in England all religious bodies have appropriate church services, commemorating the birth of Christ. Among those belonging to the high church party there is quite an assimilation to the pageantry of the Roman church, as in high altar decoration, numerous tapers, incense, much bowing and eastwardly prostration, elaborate dresses, with admirable choral services. The low church party protests against this as savoring too much of theatrical effect and too little of gospel simplicity. Each has its advocates, but mutual forbearance is the rule among the bishops and the higher orders of the clergy. All are agreed upon the main subject — the annual observance of the greatest fact in the history of the world. There is also much

practical effect given to this yearly anniversary toward the poor. Good people in various ways show their practical Christianity by giving breakfasts, dinners and teas to the worthy poor, with doles of blankets, coal, clothing, etc., thereby making glad the hearts of the aged and unfortunate.

TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

JANUARY 3, 1885. The holidays being past, we wished by personal experience to know some of the comforts, if any, and the discomforts, how many, of a journey to Scotland at this season of the year. For this purpose we left Brighton in the company of a young lady, a native of Chicago, now teaching a boarding school in London, and whose parents live in Brighton. We arrived in London at 9 P.M., and having seen Miss H. started for her destination in a hackney, took a cab for Euston Station, reaching that point at 10 P.M.; found the train was not ready, but would be in an hour, and so lounged about until the train was run in. Inquiring for our sleeper, we were shown into a carriage compartment where were three beds. One of these was made down, and there was a foot-warmer lying on the floor. This was an English sleeper, and not an American sleeper, with its lengthened vista of curtains concealing the berths, and the warm atmosphere to which we had been used when traveling long distances in the United States. Here was a cold, bare compartment, very uninviting. We asked the porter if that was all the heating appliances we were to get. "That is all we give," he said, and departed. We pondered over the situation; it was not attractive, but we must make the best of it; so we threw down the bed clothes, put the foot warmer in bed, covered it up, lighted a cigar, and took another walk. At midnight we drew out of the station, and our run for Scotland commenced. We were alone in the compartment, and disliked going to bed, but became drowsy, so we put our comforter to the back of the bed, and shading the light, went to sleep. During the night we were awakened by an awful crash. Very much startled, we sat up, feeling for our bed-fellow. It was gone; the vibration of the car had shaken it out on the floor. We picked it up as a necessary evil, and again slept, waking up at Penrith. When Carlisle was reached, we were ready for breakfast and a change of cars. This accomplished, away we went, and soon passed through Gretna Green, where many a runaway couple years ago had hymen's chains forged tight by a

blacksmith who had availed himself of some technicality of English marriage law, and made money and fond hearts glad at the same time. Among our earliest recollections was that of seeing a picture which represented a tall, brawny blacksmith standing at his anvil bareheaded, one hand leaning on his hammer handle, while spread open before him on the anvil was an open book, on which his eye seemed to rest; in front of him, kneeling in the dirt and litter of the floor, a young couple, evidently of the better class, the young man looking up into the smith's face very earnestly, with a ring between his finger and thumb; she, looking out at the open door, where stood a postilion scraping the mud from his leggings, while his horses were evidently in great distress; in the distance a carriage and four, the postilions scourging and urging their steeds on, but evidently too late, for the blacksmith, with his bare, grimy arms, was losing no time, determined to earn his fee. We were too young to understand the subject, but as our father was a son of Vulcan, we told him of it, and asked what it meant, but he evidently did not think the minister-blacksmith was a saint, for he only muttered to himself the one word, "scoundrel." These Gretna marriages were a peculiar anomaly in social life, and were only adopted when no other course was open to the enamored parties. Passing by this interesting spot, we sped on, with a blithe, sunny sky overhead, which became much obscured as we entered Glasgow, for the smoke hung over the great city in a dense, dark pall. Reached Queen's Street Station at 1 P.M., thirteen hours from London, and spent the day and night under the hospitable roof of our friends, the Rankins. Next day, in showery, sleety weather, left for Forfarshire to visit relatives and friends in Arbroath. We had hoped when leaving Brighton to have the pleasure of seeing, and perhaps participating in, a game of curling, but we were doomed to disappointment; rain was the rule all over the country, except in the hills, where they had snow. We spent a few days in Forfarshire, and left for Glasgow in a pouring rain, which ceased as we left the coast of the German Ocean. When we entered Perthshire the hills were looking bleak and white, the sun occasionally glinting through the clouds in a feeble and furtive manner; but when we reached Perth the sky was cloudless, and the fair city and the fine surrounding country never looked fairer under a winter's sun. Reached Glasgow in time for dinner. The afternoon was wet and showery, with some lightning, and very heavy rain after nightfall. With only a few hours' intermission, it has rained or snowed for a

week, but this Monday dawned bright and clear, and we left for Rothesay rail to Wemyss Bay. As we neared Greenock we had a grand winter prospect. Far away north across the Clyde, in endless perspective and varied form in their white mantles, were the grand old hills, and chief among them all towered clear and distinct, Ben Lomond. As we neared Wemyss Bay, looking down the frith we saw in rugged grandeur the mountains of Arran lifting their bare summits, here and there streaked with snow. We found Rothesay dull and dispirited, but, as usual, the people were looking forward to the time when summer visitors would make the now quiet streets and esplanade vocal with music and steamboat bells. Great is Rothesay in the summer. We found our friends well, and returned to Glasgow. January 12, left Glasgow for the south at 8:40 A.M.; hard frost; cars cold; passengers stupid; all reserved and unapproachable, except by an offer of a "nip"; then responsive, thanks, "I think I will." There were six of us to Edinburgh; four left there, and the two remaining — one we should think a Russian and the other a Scottish-American — had no use for each other, and from Edinburgh to York there was no word spoken, each smoking and reading, indifferent to the presence of the other. But our train thundered through the fertile Lothians, and on time reached Berwick, in the midst of a vicious snowstorm and high, frosty wind from the coast of Norway, which was driving huge black and angry waves against the rock-ribbed coast. No sail in sight, for winter had full possession of land and sea. We reached Newcastle four minutes late, with the snow eight to twelve inches deep, and reached York on time. Here we had intended to stop over, but the snow was deep, the wind was cold, and we went on. A new supply of foot-warmers assisted slightly in keeping our feet barely comfortable. Our taciturn voyager from Glasgow left here, and his place was taken by a young man, who was tenderly bid adieu by an interesting young lady, and the parting seemed to affect his spirits, for he kept chewing the cud of reflection for many miles. We sympathized with him, but commencing to smoke seemed to arouse him from his apathy, and he declared aloud he would also. We said a good smoke was a solace under the most adverse circumstances, so we smoked and talked on indifferent topics, our train in the meantime leaving the north with great rapidity, running us into finer weather, and to the minute we ran into the Euston station at 7 P.M., ten hours from Glasgow, four hundred and forty-six miles. By cab we hurried to Victoria sta-

tion, but the streets were slippery, and the horse none of the best. We were too late for our train, and had to lie over two hours, but reached Brighton at 10:40 P.M.

RAILWAYS.

These incidents of travel may seem trivial, but as a personal experience of our own at the dead season of the year it may be of interest to others besides ourselves. To us it was a lesson in regard to railway management, proving conclusively that the comfort of passengers in winter has very little attention from the average British railway officer or director, and that the people are willing to submit to the parsimony and stupidity that belongs so conspicuously to the management of lines and modes of travel in this country. We are not to be understood as saying that there is any want of intelligence in the operating of the different roads; on the contrary, they always make their expenses come sufficiently below their income to give their stockholders a certain amount of interest on the capital invested, which, if not very large, has at least the merit of reliability. What we refer to is the penurious way in which the public is accommodated. We mean those who travel second and third class. On many of the lines it is difficult to detect any difference in the furnishing of the compartments of the two classes; the seats of the second class may be somewhat wider; the backs upholstered a little higher; there may be a rough mat on the floor; but there is just enough of difference to swear by. The first-class compartments are rich enough in finish, and you are less likely to be crowded. Your fellow passengers are also likely to be very exclusive and stiff, and in the winter you will have the unspeakable boon of a foot-warmer; but, after all, traveling in these compartment coaches is peculiarly irksome. Kicked at by some, but accepted as inevitable by many on some roads which are much traveled by the upper ten, a few of the Pullman sleepers and parlor coaches are in use. These are heated in cold weather, and have an attendant, as in the States, and for this accommodation there is an extra charge, according to the distance traveled. With these few exceptions, there is no attempt at heating cars except by the foot-warmers, which are often filled with only tepid water. We think if the traveling public were sufficiently aroused, they would compel a little more attention to their comfort, but all are simply indifferent to the subject. Of course

they have not the rigorous winters nor the hot summers that we are subjected to in America, and shorter journeys are the rule. Their longest distance, from Thurso in the north of Scotland to Penzance in Cornwall, is scarcely seven hundred and fifty miles, but even that comparatively short run is a dire experience, for you are "cabined, cribbed and confined" all the way. Only at stated times, by the ordinary trains, can the traveler, male or female, be allowed a scant five minutes for ordinary retirement, with twenty minutes for meals.

But, while these are some of the defects in the system, there is also much to commend. There is an abundance of intelligent attendants, although they are tied down by cast-iron rules of precedence and class veneration. This is best shown on the arrival of express trains from important points. As the train draws into the station the first-class carriages are pounced upon by the porters, who, seizing hold of the door handles, run alongside until stoppage. The door is thrown open, and with the eye of a hawk the porter scans the occupants, takes possession of their hand baggage and their wraps, the number of which decides what may be expected in the shape of a tip. "Want a keb, sir; any trunks, sir?" If the answer is in the affirmative there is an immediate signal for a four-wheeler; the trunks are selected and loaded on the top of the vehicle. Seeing the ladies and children, if any, seated, the question, "where to, sir?" is in order. The direction is given to the driver, and a look of expectation is turned upon you and sixpence is transferred from traveler to attendant, who waits until you are seated, then closes the cab door, and, touching his cap to you, waves his hand to cabby, and returns to the platform. This attention is very seldom extended to second or third-class passengers.

The permanent way is most substantial and finely ironed. The rails are steel, resting in cast-iron chairs and are reversible, generally heavier than in the States where rickety and ill-constructed bridges are used. Here, stone and brick viaducts take their places. All roads, whether railways or highways, run either under or over the tracks, and this adds largely to the traveler's safety. Their signal system is remarkably good, and all trains run on the block principle. The government exercises a close scrutiny in construction and also in operating. On the whole it may be said, that while lacking the personal liberty enjoyed, and the comforts provided on American trains, the British traveler is well taken care of, even to being locked up.

On the Continent the various governments have control of all lines, and they are operated with all the formality that pertains to government institutions. The speed is regulated by law, and the responsible officials and operators have all seen service in the army. The station masters control the movements of trains absolutely. The conductors have no power of dispatch. When the station master gives the signal to move the conductor signals the engineer, who is on the alert; he responds with the engine whistle, and the train departs slowly, although there may be up and down lines of rails. This excess of caution is in keeping with the conduct of all government affairs, and is strictly in the paternal line of action. Thirty miles an hour is the maximum speed, except on a few lines. Our run from Paris to Marseilles averaged forty miles. Some of the German lines do as well. All the Italian lines are very slow, and excessively methodical. Many of the way station water-closets have no seats, the accommodation being of the most primitive kind, but there is always a well provided buffet, albeit the substantials vended are often stale and tough. On many of the picturesque roads, especially in Northern Italy and Switzerland, they have view cars, with an open promenade on one side where passengers can stand and look over the landscape. Inside they are heated with hot air, and, in their passage among the mountains, are comfortable and popular. Many roads use cars of two-stories for third-class passengers, and in fine weather they are just the thing for those who are robust and have no good clothes to spoil.

Plying between the south coast of England and the north shore of France there are three lines of steamboats, between Dover and Calais twenty miles, Folkestone and Boulogne thirty-five miles, and Newhaven and Dieppe sixty-five miles. Although these routes are comparatively short they are much dreaded by those who are subject to sea sickness. Even midsummer weather does not allay the stormy and boisterous character of this arm of the sea called the English Channel, through which, as in a mill race, there are always strong currents setting sometimes from the German Ocean into the Atlantic, and *vice versa*.

NEWHAVEN.

The London, Brighton & South Coast Railway has established a port, called Newhaven, at the mouth of the River Ouse, and for this purpose the mouth of the otherwise puny stream has been

widened and deepened. The entrance to the harbor is 400 feet wide, and is guarded by lighthouses on the end of each quay; railway tracks run to the point of each, and passengers are transferred from the trains to the steamboats with great facility. This harbor, it is expected, will be utilized as a sub-port for London. The work now being constructed is of the most substantial character, composed of concrete blocks fashioned by powerful machinery; the foundation blocks for the sea-walls contain each about 450 cubic feet, and are laid on concrete beds dropped into the sea in masses of one hundred and five tons at a time. These consist of shingle or sea beach, seventy tons; sharp sand, twenty tons, and best cement, fifteen tons. The ingredients are properly mixed together, and from dumping scows are deposited exactly where wanted. The winter storms along this coast are so furious that hardly anything can withstand their violence, but long experience has demonstrated that this manner of construction is cheapest and best for strength and endurance. There is a long stretch of coast here without any natural harbor, and it is intended that Newhaven shall be the principal shipping port on the English channel, between Portsmouth and Dover, and for its protection overlooking the harbor there has been constructed a strong and commodious fort. Invited by Gunner Knightly we visited this, and were agreeably disappointed in our ideas of its strength and equipment. As seen from the harbor, there just appeared two circular bastions with a connecting wall, which, from a distance, was all that was visible, although over a 100 feet above sea level. On a closer inspection we found, that on the sea or south side there was a sheer cliff, 100 feet high, and on the east a deep moat filled by the sea, while on the north and west sides are dry moats 50 feet deep. The entrance on the west was by a drawbridge, which could be run into the fort under cover. In the casemated sally-port this passage, the only one to the interior, was commanded by a large bronze gun. The interior of the fort is 400 by 150 feet, and surrounded on all sides by bomb proof casemates. The guns were 8, 9 and 10 inches, arranged in barbette, and there were two Moncrieff 9-inch guns, arranged to swing back by the recoil and counterpoise, dropping down into the casement for reloading. The machinery, which is self-acting, swings the gun back into position. The sights are taken by mirrors arranged to reflect from the gun level down to where the gunner is stationed. It is all very ingenious, yet we much doubt its efficiency. The whole work is used at

the present time for experimental gunnery, and the development of novel ideas, in construction and mechanical effect. Although none of the pieces were more than 10-inch caliber, carrying a two hundred and sixty-pound conical shell, all in the embrasures were constructed for an initial velocity of 1,600 feet per second, or 1,000 yards in two-and-one-half seconds before impact. This range is generally used by the government in all their tests for target practice. The most efficient of modern guns are composed of, first, a steel rifled tube, of approved thickness and length, and over this is shrunk on a re-enforcement with the trunnions attached, and over this again a further thickness, which constitutes the breech. Looking at the construction and the material used for these guns, one would think that bursting one was simply impossible, and yet about two months ago, at the Portsmouth navy yard, one of them broke at the point where the first re-enforcement terminated on the tube. Since then a government commission has been testing other guns by placing steel files and other obstructions in the tubes, but they have failed in producing a similar result. Our own impression is, that on this particular gun the re-enforcement had been shrunk on too hard, impairing the strength of the tube and compelling a great loss of tenacity. The shells used are conical and chilled, the back end chambered and filled with detonating powder, which explodes at the point of impact with the obstruction aimed at. The science of gunnery is simply the art of how to destroy life and property in the shortest time, and for hundreds of years has occupied the attention and intellect of scientists, chemists and mechanics, in developing the destructive capacity of gunpowder and kindred explosives. Although its invention has been properly credited to the Chinese, and was used by them before the Christian era in the manufacture of stink pots and kindred abominations, they knew few, if any, of the methods which are practiced by advanced nations in modern times.

Previous to the art of granulation by Schwarz, and others, the compound was little known or used for propelling missiles in attack and defense, and not until the thirteenth century was gunpowder used for this purpose, and the manufacture of cannon and bombs by the Venetians, Genoese, and others, became a fixed industry. The Asiatics are far behind the western nations in the practical use of arms of precision, and the grand art of gunnery. John Evelyn, who traveled in Italy in 1644, says, that during his stay in Florence he visited the arsenal, where he found arms for

equipping seventy thousand men with a cannon 72,500 pounds weight, throwing shot of nearly 200 pounds, and another still larger which threw 300 pounds shot, and when in Venice he saw a cannon weighing about 17,000 pounds, which was cast and put on board a galley while Henry III. dined. In the arsenal were arms for eight hundred thousand men, ready for instant use, with weapons of offense and defense for sixty-two ships. The arsenal was three miles in compass. He also saw some smaller guns which discharged six shot at once, showing that nearly two hundred and fifty years ago the facilities for making guns were so extensive that they are hardly excelled today. The greatest improvement is in the vast acceleration of the initial velocity of shot from 800 feet per second to 1,600 at the present time. This is the result of finer ingredients in gunpowder, the reduction of windage to nothing, and the rifling of the tubes. The race between attack and defense for many years has been neck and neck ; at the present time the advantage is on the side of attack, for some of the newest guns send shot through 15 inches of solid steel, and will travel ten miles before rest. A Remington or Snyder rifle will carry a ball two miles and kill at a mile and-a-half. These guns and rifles are mechanically the perfection of workmanship, and are plain to a fault. But their efficiency far excels anything heretofore invented. There was a time when fire-arms were valued more for their lavish ornamentation than for their efficiency, everything about them being completed by the unaided labor of the hand. Now machinery makes and duplicates in millions the many parts comprised in the complete rifle or shotgun. The late civil war in America caused rapid and startling improvements in modes of attack and defense. This great conflict developed the Monitor or turret construction, closed the era of wooden war ships, and began the epoch of iron and steel navies. Simultaneous with improved defense large guns were constructed. In 1864, at the Fort Pitt foundry, in the city of Pittsburgh, guns weighing 45 tons, and fifteen inches bore were made for the United States Government. These were considered leviathans. The "Swamp Angel," which, after infinite labor, was located near Charleston, S. C., in 1864, threw shells into the city from a distance of seven miles. These were small compared to guns now made of 110 tons, throwing conical shot weighing 1,800 pounds with a charge of 450 pounds of the best gunpowder.

Since the Bessemer and Sieman's processes for manufacturing

steel have been perfected, the construction of steel guns has proceeded so rapidly that the day is not far distant when they will supersede all other kinds now made. The intense rivalry displayed by Christian nations in the construction of guns and explosives for mutual destruction, savors very little of Christian forbearance, and so long as Christ's teachings are ignored, so long will man's inhumanity to man make countless thousands mourn. To our mind, dynamite, in conjunction with electricity, will eventually so enlarge the field of wholesale murder that one or two battlefields lost or won, will change completely the map of the world. Looking back some hundreds of years we find cannons were sometimes made of wood, banded with iron. At the siege of Calais, Henry VIII. used immense ordnance of leather. John Evelyn, in 1646, saw them in the Tower of London. The balls were compact, hard stone, perfectly spherical. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many heavy guns were built of wrought-iron staves, strengthened with circular hoops of the same material. Mons Meg, in the Castle of Edinburgh, is of this kind. While the foundries in the south of Europe were casting in bronze immense ordnance, the blacksmith shops in the north were equally busy fashioning engines of destruction quite as effective. About two hundred years ago cast-iron cannon came into use, and a foundry was established at Carron in Scotland, the products of which were called Carronades. At the present there is more scientific and mechanical effort being developed in the construction of navies and their armaments than can be found in any other department of national progress.

BRIGHTON TO PARIS.

FEBRUARY 20. This evening at 11 P.M. we left Newhaven for Dieppe, on the steamer Victoria; weather cold and clear; crescent moon well on her back, but looking healthy. Saw wife and daughter to their cabin, and went on deck. We did not retire until the coast of England had almost disappeared, and the swell of the Channel became heavy. Cold and tired keeping watch on our own account, we went below, and found some of the passengers casting up their accounts with the old fellow who wields the trident, and generally rules the deep. Everything was cold and clammy, pillows as hard as hassocks, and heavy, damp rugs for covering. We lay down athwart ship, but the motion increased, and there was no rest until we neared the French coast. Got

about an hour's rest. At 4 A.M. Rowe, our courier, aroused us. We were in Dieppe, and the custom house officers on board. On looking after our ladies, found them used up, but got them ashore to the restaurant, where we had some warm tea, while Rowe looked after the baggage and our train compartment. We got one to ourselves, with two foot-warmers, shut ourselves in, and went to sleep. Reached Paris at 9 and our hotel at 10 A.M. After luncheon we drove out, crossed the Seine, and went to St. Genevieve Church, better known as the Pantheon. It is a noble building, purely Greek, Corinthian order, unfinished but fine interior, with a large dome decorated in fresco, with scriptural subjects all finely gilt. We went down to the crypt, where lie the remains of many illustrious Frenchmen. The tombs and their occupants were very impressively described to us by the custodian in stilted French, so said Rowe. We were taken to a particular spot among the vaults in one corner, where was a sheep-skin covered box. Before we were aware, our showman struck this innocent looking article, and the reverberations were terrific, sounding as if a pack of artillery had been discharged at our ears. Grace screamed and clung to us, and our wife threw up both hands to her ears; and although we had been advised what was to happen, we confess to being much astonished. To the average sight-seer this exhibition is more attractive than the fine, though bare, interior of the church, or the impressive sculptures of the front, the subjects of which relate to real or supposed incidents in the church history of France. One of the figures represents St. Denis without his head, but carried very gingerly between his two hands, he having made quite a long journey in this impossible condition. This church, like many others in Paris, suffered damage at the hands of those iconoclasts, the Communists, in 1871.

The Musée de Cluny contains one of the most interesting collections in ancient and modern art to be found anywhere, among others, prehistoric flint tools, Celtic remains in bronze, statuary, and carving, Roman bronzes and pottery, mediæval tapestry, ivory carvings and pottery, shoes of all periods and countries, the most unique in the world. The work of the gold and silversmiths historically is quite valuable. There are many quaint but immodest specimens of monkish carving and paintings, and many old state coaches, one of them five hundred years old. All this and much more can be seen in this building, erected in the fifteenth century.

Adjoining are the remains of the Roman baths, and a Roman altar, the oldest construction in Paris.

Notre Dame, the cathedral church of Paris, was founded A.D. 1163, on the site of a church built in the fourth century. It has been repeatedly altered and repaired, the last time in 1845. The west front, with its two massive and square towers, and recessed Gothic entrance, carved and beautified in the most tasteful manner, is a fine sight, among the finest in Europe. The side walls, strengthened by flying buttresses, have a splendid effect, and are in admirable proportion to the towering height of the building. Surmounting the whole, in the center of the roof, is a graceful spire, richly decorated, and covered with lead. In one of the towers is a bell weighing sixteen tons. The building is cruciform; the vaulting lifts itself from the church floor 110 feet, richly carved in open work; in the nave and in the two transept ends are three beautiful rose windows, forty feet in diameter, filled with stained glass, the colors nicely blended. Some of this glass belongs to the fifteenth century. Throughout the building there are many fine monuments, better arranged and generally more artistic than those in Westminster Abbey, though not as numerous. Many of the relics are of great sanctity, among others being a fragment of the true cross and of the crown of thorns, one of the nails used in the crucifixion, silver busts of St. Denis and St. Louis, large numbers of ecclesiastical robes, ancient and modern, including those worn by Archbishop Darboy when he was murdered by the Communists, in 1871, who used this building for a military depot. They tried to destroy the building by fire, but failed. Much of French history, civil and ecclesiastical, clusters around this fine Gothic structure; in fact, Notre Dame has been the theater of more startling events than, perhaps, any other church in Europe.

On our way back to the hotel we stopped at the far-famed morgue, where dead bodies found in the Seine, or otherwise unknown, are kept for identification. There are a number of inclined platforms ranged about the clean, well lighted room, and on these the bodies lie just as they are found, remaining for a certain time if not recognized sooner. People pass in at one door and out at another, and view the bodies through a strong iron grating. There was only one corpse on view while we were there, seemingly an elderly woman, found in the river that morning. Judging from her clothes she belonged to the lower class.

PARIS TO MARSEILLES.

As the weather was cold we concluded to seek a more genial clime, and on the morning of the 23d we left Paris for Marseilles by express; distance five hundred and fifty miles straight south. Rowe insisted on an early start from the hotel, and because the number of cars on the train was limited, we must have a compartment to ourselves. This he required to manage before the train was run into the station. We were ready, and with our hand baggage we hurried into a compartment, and spread our traps all over the seats in imposing array, while Rowe took his stand on the platform with an imposing handful of tickets. When anyone looked in on us he held these up to them, saying: "My party is not all here yet; compartment all engaged," at the same time looking very decided and full of business. But there were two young men — Jesuits, Rowe called them—who stood on the platform and kept an eye on our den. Demanding two francs from us, he rushed into the station master's office, and speedily came back, his eye on the two spies. Presently the guard of the train appeared, and told the young men to find their seats. They said they could not find any except with us. "That compartment is all engaged, come with me, I will find you seats," and he hurried them away. In a few seconds the train moved out, Rowe jumped in triumphantly, the door was shut, the two francs had done their work for the present, and all was serene. At Macon we had a new guard, evidently posted, who inquired if we were comfortable. Another two francs and we were safe from interlopers for the rest of the journey. We give this bit of experience as a sample of many similar incidents which occurred to us in our varied travels in Britain and on the Continent. As we ran toward the south the day was clear, sunny and kind. About one hundred and fifty miles from Paris, where the country was level, we could see, eighty miles distant, one of the snow-clad peaks of the Jura range of mountains. After a three or four hours' run we lost sight of our luminous attendant, and then discovered Mont Blanc far away in the southeast, and at dusk we stopped at Lyons, the largest manufacturing city of France, its immense silk and other factories brilliant with lights. Seven minutes rest, and we were again in motion and crossing the Rhone, here a fine river, we thundered ahead, and after one more stop, making five in all, we drew into Marseilles at 12:30 A.M., and, leaving our train, we drove to the Hotel Grand Louvre de la Paix, dusty, tired and sleepy.

Although Marseilles was a city or port before the Christian era, there are no remains older than a thousand years. It is, however, the most populous seaport of France, and accessible at all seasons of the year. The morning after our arrival we drove through the finer parts of the city, and along a portion of the coast round by the harbor, also some of the poorer streets, which here and around the docks were very filthy. We were not surprised that the cholera was very virulent here last summer and fall. There are some fine streets and public buildings, including a large and stately residence, which belonged to the first Napoleon. There is also a plain, substantial house, built by Napoleon III., which has a peculiar history. It seems the people of Marseilles, in a fit of loyalty, donated to Napoleon and Eugenie a piece of land, on which the sovereigns, at their own expense, built this house and resided therein occasionally. Upon the downfall of the empire and the death of the emperor the thrifty citizens put in a claim for the property, which was stubbornly resisted by Eugenie. The courts decided that she was the rightful owner, and having won her battle she gracefully deeded the property to the citizens, for which courtesy they gave her scant thanks. The harbor is commodious, but not too large for its commerce when trade is good. Now many vessels are laid up. The hills around the town, and the islands in the bay, are jagged and barren, the flora scanty, and of the semi-tropical varieties. There are few trees; fire-wood is scarce and high-priced. In the brilliant sunlight the pinkish gray hues of the islands fatigue the eye, but are relieved by the clear blue of the water. The island, made famous by Dumas the elder in his story of the "Count of Monte-Christo," contains the state prison, Chateau d' If.

We went to view the Roman gate, an arch of the triumphal variety, and of some antiquity, one of the city gates, and formerly part of the city wall. Inside the street becomes quite wide, and is the central market-place. In the center is a raised platform, 50 feet wide and 1,000 feet long. In the early part of the day this raised space is crowded by men of all conditions and nationalities, waiting to be employed. This is a modern illustration of old Roman customs. Employers were looking about for such servants as they might want. We mingled with the crowd, and although we were a good deal looked at, did not seem to be wanted, as we elbowed our way from point to point. We perceived that some swarthy-looking ruffians kept their eyes on us, and evidently had us under discussion. We concluded to retire, and our doing so was hastened

by an intolerable odor of garlic and other unsavory smells, not to speak of a remarkable activity on all hands in the use of finger nails on various parts of the body. We retired in good order and saw no more of the Roman gate, and in an hour were on our way east through the Riviera and thence toward Italy, along the picturesque shores of the Mediterranean.

MARSEILLES TO NICE.

We passed Toulon, the Portsmouth of France, once a colony of Rome, and the scene of many important events in the history of Europe; and Heyeres, a popular sanitarium for invalids, with interesting ruins and remains of the Romans; Frejus, in Old Roman days a town of note, containing the ruins of a coliseum and aqueduct; St. Raphael, where Napoleon landed on his flight from Elba; Cannes, the delightful, a city of villas surrounded by beautiful groves of limes, oranges and palms, and frequented by the aristocracy of Europe, who here spend their winters in perennial sunshine and flowers. Thence we pass on to Nice, which, like all the rest of these Mediterranean towns, is sheltered from the winter blasts by the nearer spurs of the Alps and Apennines. Here we stayed two days and took several drives through its environs, then went to the top of Mount Chevalier, where are the massive ruins of a Roman fort. On the highest point is a substantial stone platform, surrounded by a heavy stone balustrade, on which were cut and scratched countless names and dates, some of them three hundred years old. But the view is something to be remembered. Far away in the north are the snow-covered peaks of the Apennines, and in front of them, surrounding the city like an amphitheater, the lower rocky spurs whose bases are laved by the blue waves of the sea. On one side is the port, with its snug harbor and populous streets, and on the other at our feet lies the old town, close built and seedy-looking. Separated from this by a clear mountain stream, spanned by numerous bridges, lies the new town, a richly built charming suburb, while the promenade Anglais sweeps in the clear sunshine for miles around the bay. In the neighborhood are many monasteries, chief of which is that of Cinella, open to visitors, but ladies are not admitted. This is the Franciscan rule the world over, but we are told that within its walls are inscriptions and sculptures which do not quite square with their boasted rules of chastity and seclusion from the world. Society in Nice is not

so exclusive and choice as that of Cannes. Being within ten miles of Montecarlo the fast element is predominant in some of the hotels and pensions, but all is "under the rose," and quiet reigns day and night.

NICE TO MENTONE.

FEBRUARY 17. We left Nice for Mentone by the celebrated Cornishe road; distance twenty-four miles. Our way lay up a mountain side to the top from different points on the road, the prospect very picturesque. This road was constructed by Napoleon I., and shows some fine engineering. The olive groves and vineyards climb up the hill sides in terraces, which look in the distance like gigantic stairs. The deep dark valleys and ravines were dotted with farm houses, and on every prominent point were monasteries and old castles. On all the principal heights were large forts commanding the surrounding country. We ascended to an elevation of over 3,000 feet, and shortly had the sea, far below lying at our feet, shimmering in the sunlight. Coasting vessels were lying close to the rocky shore, looking very small. Four to five miles out to sea, in stately dignity, was a fleet of five ironclads, steaming to the east, following each other like a flock of geese. There may be more and finer drives in the world which we have not seen, but this one along the coast of the great sea is a continuous pleasure. On our way we passed three old and gigantic olive trees, from which Noah's dove is said to have gathered the branches, which indicated to that marine recluse that the flood was subsiding. When we reached Turbie, 1,500 feet above the sea, we had an admirable view of Montecarlo and Monaco. We were now in the Principality of Monaco, the smallest kingdom in the world, ruled over by an old man, said to be blind. We went on gradually descending to the coast, and passed the old town of Rockebrunnen, built on the *débris* of a land slip, which occurred hundreds of years ago. Part of the old castle still stands on the site it occupied when it was moved in a hurry two hundred yards down the side of the hill. Since leaving Nice our road has been simply a shelf about 25 feet wide, cut from the face of the mountain out of the solid rock, and like all roads in Europe, kept in capital order. We reached Mentone at 2 P.M., took luncheon, and went immediately to Montecarlo and Monaco, six miles distant. Monaco is situated on a peninsula; is fortified and garrisoned by

about three hundred men. This is the standing army of the Principality, which is six miles square, and although very rocky, naturally, it is wonderful to see how the labor of ages and the genial climate has made it so productive. Adjoining the fort is the royal residence, not large, but handsome, surrounded by charming grounds. Half a mile east is the famous town of Montecarlo, built by gamblers for gamblers, and made beautiful by the spoil gleaned from those, who, hastening to be rich, made financial and social wrecks of themselves. The short history of this baleful place is written in tears, madness and suicide, but no matter what may occur, the infatuated votaries of play are to be found in their places day after day, and as soon as one is plucked and retires, the vacant place is immediately filled.

MENTONE.

Roulette and *trent et quarrente* were the games in progress while we were there, and we recognized among the players several parties we had met in Marseilles and Nice. No one under twenty-one years of age can be admitted, but otherwise there is no restriction, and here the peer and the peasant jostle each other in entire harmony. There is very little noise, great method, but an intensity in the manners of the players which absorbs all feeling and sentiment, save to clutch the shining product of the mint; all deeply interested, sullen discontent in many faces, gleams of satisfaction in others, but all evidence of passion for the time being studiously suppressed. The buildings and grounds are elegant, and kept in most attractive form, and the hotel accommodation is superb. Madame Blanc and her associates pay a large sum annually to the prince for the privilege of using the Casino, and his standing army of three hundred men have charge of the peace, and do all the police work required. After satisfying our curiosity, we returned to Mentone next morning. After breakfast, we passed the Pont Napoleon, and entered the old town, which is perilously built along the face of a rocky cliff. Here the houses are closely wedged together, and there is only one street, about eight feet wide. The series of stairs and donkey passages are bewildering, and strangers are apt to lose their way. These intricate passages must have been very handy in the old days, when this rookery was simply a nest for smugglers and brigands. In the center is the Place De Conception, very contracted, but having two churches

and one school, not very interesting. On the top of the rock is the cemetery, containing some fine tombs and small chapels. From this point a fine view is gained of the town, sea, mountains, and the dark green valleys. Running up among the mountains two miles is the Pont St. Louis, a massive single arch spanning the ravine, which is the dividing line between France and Italy. Yesterday, while we were crossing the Turbie, although high above the sea, the weather was very calm, and the sea was covered by irregular patches of clear, still water. This peculiar appearance was caused by the exhalation ascending to the clouds, which at times dropped down close to the surface of the sea. Anon they would rise, the lower part luminous, the upper dark and dense. The result of this operation of nature was a heavy fall of rain this afternoon, continuing during the night, and the morning of March 1st was clear and bracing. We visited the Pont St. Louis, and walked from France into Italy as far as the Octroi, or custom house; saw some travelers' baggage inspected, but there was nothing found contraband; paid twenty-two cents for a bottle of wine, the pure juice of the grape; it was clear as amber, with a rich bouquet very soothing to the palate, and easy on the pocket.

GENOA.

Next day we left Mentone for Genoa. The railway follows the line of the coast closely, and it is only occasionally one gets a glimpse of the romantic country reaching back into the Maritime Alps. There were fine vistas of olive-clothed valleys, small towns, and many monasteries, all sheltered from the north where water was convenient, and environed by their olive plantations, with inclosed orchards of fig, lime, lemon and orange trees. These old monks had a fine instinct for the good things of this life in their selection of a home, and everything that soil and climate could produce was raised by them in the highest perfection. On all the hill tops forts have been constructed in ancient or later days, indicating distinctly that warfare was not uncommon. In fact, history and tradition teach that this whole coast has for thousands of years been one vast battlefield, participated in by the old Greeks, the Romans, the barbarians of the north, and the different Italian republics, which contended savagely for its possession. Moorish remains are abundant, and their occupation is still seen in architecture, manners and customs, but the Latin races are sole owners

now, if we except some of the coast towns, where the ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon has his domicile during a considerable portion of the year; in fact, his influence and personality have made this railway a great common good to all Europe, and to the traveler from America. On this railway are innumerable tunnels, all cut through very hard rock, entailing immense expense. Its equipment reminds the traveler of our western lines as they were thirty years ago, this being especially true of the Italian end, which begins at Ventimiglia. Our train was called express, but it stopped at every station. At last we reached Genoa, and following our courier, who hurried out of the station, we found the omnibus of the hotel waiting for us, and took our seats. But the 'bus remained stationary. Our Belgian wanted to reach the hotel before the best rooms should be secured by the other passengers, some of whom were taking cabs. Rowe said to the hotel porter, "Why don't you start?" He said, "Another train comes in in fifteen minutes." Rowe exploded immediately, jumped out of the 'bus, and indulged in the most voluble profanity we ever listened to. He swore in six or seven different languages, in such a sulphuric manner that a sedate priest who sat by us held up his hands in holy horror. We could see, however, around his eyes a roguish twinkle of amusement at the affair. Rowe started to find another 'bus, and came back, ordering us out. At this the hotel porter took alarm, mollified Rowe, and told the driver to go at once. So we reached the hotel, but had some difficulty in securing rooms.

Genoa is an ancient city, of doubtful origin, but supposed to be Helenic. It was well known to the Phenicians, and came to the front about the time of the first crusade, assisting very materially in men, money and transportation, and was then the capital of a powerful and wealthy mediæval republic. Continuing so for many years, it was finally eclipsed by the Venetians. Genoa existed for many years in a chronic condition of insurrection within her own borders; was nearly destroyed by Louis XIV., of France; in 1815 the city was annexed to the kingdom of Sardinia, and today it is populous and busy. In Genoa there is much to interest the visitor, and we will briefly describe what we saw. Our hotel was originally a palace, a roomy, commodious house beside the theater Carlo Felice. This theater is one of the largest in Europe, a plain, massive building, not much used. Adjoining is the Galleria Mazzini, an arcade built by Victor Emmanuel. The covered promenade is a great resort for those who occupy the numerous palaces in this

part of the city, and is lined with handsome shops. We visited the Royal Palace, the Genoese residence of the royal family. Here are some fine old paintings, tapestry and furniture. The house is large and roomy, and has an elevated terrace overlooking the busy harbor. The Hôtel de Ville, or city hall, is occupied by the municipal officers. There are three or four rooms which contain valuable paintings by some of the best Italian masters, besides memorials of Columbus, including copies of his report to the Spanish monarchs who supplied his outfit for his first voyage, which resulted in the discovery of America. Here also is the charter of the Bank of St. George, which the Genoese claim is the oldest in Europe. This institution was founded in 1407, but probably Venice had a strong bank previous to that date. They also show a bronze plate exhumed from the ruins of Rome, on which reference is made to Genoa B.C. 117. The violin of the celebrated Paganini is also shown as a valuable relic. The Palazzo Ducale, originally the Doge's official residence, is in our estimation the gem, architecturally, of Genoa. It is built of white marble, finely carved; the vestibule is supported by eighty marble columns. The building is now used for government offices.

No one visiting this city should omit seeing the Campo Santo, one of the finest of the many mural cemeteries in Europe, and consisting of a central space reserved for the poor, while around the four sides is a vaulted inclosure, under whose roof there are innumerable tombs and sculptured monuments, of most exquisite design and workmanship. In the center of the east side is the chapel, with a dome roof supported by sixteen fine columns in black marble, each in one solid piece, 3 feet in diameter, and about 30 feet high. In niches around the walls are large statues representing Adam, Eve, Moses, the archangel Gabriel, Daniel, and other scriptural personages. We consider the Campo Santo, with its marble and bronze monumental work, the most impressive and instructive sight in this city.

Columbus was born in Genoa, and his history is too well known to require repetition here. His countrymen refused to aid him in his grand purpose of discovering a western route to the Indies. After he had accomplished, by Spanish assistance, the dream of his youth and his mature years, and had made several voyages to the American coasts, he was deprived of his Spanish commission, and, in unmerited disgrace, sought for shelter in his early home. Here he lived in penury, and died neglected, and for many years his

name was forgotten. The Genoese were at last aroused to reflect on their injustice, and now memorial after memorial is being erected to his memory, and among these there is one here which represents Columbus resting on an anchor, America kneeling at his feet holding a cross. This figure is nude. Four allegorical figures represent geography, wisdom, religion, and strength; these rest on pedestals at the four corners of the base, the four panels between them being finely enriched by sculptures, representing important events in the great discoverer's life. This noble monument is placed in the esplanade facing the fine, classic front of the railway station — a most appropriate situation, for his discoveries gave the first impetus to the commercial activities of the present day, and stimulated those inventions which annihilate time and space.

Among the churches in Genoa, the Cathedral of San Lorenzo is the most imposing, built in the eleventh century—Gothic. The front is laid up in alternate courses of white and black marble. It has one tower. The interior has much fine gilding and painting, and contains the chapel of St. John the Baptist, into which no women are allowed to enter, because Herod's wife was the cause of his death. Some presumed relics of the saint are contained in an iron chest, and are carried in procession on the day of his birth. But what was once supposed to be the most valuable treasure is the Sacro Catina, taken at Cæsarea A.D. 1101, and said to be the dish in which our Savior ate the last supper. It was supposed to be an emerald, and given to King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. After its capture by the Crusaders it was brought to Genoa, and held in such esteem that twelve nobles were appointed to guard it continually. Napoleon, in 1809, borrowed it and other relics and restored them in 1815, but the dish was fractured, and it was then discovered to be an ancient specimen of glass, and what was held to be worth a million of dollars, to the disgust of the Genoese, became valueless as a relic, and as part of the city treasures. San Soro is the oldest church in Genoa, and has been identified with more Genoese history than any of the others. It is purely Norman in architecture. There are many other churches, all interesting, which will well repay a visit.

Besides the palaces we have mentioned, we visited the Palazzo Durazzo, a marble structure inside and outside, and full of valuable paintings, mosaics, tapestries, priceless vases, old china and ancient silk; in fact, this house is full of riches, manifesting elegant taste on the part of the owners. The Palazzos Andrea

Doria, Balbi, and Brignole, have large and precious collections of relics and curiosities handed down for hundreds of years. Altogether, Genoa is one of the best illustrations of the mediæval and modern city combined. The old portion is very closely built, and the streets, intricate and narrow, run in every direction. Some of the finest shops are to be found in passages five to nine feet wide, and are crowded by people from early morning far into the night. In the old fighting times a residence within the walls was a duty as well as a necessity for mutual protection. Genoa, with Venice and Pisa, were the three great maritime republics of the middle ages.

PISA.

We left Genoa on the 6th at midday, and after burrowing underground nearly all the way, reached Pisa late at night. This city has had an eventful history and was a point of some importance shortly after the beginning of the Roman empire. Like Genoa and Venice, Pisa reached its highest point of prosperity during the times of the Crusades. It lies on both sides of the Arno near its mouth. At one time Pisa was six miles nearer the sea than now, and had a capacious harbor. The decadence of this city was caused by internal rivalry among the citizens, which often made its streets run with blood. At the present time it is a quiet, sleepy town, fairly prosperous, and much visited by European tourists. The principal attractions are four in number, the Cathedral, Baptistery, Leaning Tower, and Campo Santo, all located in the Palazzo Del Duomo. The Cathedral is the most modern, having been built toward the close of the sixteenth century, in the form of a cross. It is 300 feet long, and the transepts are in proportionate length. The nave has four rows of enriched columns, and is over 100 feet wide. A graceful dome covers the intersection of the nave and transepts. The ceilings are flat and divided into small panels with gilt carvings. All the altars and chapels, of which there are many, are profusely decorated with sculptures, paintings, frescos, mosaics and carvings, all of which, and the rich furniture, testify to the wealth, taste and talent of the builders who designed this handsome church. Where the nave terminates at the dome hangs the bronze chandelier, which suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum when he was eighteen years of age. This eminent man was among the first scientific discoverers of the later centuries, and was much persecuted

by the bigoted churchmen of his day. His teachings eventually became recognized as facts, and laid the foundation for much of our popular knowledge. The baptistery was erected in the twelfth century, and is an octagon, 150 feet in diameter, and 160 feet high. It is unique in conception, of fine proportion, and built of white marble. A bronze statue of the Baptist surmounts the dome roof. The interior is vaulted and somewhat bare, and there is a handsome pulpit, richly carved out of many colored marbles, but the most singular thing connected with the interior is an echo, perhaps the most pleasing in the world. While we were there the custodian, a young man, sounded a few notes with his voice, a pure tenor, and each sound would be prolonged from ten to twenty seconds, and seemed to run through all the notes of the scale very harmonious, as well as startling.

The cloistered Campo Santo, one of the oldest in Europe, and was built toward the close of the thirteenth century. The inclosed ground originally consisted of fifty-five vessel loads of earth from the Holy Land, and at that time was popularly believed to decompose dead bodies in three days. There are some sculptures three thousand years old. The frescos are large and richly colored, but crude in conception, and very trivial in their subjects. The chains which were used to barricade the river, and which were removed by the Genoese, hang on the walls of the vaults. Around the walls, and under the floors of the vaults, lie the famed in Pisa's history, many of them dead nearly one thousand years ago, when she was rich, her colonies numerous, and her commercial influence supreme in the south of Europe. Pisa is now in the sere and yellow leaf, with a population of about fifty thousand, slowly diminishing; but the crowning glory of Pisa, architecturally, is the Leaning Tower, or Campanile. It is 190 feet high, has eight columned stories, and leans from the perpendicular about 14 feet. When one stands under the overhanging side and looks up to the projecting upper gallery, seeming as if it were coming crashing to the ground, there is an instinctive feeling and desire to run away just then. There is a harmonious peal of seven bells in the upper story, and, we are told, the view from thence is very fine. For seven centuries this singular bell tower has been leaning in this manner, for it was so constructed by Nicolo Pisano, and despite earthquake, hurricane and flood, it is today complete in all its parts, and has neither crack nor fissure in its marble walls. The

university is one of the oldest in Europe, founded in the twelfth century, with a library of one hundred thousand volumes. There is much more to be seen in Pisa, but about 12 M. we left for Rome.

ROME.

We reached the ancient capital of the world at 10 P.M. The way was long, the train was slow, the country uninteresting, and we were glad to get under cover at the hotel Continental. There is so much to engross one's mind and physical faculties in Rome that the problem is where to begin. When a boy at school our geography gave such a glowing description of this ancient mistress of the world, and that description became so rooted in our memory, that now, when lodged within her walls, we found the words there memorized keep running in our minds so persistently that on this first night of our sojourn we wandered through the streets long after midnight. And yet we were in no sleeping mood, but were anxious for the morrow, that we might have a clearer knowledge and a closer acquaintance with this dream of our boyhood. The origin of the city is really unknown, the story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf in their infancy, being generally admitted to be without authenticity. There is a historical agreement that about the year 750 B. C., certain outlaws from Latium rendezvoused here, when becoming numerous and strong, they elected Romulus king. He was succeeded by six more of the like kind of despots. The last one, Tarquin the younger, became so oppressive he was expelled, and a republic was formed, governed by two Consuls, and this form of government continued for nearly five hundred years. During its continuance Rome became the mightiest power on the earth. Shortly before the birth of Christ, the senate elected Augustus to be emperor, a title which has been continued down to about one hundred years ago. The empire thus begun on the ruins of the republic, continued to exist under varied conditions until the time of Constantine. He, having embraced the Christian religion, transferred his throne to Constantinople, making that city the center of the empire. One hundred years later Alaric took and sacked the City of Rome. A. D. 445 it was again in the hands of the Vandals, when the Goths, under their king Totilla, after a siege of nine years, took and devastated the city to such an extent that only about a thousand people were found within the walls. In the beginning of the seventh century the Bishop of Rome

assumed the prerogative of universal head of the Christian church, and during the next four hundred years became so powerful and arrogant as to claim that the rule of the Popes extended over the whole of Christendom, above all other rulers, civil as well as ecclesiastical. Because of these pretensions, the emperor Henry II., A.D. 1083, drove out Gregory VII. In 1140, while Innocent II. and Anacletus II. were striving for the mastery, a republic was declared by Arnaud De Brescia. After the dissolution of this republic the Popes again assumed civil rule, and in 1241 the emperor Frederic II., drove out Gregory IX. In 1280 the nobility refused to acknowledge Martin IV. Torn by internal dissensions of the Church, Clement V. threw himself under the protection of France, and removed to Avignon in 1346, and a republic was again established under the Tribune Rienzi. The Popes returned to Rome in 1377, and continued to rule Church and State until Napoleon I. made his young son king of Rome, but his reign was short. Now, after various changes, the kingdom of Italy is consolidated, with Rome as its capital. This was accomplished by Victor Emmanuel, assisted by Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and many other patriotic Italians, who waived all minor differences in politics, and accomplished that concord of ideas which resulted in a united Italy. King Humbert is very popular and so is Queen Margharitta, who, while they are surrounded with all the dignity that pertains to sovereigns, are unaffected and kind to all with whom, socially and politically, they come in contact, and the loyalty of their people is undoubted. Since Rome became the capital of united Italy, the Popes reside in the Vatican, claiming to be under duress, and virtually imprisoned by the government. All to whom we have asked the question give this allegation a flat denial. When the government of Rome was assumed by the Italians, it was decided to insist on Pius IX. confining himself within its walls, and that restriction was subsequently removed as to him, and has never been imposed on Leo XIII. Intelligent Romans to whom we have talked say the former and present Pope simply pose before the Catholic nations and the governments of the world in an effort to gain sympathy as exiled or imprisoned rulers. As the ruler of Italy and all Catholic countries, ecclesiastically, the Pope is entitled to all obedience and honor, but he must confine himself to the duties and honor belonging to his religious functions.

Since our arrival in Rome the king has reached his forty-third birthday. This fact was celebrated in due form by the firing of

cannon, reviewing of troops, playing of bands, displays of bunting, and a general turnout of equipages, official and otherwise; but there was no noisy display of loyalty, the citizens contenting themselves with a simple uncovering of the head as royalty passed by. But there was a noticeable absence of church dignitaries, few priests being visible in the line of procession. The bishop of Rome is waiting for his opportunity, which may come, but at the present time it is still in the distance. So much has been written of Rome by historians, archæologists, correspondents, tourists and others, covering everything which it contains pertaining to its early history when the people were Pagan, also when Christianity had been established, down through all the vicissitudes of its career to the present day, and these works are so numerous, and every object of interest so thoroughly known and described, that, with the exception of an actual visit, all that is worth knowing is within the reach of any youth who can and will read these histories and descriptions.

Our first excursion was to the Pincian Gardens, covering what was known as the Pincian Hill. From this elevation we had an admirable view of a great part of the city. The gardens are rich in statuary, ancient and modern; trees, plants and flowers are in great variety, and well arranged. This is a favorite resort of the citizens, and many visitors get their first impressions of the city from this point. The descent from the gardens to the Place of the People is abrupt, but easy. The Place of the People is a large oval, just within the walls and the North Gate. In the center is an Egyptian Obelisk, brought to Rome by Augustus; with the base and cross, it is 120 feet high. On either hand are fine fountains, churches and residences. From the south end of the Place radiate three principal streets; in the center is the Corso, which leads to the capitol; that on the left, the Via Babuino, leads to the Spanish Piazza; that on the right, Via Ripetta, runs close to the Tiber. We drove along the Corso, past numerous palaces, the Pantheon, Forum of Trajan, and other buildings built during the Pagan era, through narrow, crooked streets, until we reached the Coliseum, or Flavian Amphitheater. This is the most imposing of the ancient ruins; it is an oval, about 1,850 feet in circumference, 160 feet high, in four stories, and covers six acres of ground. About two-thirds of the walls are standing full height. What is wanting has been stolen by greedy priests and feudal lords, to build churches and monasteries, castles and palaces.

Titus dedicated it A.D. 81. The inauguration continued for one hundred days, during which time the slaughter of man and beast must have been horrible. There are few pleasant memories connected with this immense place of amusement, so called, for it was, during the time of pagan Rome, a slaughter-house of the early Christians, and in the last century Pope Benedict dedicated it to the memory of those who here suffered martyrdom.

We returned to the Hotel Continental, which, we may remark, is located beside the railway station which occupies part of the site of the Baths of Diocletian. These vast piles of buildings were in their palmy days the largest structures in Rome, covering a space equal to thirteen acres. One of the largest churches in Rome has been remodeled from one of the great halls. The immense halls and rooms are very impressive. The Baths of Caracalla, three miles distant, with the remains of the palaces of the Cæsars, which occupied the whole of the Palatine Hill, the Coliseum, and these remains of the Baths of Diocletian, were each of them stupendous in construction, and astonish all who look upon them today. For hundreds of years these ruins have furnished largely the outside and interior embellishment for the three hundred churches and the numberless monasteries which lie within the walls of Rome. Still, to the accomplished churchmen of the Middle Ages must be given the credit of resurrecting from the *débris* of Vandal and Gothic barbarism the ideas and modes of building which prevailed in Greece and Rome previous to their disappearance as distinct nations.

Next day we drove to St. Peter's, and while Mrs. C—— and G—— took a walk around the interior of this immense structure, we went to the Castle of St. Angelo, one of the most striking objects in the panorama of Rome. The approach to St. Peter's, and the Castle, from the east is by the Pont St. Angelo across the Tiber. This bridge was built in the second century, by the Emperor Hadrian, and is a work of great strength and beauty. It has been embellished in the later centuries with new parapets and fine groups of statuary, and is the handsomest bridge in Rome. In front, at the west end of the bridge, is the Castle, which was also built by Hadrian, for a mausoleum. Its form is circular, 980 feet in circumference, on a square base, 250 feet on all four sides. The whole structure was originally covered with marble, and beautified with many statues of bronze and marble. Perched on the top of this massive round tower is a series of castellated buildings, which

contain a number of rooms and offices once inhabited by the Popes, when for security they left the Vatican. Here, also, was the prison of Beatrice Cenci, a dark, confined cell, to which no ray of light had access. The Pontifical Justice Hall was the meeting-place of the atrocious inquisition, the lower portion of the building being used as a military prison. As a fort, it is dismantled, but at its base are extensive barracks and training ground for Italian troops. The structure is surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of the archangel Gabriel, with his traditional horn.

We left the Castle, and rejoined our family at St. Peter's, the largest and most celebrated church in Christendom, built on the site of a Pagan temple dedicated to Jupiter Vaticanus. Hence, the Pope's residence adjoining is called the Vatican. An Oratory, or small chapel, was erected here about the beginning of the second century, to indicate the spot where the Apostle Peter was buried. Constantine the Great erected a basilica on the ground, but this and another were destroyed, and in their place the present structure was begun, A.D. 1500, by Pope Julius II. Bramante, Angelo and others were the architects. Their genius has given to Christianity and the world the grandest temple of modern times. From each end of the facade, or front, project two colonnaded wings, which are extended in semi-circular fashion, and partially inclose a circular space 800 feet in diameter. In the center is an Egyptian obelisk, and on either side are two ever-flowing fountains. The facade is 380 feet long, and 150 feet high; the vestibule extends across the whole front, and is reached by a series of broad, shallow steps and platforms.

The interior of the church is in length 613 feet, the height of the nave 150 feet, but the transepts are 450 feet long; the interior diameter of the dome 140 feet; the whole height from the floor to the top of the cross 453 feet. As you stand at the west end and look toward the high altar, the mind is impressed with the immensity of the interior, and yet the whole is in such exquisite accord that one fails to realize the fact of its great bulk. Every thing in sight is of such just proportions, and harmony of detail that the impression of size is forgotten. All the statues, columns, pilasters and chapels, the circular sweep of the dome, the vaulted roof, the columned baldachin over the high altar — all these bespeak a grandeur of size and beauty of detail which cannot be described. To be appreciated, it must be studied from various points, not once but often. There are many monuments here,

principally to dead Popes. The mosaics, many of them, are exquisite, and the paintings and frescos are unexcelled. All this combination of colors in marbles, alabaster, porphyry and onyx, are toned down by the high windows and stained glass. We are not writing a guide book, so will refrain from particularizing the contents of this matchless and never overpraised temple of Christianity.

Adjoining St. Peter's is the Vatican, the residence of the Popes, a vast aggregate of halls, galleries, corridors, chapels, and residences of church magnates, and claimed by many to be the capital of modern Rome, for here the Pope reigns, only, however, by the sufferance of the Italian government. This monster building has a famous history, and holds within its walls the most extensive and valuable collection of antique statuary and sculpture in the world, carved and wrought from the most costly and scarce materials. The painting and frescos by Angelo, Raphael, Romano, Titian, and others, are considered the finest in the world. In color they are beyond compare. The drawing is not always correct, in perspective very often faulty, in detail finical, especially where they represent some incident in church history. In illustration there is always an inclination to priestly robes and monkish personality, and even scriptural subjects from the old testament are presented in this way and look rather incongruous. This stereotyped system gets very tiresome. A good historical painting, with ordinary fidelity to costume and other accessories of the time of the incident, is pleasant to look upon, and has a historical value as an educator to the ordinary onlooker. We will desist from this criticism of the revered masters, lest we be considered presumptuous.

The library, if not the largest, has the most valuable books and manuscripts in the world. In these documents much of the unwritten history of the church and European dynasties lie hidden for the present. When they are opened to the inspection of the impartial historian, many secret things will be revealed which are now obscure or distorted, because the facts are suppressed. Let the light of heaven in on these long hidden documents, and many who have been canonized as saints may be found very earthy in all the relations of life.

We went into the Sistine Chapel and saw the Angelo frescos and other paintings by famed artists. The principal and most valued of the frescos are the Last Judgment on the end wall, and those on the roof, which relate incidents in bible history from

the various stages of Creation to the time of Noah. They are all showing the wear of time, the coloring in some of them having faded much, but they are still wonderful works of art. The Last Judgment occupied the genius of the great master for seven years. We were more interested and instructed in this room than in any other in the Vatican. To particularize or even to mention all the rooms and their contents in this vast building would be impossible, but the exhibition of its treasures adds materially to the curtailed income of the Holy Father, and gives great satisfaction to the sight-seers, who, guide book in hand, slowly and persistently move from object to object, scrutinizing sometimes intelligently, but determined to know it all or die. We drove out through the gates to the Church of St. Paul without the walls, which we think is the most gorgeous and costly of all the churches about Rome. This remark applies only to the interior. The building has been recently rebuilt and is really the most modern of the many Basilicas open to the public. Its history, as related, began in the reign of Constantine, who built and endowed a chapel here which contained the remains of St. Paul. Sixty years later this was succeeded by another, which was restored in the eighth century, but burned in 1823, leaving only a small portion. The whole church has been restored to its original size and shape, but the interior has been vastly improved, and is without exception the most elaborate of any we have seen. The roof is supported by eighty columns of costly, polished granite; its walls, floor and ceiling composed of marble, alabaster, porphyry and onyx, inlaid with malachite, lapis lazuli, agates, jade and all manner of precious and rare stones of every color, all blended together in the most pleasing manner. Under its high altar, so the church says, are the bones of saints Peter and Paul. The pictures in mosaic are the most beautiful that can be imagined, especially the series of portraits of all the Popes from Peter down. Of course they are almost wholly imaginary, but they are certainly beautiful. In a word this artistic aggregation of precious materials is wonderful. On our way back to the city we visited the Catacombs, and saw some fine frescos in underground chapels, said to be of the third century, also many bones, skulls and coffins lying loose in the damp winding galleries and passages. We came in on the Appian way, passed many tombs and other remains of old Rome, chief among which are the Baths of Caracalla, an immense pile of brick and stone used by the Romans ostensibly for personal purification, but really for

gossip, prize fights, politics, conspiracies and beastly orgies. Nearer the city is the Protestant burying ground lying within the walls through which we pass by the Porte St. Sebastian. The present buildings of the Capitol at Rome are modern, though built on the ancient foundations at different times, but as now seen are the work of Michael Angelo. They extend around three sides of a square, and architecturally are not striking. Attached to the fronts there is some fine sculpture of heroic size, and fountains of antique design and of considerable age. The center building is really the palace of the senators and the seat of civic rule. The building to the right contains busts of eminent Italians, which may be interesting to the people of the country, but to the average traveler have little attraction. But there are a large number of old Roman statues, some complete, and many fragmentary. The bronze group of Romulus and Remus being suckled by the wolf is the oldest specimen of high art in Rome. The building on the left is the Capitol Museum, and contains a large number of statues in marble and bronze, chief among them the Dying Gladiator, by Cresilas, and the Faun, by Praxiteles. In the center of the piazza stands the fine equestrian statue in bronze of Marcus Aurelius, nearly two thousand years old, a magnificent piece of work in proportion of parts, action and detail, presenting a noble contrast to many modern attempts in the same direction.

Descending toward the Roman Forum on the right, is a street which leads to the Tarpeian Rock, from whose summit criminals were thrown and dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It is not so high now as it was two thousand years ago, but a fall from its summit would certainly result in death. The Roman Forum, which extended from the back of the capitol out toward the Arch of Constantine and the Coliseum, contained various temples, dedicated to some of the old mythological gods, and some of them to eminent men. The Arch of Severus, although scarred by time and the hand of man, is in a fair state of preservation. All else is ruin until the Arch of Titus is reached, and the beginning of the Appian Way, the prolongation of the Via Sacra, which led from the capitol through the Forum to the Coliseum. The principal ruins are the Basilica Julia, Basilica Constantine, remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and other fragments of buildings, some of which have been incorporated into mediæval churches. All these must have been right royal structures, and worthy of the wealth and power of the mistress of the world. All the rest

are so fragmentary that, unless informed, one might pass them by without a thought. Of the Temple of Concord, only the foundation wall remains; there are three columns of the Temple of Vespasian, eight columns of the Temple Saturn; on the right, looking toward the Arch of Titus, rises the Palatine Hill, covered with the remains of the city as founded by Romulus, seven hundred and fifty years before Christ. These again have been covered by the immense palaces of the Cæsars, the remains of which were exhumed by Napoleon III.

Besides these remnants of old Rome, at various short distances from the Forum Romanum, there is the Pantheon, founded before Christ as a temple of Jupiter, and at the beginning of the seventh century consecrated as a church. It is a circular building, and is well preserved. Then there is the Forum Trajan of a triangular shape, but only the basement columns are standing. At the narrow end of the triangle stands the celebrated Column of Trajan, 130 feet high, composed of thirty-three immense blocks of marble. The shaft has, sculptured in spiral relief, the history of Trajan's campaign against the Dacians. There is, also, the Temple of Vesta, and many others, the oldest of all these remains of ancient Rome being the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, built in the year 620 B.C.

Stretching across the Campagna for many miles is the Claudian Aqueduct, built to supply the baths of Diocletian, Titus and Caracalla, the residue being used for washing purposes. The ordinary supply for domestic purposes came from other sources, and some of these supplies are yet used, brought from long distances in the mountains. Around this city of modern palaces, the Royal, on the Quirinal Hill, is the principal, being the royal residence, built by Gregory XIII., 1585, just three hundred years ago. In the Pauline Chapel the cardinals elected the Popes, and professed their allegiance. Besides the chapel there are other spacious and regally furnished apartments, which contain some of the most valuable works of art in the world. In the center of the piazza, in front, stands an ancient fountain, 76 feet in diameter, which was found in the Roman Forum. On either side are two magnificent groups of statuary, attributed to Phidias and Praxiteles, the famous Grecian sculptors. The adjacent obelisk is 45 feet high, and at one time belonged to the tomb of Augustus. The palaces Borghese, Doria-Pamphili, besides others, contain some of the richest paintings now in existence—but to particularize would be superfluous. If anyone desires to see

the finest conceptions in art, and their grandest execution in marble, porphyry, alabaster, onyx, and all manner of valuable material used by the sculptor, or if you prefer masterpieces on canvas, or in fresco, and the beautiful work in cameo and mosaics, in Rome is a field inexhaustible. The specimens of the founders' art in bronze, and the white smith's genius in iron, have never been excelled in modern times. Our eyes and mind were completely satisfied with the contemplation of art in all its varieties. We therefore decided to leave Rome, having yet to see Florence and other cities in Italy, which are able to vie with the city on the Tiber in all matters pertaining to man's genius, as it is made harmonious and pleasing by the cunning of his hand.

And now that the aspirations of our youth have been realized, and we have traversed its streets, its highways and byways, have peered into the past and looked at the present face to face, we freely admit that we have more than realized our expectations in regard to the city and people. The unification of Italy has tended to liberalize the minds of the citizens, and has set them on a higher plane of material progress than they have occupied in the past, and this they fully realize and appreciate. Topographically, the ancient city spread out far beyond the walled limits of today. If we take the Appian Way, leaving the city by the Arch of Constantine, for miles on either side vast masses of ruined masonry are to be seen, isolated heaps of Cyclopean dimensions, whose origin has been forgotten for many ages. For miles around and far outside the now ancient walls, the *débris* of tombs, palaces, and other buildings crop out of the ground, their foundations many yards below the present surface. It was said, ecclesiastically, hundreds of years ago, that all roads led to Rome. Two thousand years ago, politically, all roads led to the same center. From the Roman Stabiae, all distances were calculated to the utmost verge of the empire.

NAPLES.

Enthusiasts have described Naples in glowing language. Poets have raved over the fine sweep of its bay, its noble streets, regal palaces, and glorious climate, the magnificent views along its orange-clad hills and vine-covered shores, praised its noble-looking gentlemen and beautiful women ; and, no doubt, on the surface, all these perfections, in a modified form, are to be seen. In this case distance lends enchantment to the view. The facts are, the Bay of

Naples is there, and perhaps there was a time when one could drive along its shores and realize its beauties. Now, however, the city has spread around its whole expanse, and down to the water's edge. For a distance of eight to ten miles there is a continuous belt of factories, tanneries, soldiers' barracks, and close, narrow streets, with a dense population, who have no rear premises, and whose social and physical necessities of life have to seek the street. We saw numberless houses or burrows on the street level, where, besides the human residents, there lived donkeys, goats, chickens, dogs, and other animals, while the people, young and old, squatted on the floor, or sat on the edge of the gutter, where all the garbage and contents of utensils, clean and unclean, find their level before the doors and under their noses. That which is liquid finds a permanent rest in the uneven pavement, festers in the sun, grows green and black, smells rank to heaven, and disease and death is the result. That which is solid and digestible is swallowed by the goats and jackasses; the residue is trodden under foot, and in turn becomes dust, is inhaled into the system, and assists materially in fostering the seeds of epidemic diseases. We are not overdrawing this picture; the habits of the people are more the fashion of five hundred years ago than that of today.

Every kind of occupation is carried on in the streets — tailors, blacksmiths, butchers, bakers, barbers, cooks, macaroni-makers — who dry their products over the stinking gutters. Women, bare bosomed, unkempt and dirty, nurse their progeny and lazily gossip together, some of them spinning with the old-fashioned distaff, others dyeing and reeling yarn, cooking and washing, all done in a slipshod, indolent manner. Evidently, "don't trouble me" is their every-day maxim. Along the harbor front there is activity and life, but there, also, sanitary precautions seem to be unknown; slop and dirt is the rule, and it can be no matter of surprise that cholera was so virulent last summer. There are clean, breezy portions of the city, with wide streets, where the better classes live; these localities are to be found mostly in the west end and along the sloping hillsides. But along the docks and coast, as far as we went, which was several miles, dirt and squalor had full sway.

Naples is older than Rome. It was originally a Greek colony, founded a thousand years before Christ, and was called Parthenope. Part of this colony moved a few miles to the east, and was called Neapolis, or the New Town; the two towns became blended

into one, and four hundred years B.C. became Roman. The northern barbarians demolished it under Totila. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was ruled by the Normans; then it came under Spanish rule, and suffered much oppression for hundreds of years. Today it is the largest, and one of the most prosperous, of Italian cities, its happy condition being mainly ascribed to the benevolent government of Victor Emmanuel and his son, Humbert. To the archæologist there is little of interest in the city, but in the neighborhood there are many places where there is much to study connected with the early history of European civilization. In the city are some fine churches, mostly of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, all of them profusely decorated, and many of them complete museums of curiosities, ancient and modern. But the National Museum is one of the best in the world. Its collections of antiquities dug from Pæstum, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and other places contiguous to the city, are the most comprehensive in the world. In all the most precious materials there is an endless variety, but the vast number of relics, illustrating the domestic economy and mechanical ability, as well as the scientific resources, of the old Romans, it would be impossible to convey to anyone who has not made a personal examination of them.

Looking over these varied appliances used in their every-day life, it is astonishing to find that their cooking apparatus had all the devices of our modern kitchen ranges. The water back and boiler is there, with hot and cold water taps, and all the necessary furniture for good cookery; divers kinds of bathing apparatus, household implements, and tools required by various artisans; obstetrical and dentistry instruments of fine workmanship; almost everything in bronze, copper and iron with which we are familiar, and these generally of a superior style of workmanship. The Romans were good sanitary and hydraulic engineers; the remains of their sewerage and aqueduct systems are magnificent, and in many places their work is in use today. Their craftsmen were patient and painstaking; their designs in fancy work, such as jewelry, gold and silverware, will always be copied, for their varieties of style were almost infinite. There were a great many varieties of faucets and stop-cocks, among others one for a seven-inch bronze pipe. From all this vast collection we find a complete key to the domestic economy of the Romans, from the lordly patrician down to the humble agricultural laborer and poor fisherman.

VESUVIUS.

Rowe, on the morning of the third day we were in Naples, assured us that we could not have a better day to visit Vesuvius, so about 10 A.M. we started for the excursion in a landau drawn by three white horses, gaily caparisoned in shining harness and tinkling bells. We had to traverse the lower and dirty portion of the city. The sights and smells on our route were similar to what we have already described. After leaving the suburbs, our way lay among vineyards and gardens, the road gradually ascending toward the base of the cone. Our path was enlivened by the importunities of beggars, young and old, who whined and fawned, and in voluble Italian asked for soldi, but we were not heavy givers. The young ones ran alongside the carriage with laudable pertinacity, until tired, coming to a certain point in the road. With some apprehension of brigands, we found five stalwart fellows drawn up in front of us, each carrying a musical instrument. Our horses were walking, and four of them formed in line on one side of the carriage, and began to regale us with vocal and instrumental music. When they got tired they stopped, and we told Rowe to give them some money. He gave the leader about a franc in copper. The man counted the money, and in great disgust, swearing at the courier, they turned and went back. The fifth man had walked on the other side of the carriage, and continued with us. We asked Rowe what he wanted. "Oh," he said, "he will put a stone behind the wheel when we require to stop, and wants to earn some money." Sure enough, this descendant of the Gracchi took off his coat, tightened the belt around his loins, and got ready for work. After walking with us for some time, he suddenly bounded away, and, stumbling across a lava bed, he plucked some flowers, came back, and gracefully presented some sweet-smelling blossoms to the Signora. Off again he went, and gathering some more, he presented them to the Signorina. Presently he presented the Signor with some lava specimens, praised their beauty and scarcity, took off his cap, bowed, and held out his hand. We gave him half a franc. He thanked us, and disappeared. We hoped we were rid of him, but no, he returned; we bribed him with another half franc to leave. Seizing his ragged coat, he bowed, and we saw no more of him. When we reached the observatory the railway station seemed only a short distance away, but the road was tortuous, and it was half an hour before we got to it. A car was waiting, and

we slid slowly up the almost perpendicular side of the cone, the distance being about half a mile. We reached the upper station, and got out, amid a gang of howling guides. Rowe had assured us that the distance was short to the side of the crater, and he thought madam could walk it, but our guide said the Signora had better be carried up. Rowe thought this was interfering with his bailiwick, and began to swear at the guide. We ordered him to stop, called a chair, got Madam into it, and away we went. But we found that our 210 pounds avoirdupois was a great drawback in this dusty, zigzag climb. When we reached what was called the top, the smell of sulphur was strong, and we found there was another small elevation to climb before we could gain the side of the crater. On the top of this knoll and down its sides the hot scoria was falling in most dangerous fashion. We stood and looked at the scene in its blazing and smoky grandeur for some time, but as our feet began to get hot, we moved to a farther distance. In the meantime, an American and his wife concluded to go up — two guides to each. They scrambled up, and reached the top, when a cloud of smoke enveloped them. The American woman put her handkerchief to her mouth, and screamed out, "Take me down!" which the guides did at once. The man had reached the top, almost suffocated with the fumes of burning sulphur. While he stood trying to recover his breath, a red-hot cinder came down on him, and struck his hand, mangling and burning it severely. He left that locality in a hurry, and hastened down, his guides tumbling at his heels. This was enough; we had no further ambition for a closer inspection of Vesuvian fire, so we walked round to one side, where we had a good view of the flying cinders as they shot up three to five hundred feet in the air. Deeming it safe, we moved closer to the crater, much engrossed with the grand sight, but before we were aware, a huge lump of scoria came down with a thud within a few feet of where we stood. Then we slipped away in a guilty sort of way, and looked on at a safer distance.

Some people imagine that Vesuvius, as it is now, is one of the most sublime sights that eye can look upon, and to those whose ideas are bounded by what their eye can embrace, it is a startling sight; but to many it is somewhat of a disappointment, although we were pleased to be able to say that we had reached the top of Vesuvius and viewed at a distance of some hundreds of feet, its pulsating shots of molten mineral thrown high into the air; had seen the ruddy flames and inhaled the sulphurous smoke; felt the

ground hot and throbbing beneath our feet, and a general feeling of insecurity all around us. Still there was nothing terrifying in its appearance to us then, but the next day when we wandered over the revealed ruins of Pompeii, its awful possibilities became apparent. Scientists disagree on the question whether the interior of our earth is in a continual state of combustion or not, but that this portion of Italy has beneath its surface repressed fires there can be no doubt. Twenty miles distant from this burning point of the earth's surface there are the remains of a vast volcano, some portions of the country having the outcropping of internal fire yet. The awful visitation which two years ago laid the island of Ischia in ruins will be remembered. This island is about twenty-five miles from Vesuvius, and it is also apparent that the present crater is only a small vent compared with the vast chasm which has at one time split the mountain in two, and the land lying around its base has its origin in volcanic deposit. Before the catastrophe which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii the site of the present mountain was covered by a low hill, covered with vineyards, plantations and patrician residences. The sea came up to the walls of Pompeii and one of the existing gates is called the Porta Marino or sea gate. The seashore is now three miles distant. If chemical action is the cause of subterranean movement, as is perceived by modern scientists in earthquakes, then the ingredients must permeate the whole of the earth's surface, these visitations being felt in all lands, and often apparent in the bed of the ocean. Turning from the volcano we took from several points a survey of the surrounding country. There was the broad, sweeping Bay of Naples dotted with sails, and hazy with the trailing smoke of steamboats; in the distance the mountainous and rocky islands of Ischia, Capri, and others; the busy and populous cities of Castel-a-Mare and Sorrento, and, stretching away to the north, the wide fertile valley leading to the Campagna around Rome. At our feet, seemingly, was Naples, with its teeming population of nearly half a million souls, and a situation and surroundings unrivaled in this or perhaps any other land. Far as the eye could see mountain and valley alternated, looking purple and green in the brilliant light of a midday sun. It was a magnificent prospect at an elevation of four thousand feet. But our guides reminded us that it was time for us to depart, and soon we were on our way down to the railway station, where our carriage was waiting to convey us back to the city. As we neared its outskirts we found waiting for us a motley crowd of beggars who

had beset us on the way up. As we passed they gave us quite an ovation of yells and groans and followed us for a distance, hooting and swearing with true Italian volubility. They had evidently held an indignation meeting, and passed resolutions which resulted in our being subjected to popular censure. They confined themselves to hooting, however, and the appearance of a policeman scattered them like chaff.

There are many of the lower classes here who could not live without begging. Children in arms are trained to hold out their hands, contort their faces, and before they can talk have the art of begging. Public opinion is changing and the practice is not so popular as it was. In the hotels and public resorts the minor officials and servants expect gratuities. It is simply the custom, though one which would be more honored in the breach than the observance.

POMPEII.

We reached our hotel in safety, and next morning took train for the resurrected City of Pompeii, the origin of which is coeval with that of Rome, although an Etruscan colony was established long previous. Many changes took place in its civil history. Judging from the ruins now laid bare, for hundreds of years it must have been a place of importance prior to its destruction, A.D. 79. It was little known until A.D. 63, in which year an earthquake did it great damage. This was speedily overcome, and until the year of its burial the city grew and was prosperous. From the time of its disappearance over one thousand six hundred years elapsed before it began again to see the light of day. The work of excavation began in 1755, continuing more or less steadily until the present time. We shall notice here some of the principal buildings, which, more or less dilapidated, have been identified, or have, according to circumstance, been named. The walls of the city are about 20 feet high and the same in width, faced with lava, and with six gates and many towers. The principal entrance was by the Appian Way from Herculaneum. This road outside the walls was called the Street of the Tombs. Many of these are in good preservation. Within the walls the most imposing remains are the Public Forum, including the raised Temple of Jupiter. This building covered an area of 530 by 120 feet, and is the highest point excavated as yet. From here the best view of the city, and of Vesuvius and the distant Apennines is gained. The buildings themselves are the best

models of their kind now in existence, and are the most complete illustration of a forum now extant. Around this center are grouped the Temples of Venus, the Basilica of Augustus and others. The Temple of Neptune is the most ancient building discovered. The Bourse or Exchange covers a large area. The Tragic theater could seat five thousand people. Adjoining is the Comic theater, of smaller size but similar design. The military barracks are of large extent; here were found the skeletons of over one hundred persons, four of them manacled, and many valuable articles of a military character, which are now in the Museum at Naples. The Amphitheater is older than that called the Coliseum at Rome, and was large enough to seat twenty thousand people. It was elliptical in shape, 433 by 335 feet. In this building on the day of the catastrophe, the Pompeiians had assembled to witness a gladiatorial show, as will be found detailed at length in Lord Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." Among the villas the best in size and preservation is the house of Pansa, with an area of 300 by 120 feet. Like the rest of the larger residences it had a garden in the center, with a fountain, a marble reservoir, and statuary. There are many other residences of the same general type, many of them with frescoed walls in good preservation, the figures nude in style. Some of these houses are inclosed and kept locked.

But the most complete and instructive of all the remains are the Public Baths. From these the general design of the Baths of Caracalla and Diocletian at Rome have been traced, and much that was uncertain and unknown in the bathing habits of the Romans have been revealed. The narrow streets are much worn by carriage wheels, especially in the neighborhood of the Forum, and the theater has the lava pavement deeply grooved. By the interior fitting of the shops, one can recognize the butcher, the baker, the wine seller, blacksmith, jeweler, and other vocations. Many of the signs are legible and easily read. Altogether Pompeii is the most interesting and instructive place to visit in all Italy. The revelation given here of the domestic and public life of the old Romans is most absorbing, especially to the student of history who is conversant with the classics. The antiquary and archæologist have also a fruitful field for the study of manners and customs which have long since disappeared. To the ordinary visitor the fact of the city having been completely buried for over one thousand six hundred years, and now revealed in such good preservation, is sufficiently astonishing.

In the museum attached to the entrance called the Porta Marino, there is a collection of articles taken at various times from the excavations. Among these are a number of skeletons, several men, two women and one boy. One of the women, when found, was lying on her face, one arm below her forehead, evidently trying to preserve her life by taking that position, or perhaps, finding suffocation inevitable, laid down in this manner to die. All the bodies are held together by the coating of ashes which looks like a rough coat of lime, for it must be remembered that the city was first destroyed by a shower of fine pumice stones to a depth of from 10 to 15 feet, which was succeeded by a fall of fine, brownish dust. In time the first layer became compact and cohesive, impervious to moisture and antiseptic in character, the upper layer acting as a sponge, holding large quantities of moisture which was speedily thrown off by evaporation. Thus the ordinary operations of nature were so far suspended that putrefaction and decay could not occur. The guides, who are appointed by the government, are not allowed to receive gratuities, but make considerable money by the sale of photographs, and stick tenaciously to visitors until they leave the precincts of the desolate but famous Pompeii.

FLORENCE.

MARCH 18. Arrived in Florence, and went to the Grand Hotel New York. The situation of this remarkable city is very fine, lying on both sides of the river Arno on an extensive plain or valley of great fertility, surrounded on all sides by hills, well covered with vineyards, olive, orange, fig and lemon groves, interspersed by large and handsome villas; monasteries, farm houses and old ruins, whose origin, in many cases, dates before the time when the northern barbarians swept down on sunny Italy and reduced a prosperous country from opulence to desolation. After being compelled to submit to the same fate as all the rest of the cities of Italy which were overthrown by the hordes of Attila, it was erected into a Duchy by Charlemagne. A long line of despotic rulers ended in A.D. 1115 by the death of Matilda, daughter of Pope Boniface III. At her death Tuscany was ceded to the pope, though really a province or fief of the German Empire, and this caused strife between the emperor and the pope, which was the origin of the two parties, well known in history as the Guelphs, or papal party, and the Ghibellines who adhered to the emperor.

For one hundred years they contended, but the Pope was finally vanquished, and the Guelphs were driven from Florence. They were recalled but again had to leave. Manfredi, son of Frederick II., was called by the Ghibellines to rule over them, A.D. 1287, but the Pope placed Charles, Duke of Anjou, on the throne of Naples, who defeated Manfredi, and the Ghibellines were sent adrift never to become again rivals to the Guelphs. Being thus left without any rival, the Guelphs, in the turbulent spirit of the age, became divided into two parties, known to history as the Whites and the Blacks. Civil war of the most inveterate kind raged for some years through the whole extent of Tuscany. In A.D. 1342, Walter De Brienne, Duke of Athens, was appointed for life to rule over the Florentines. In less than a year he had to flee, because of his tyranny and want of faith to the people. Then the rival factions of the Albyzzi and Ricci kept the city in turmoil. In A.D. 1348, the plague reduced the population so much that the Ghibellines and Pisans tried to gain possession, but were defeated. About A.D. 1380, the Medici family began their remarkable career in the person of Silvester.

Although Florence was nominally a republic, the Medicis were absolute, and held the reins of government until the family became extinct. During the long period of their rule, Florence and Tuscany were oppressed and robbed and made the playthings of this astute and unscrupulous family. But a better day dawned, when in 1737, Peter Leopold, of the house of Lorraine, came to rule. To this able and just man Tuscany owes her present liberal laws, and in 1860 she was included in the Italian monarchy. When we consider the vicissitudes which this beautiful city has passed through, and looking at her massive palaces and public buildings, her fine streets, many of them narrow, but all clean and well built, her elegant public squares and open places, one is impressed by their feudal ruggedness and fine proportions, and wonders how these remnants of distant days have been preserved in their grandeur to the present time.

Geographically in the center of Italy, Florence is also the center of all that is elegant in art and civilization. Emphatically, she is Florence the genteel, and is worthy of the title of the Athens of Italy, gained by devotion to liberty and progress. The population is about 160,000 souls, and their general appearance is in marked contrast to Naples, Rome, and other centers of population. Four of the bridges which span the Arno were built in the

thirteenth century. The Ponte Vecchio, like the Rialto in Venice, is a street of shops, and has besides a covered way connecting the Pitti Palace with the Uffizi Palace on the other side of the river. Many fine views of the city can be enjoyed, but there are none finer than that from the Tower of Galileo which overlooks the city and country on the south side. This tower and the villa attached were built by this eminent and persecuted man. In the upper story of the tower is his study. Two of his telescopes and other instruments are grouped around. Several marble busts taken at various times, autograph letters to various persons, tell their own tale of how he was badgered and imprisoned by the bigoted inquisition because he dared to teach scientific truths in opposition to their blind dogma. The drive to this interesting place is one of the finest around Florence, and the view from the top of the tower is one of the most varied in Italy. The afternoon we were there the sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere so clear, we could see clear and white far in the northeast, Mount Rosa, one of the highest peaks of the Alps. In this clear Italian sky distance seems to be illimitable. Returning we passed through the place Michael Angelo, where is the colossal bronze statue of David, a copy of the original in marble by Michael Angelo. The attitude of this figure is very striking. He is evidently preparing for a stroke, as he clutches the pebble in his hand and leans forward to give the missile impetus. This is the place where visitors generally go to view the city and country, and perhaps there is no more beautiful landscape in the world.

The Piazza della Signoria is the center of Florence. At the east end is the Palace Vecchio, which, if not the oldest, is the most venerated by the Florentines. Erected by order of the Signoria, or city council, in the year 1298, it has been the scene of many stirring incidents for nearly six hundred years. It is a massive, square building, having attached to it a bell-tower over three hundred feet high. The hall of the great council is a noble room, embellished by historical paintings and statuary, some of which belong to the Greek period, illustrative of mythological deities. The whole building is a historical reflex of the wealth and power of the Medici family. Adjoining it is the Uffizi Palace, which stretches to the River Arno, and this is connected with the Pitti Palace by a covered passage-way across the river. These different palaces and connections make a series of art galleries in a straight line over half a mile long, showing the largest and most valuable

collections of art treasures to be found in the world, consisting of paintings and frescos, marble and bronze statuary, cameos, the rarest gems, vases and urns, in malachite, lapis lazuli, onyx, alabaster, and agate — everything in art conceivable by man, from all time and from all lands, in such rich profusion that to enumerate them would be endless. Months can be spent here before the eye could take in even casually the endless and ever-varied creations of beauty that are still accumulating in this boundless collection of artistic genius.

This description may sound stilted and overdrawn, but go and see whether words can describe what is to be found in these two immense palaces and their connecting corridors. And it ought to be remembered that Napoleon I. robbed Italy of her finest examples of art in all its departments, and filled the palaces of France to overflowing. Some of this plunder has been returned to the original owners, but much of the fruit of Italian, Roman and Greek genius still rests on the banks of the Seine.

The portico of the Uffizi Palace, which extends the whole length of the front, is embellished by twenty-eight pieces of the finest statuary, representing eminent Italians famous in statecraft, science, art, literature, and music. Among these are Lorenzo de Medici, Orcagna, Giotto, Da Vinci, Angelo, Dante, Galileo, Petrarch, and others. Besides the art gallery, this building contains the national library and archives. The Pitti Palace is used as a residence by the royal family when they visit Florence, and contains the state treasures of the Tuscan Government. The open arcade, Di Lanza, consists of three fine arches, erected in 1355 by the city authorities for the use of the magistrates when they wished to confer with the citizens on public affairs. It has some ancient Greek statuary, and other more modern works in marble and bronze, which are all well known in the world of art.

There are many other squares having historical porticos, and perhaps the oldest of them is the Square and Church of San Lorenzo. This church was originally built by Constantine, in the end of the fourth century, on the site of a pagan temple; was rebuilt in 1059; afterward nearly destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by Brunelleschi. Besides this one, there are many churches in Italy, especially in Rome, which had their origin in the reign of Constantine, who was the first emperor converted to Christianity.

The Roman Church has made a great deal of ecclesiastical capital out of this fact, and many improbable stories are told of

miraculous events which occurred at his conversion and during his life; but we believe the truth is that Constantine became a Christian as a matter of state policy. During his reign, and long before, Christianity had already honeycombed the whole empire, and especially where the Bishops of Rome held sway. At that time they taught, as they do now, that the Roman Bishops held the keys of heaven and hell, and those whom they chose to admit would be admitted, and those whom they refused would go down to sheol. At the same time, they held out promises of earthly success to those who were rich and powerful, if they would acknowledge the cross, assuring them of the church's assistance in the promotion of their schemes of worldly aggrandizement, as well as a richer inheritance in the kingdom of heaven. This appealed to men's fears, and their cupidity as well, and many converts were made through bribery on the one hand and terror on the other. We have said some who embraced Christianity did so from these sordid motives, and we believe Constantine was one of the number so influenced. But there is no doubt the religion of Jesus Christ, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, had entered into the hearts of numberless people; and for nearly four hundred years, despite persecutions the most terrible at the hands of their Pagan rulers, and schisms the most erroneous in their own ranks, the leaven which was set by the Apostles in many lands had permeated the masses of the Roman Empire to such a vast extent that political power was dependent on the conscientious patriotism of those who had embraced and practiced the religion of Christ. Constantine was astute enough to perceive that the Christians were a power to be conciliated, more especially as the bishop who claimed to be their head, with his colleagues, had acquired a great and dictatorial power in the empire, which made their alliance a necessity for the perpetuation of his own rule, and the accomplishment of certain political projects to which the Roman Bishop could give material assistance. It is unnecessary to enter into details here on these subjects. Anyone reading the history of Rome and the church at this time, impartially, will come to the conclusion that there was ostensibly a religious accord between the emperor and the bishops, but that, primarily, there was a political alliance for mutual profit. This is shown in the fact that the capital and seat of government was removed to Constantinople, where the emperor resided, and the Romans were left to the political and ecclesiastical control of the bishop. The emperor having by edict suppressed all the Pagan

worship throughout the empire, it became very convenient, and, no doubt, proper to transform the Pagan temples into Christian churches, and appropriate their revenues to the uses of the new worship; and here began that use of temporal power which was wielded so successfully that in a subsequent reign the Roman bishop demanded that he should be recognized as the spiritual head of the church throughout the world. This was disputed by the Bishop of Constantinople, and as the contending parties were equally powerful, the church was rent in twain, and the two parts became known as the Western, or Roman Church, the Roman Catholic Church of today; the other, the Eastern Church, the Greek Church of the present time. This is a long digression from San Lorenzo, of Florence, but perhaps it was well to explain the relations which Constantine held to primitive Christianity and the building of the first churches.

Adjoining San Lorenzo is the Medicean Chapel, designed by Prince John de Medici originally for the blessed sepulcher, which an Arab emir proposed to seize from the Mohammedans in Jerusalem, and give to Cosima II. Disappointed in this, he made it his family tomb, and in the crypt lie many of this distinguished family. The whole spacious interior is lined with dark-hued marbles, beautiful frescos, rich mosaics, and fine statuary. It is an octagon, with a lofty dome roof, somber, but rich. This is a remarkable interior, for the outside gives no indication of the beauty within.

The Duomo, or Cathedral Square, contains three of the most remarkable structures in Italy, the Cathedral, the Campanile, and the Baptistery. The first is a most imposing building, 500 feet long, 130 wide, height of nave 154 feet, transept 305 feet long, to top of dome lantern 390 feet. The structure was commenced at the close of the thirteenth century. The republic intrusted its erection to Arnold dal Colle, who was succeeded by Giotto, Orcagna and others. Finally Brunelleschi completed it with his cupola or dome, one of the largest ever built. The exterior is built in alternate courses of white, green, and black marble. The front was unfinished until 1875, when De F. Abris, an eminent engineer, began its completion, which is in progress, but screened from the public view. The original design had no dome, although contemplated by Dal Colle. Brunelleschi changed the design of the center, raised the walls 45 feet, which gave more light to the interior, and on this planted his dome, which is said to be larger than St. Peter's at Rome, although the height from the floor is much less. The interior is plain,

excepting the different chapels, which are all well decorated by the most eminent artists who have lived in Italy. The high altar is very rich in decoration and furniture, inclosed by a circular screen of pink marble, richly paneled in bass-relief. Generally, the interior, although spacious, is not very striking, and is dimly lighted, which detracts much from one's pleasure in studying its architecture and size. But it is noble throughout, and few interiors are so impressive.

At the west end of the Duomo, and detached, is the Campanile or Bell Tower, designed by Giotto in 1334. It was intended to have this tower surpass in size and beauty anything of the kind then known. It is square, 276 feet high, and was intended to have a spire 90 feet. The whole is built of variegated marble, in four stories, and is wondrously rich in its details and execution. The work on the different panels relates to scriptural and other subjects, and is very minute in detail. The tower is further enriched by sixteen statues, and the view from the top is very fine. Altogether, with the exception of the Campanile at Pisa, which is the leaning tower, this one of Florence is the most stately and beautiful of any of the many bell towers we have thus far seen.

Separate, and distant about 100 feet from the Cathedral, is the Baptistery of St. John, an octagon, with dome and lantern, said to have been built in the seventh century, from the materials of a Pagan temple. This building was the Metropolitan of Florence until A.D. 1128. In 1293 it was restored by Arnolfo, and incased in marble. The dome roof is filled in the panels with frescos and pictures in mosaic. Around the walls massive porphyry columns are placed, which help to adorn the interior and strengthen the walls. On the *fête* of the saint a magnificent silver altar is placed in the center, representing the history of St. John Baptist. At the same time is shown his solid silver statue. These fine pieces of work took one hundred years to complete, by historical workers in metals, but the great attraction of the exterior, which is plain and like the church and tower, built of variegated marble, is found in the three bronze gates. The south one, by Pisano, is a representation of the life of John, of admirable workmanship ; the bronze ornamentation around the door is by Ghiberti and is exceedingly fine. The north gates are by Ghiberti, completed after twenty years' labor, and contain the history of our Savior, from his birth to his ascension. The east gates are those which Michael Angelo said were worthy of being the gates of paradise. The subjects

delineated are scriptural, from the Creation down to the Queen of Sheba and Solomon's Temple. Ghiberti was only twenty-three when he received the commission for this work, and his competitors were Brunelleschi, Quercia, Colle, and others. We gave some time to the study of these gates, and for delicacy of work, proportion of figures, and minute detail, they excel anything of the kind we have seen.

The Church of Santa Croce, in the square of the same name, is called the Westminster of Italy, and contains a great many elaborate tombs, sculptures, bass-reliefs, bronzes, paintings, mosaics, and frescos, by the most eminent artists, from Cimabue, the father of mediæval art, to the present day. Here is the tomb of Michael Angelo, a monument to Dante, one to Galileo, and many others. There are also some choral books of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, finely illuminated — authors unknown. We consider this the finest and most interesting church in Florence. While not so large as the Cathedral its associations are of more interest and value to the students of history and art than any other in the city. There are many other churches here worthy of mention, but we have described more than enough in a cursory manner to show the wealth of genius, taste and labor which have been bestowed on these houses of worship by the rich and powerful of other days, who built and decorated churches and monasteries, because to do so was considered a sure passport to heaven, whether their outward conduct was exemplary or not. This desire to propitiate heaven had this advantage, at least, that it brought about that revival of taste and art in Europe, which had been swept away by the savage hordes from the north, who, in successive shoals, overran the south of Europe for several centuries, and whose only accomplishments were the arts of war and destruction.

Four or five miles to the north of Florence are the ruins of the old Etruscan City of Fiesole, with its ancient walls and massive theater. These and other memorials of a once powerful people are a delight to antiquaries, and to those who revel in the moldering relics of three thousand years ago. The situation of this place is peculiar, being built on the top of an isolated but high hill.

With reluctance we left Florence on the morning of the 26th. It was cold and wet when we left for Venice by way of Bologna. We had to cross the Apennines at an elevation of over 2,000 feet, and this was accomplished slowly in a snowstorm part of the way, and a high, cold wind. Occasionally we had glimpses of the sun,

and had some fine views of the Valley of the Arno. After the summit was reached, and passed, the snow became quite deep, and large gangs of men were passed clearing the tracks. When we reached Bologna the snow was more than eighteen inches deep, and that traditional bald head, the oldest inhabitant, had not seen the like for twenty years. All the trains from the north and east were late, and we had to wait some time.

BOLOGNA.

The management of the Italian lines is bad; they are all under government control, and need to be put into the hands of private companies to give them vitality. They are generally single lines, and if a train from the north is delayed the south train has to lay by at some siding until the laggard comes slowly up. Trains seldom make more than twenty miles an hour. They use for fuel compressed coal dust, earth and tar, in cubes of six inches square. It is amusing to see the officials dancing around in each other's way, all ready and eager for a bribe, however paltry. The road-beds are good, and bridges and viaducts solidly constructed. Passengers have little use for life insurance, but require a great deal of patience.

Our stay in Bologna was short. This town is one of the oldest in Italy. It became a possession of Rome two hundred years B.C., was made a free city by Charlemagne, and became rich by the commercial energy of her citizens; but her fame rests on her men of letters and art. In the beginning of the thirteenth century there were ten thousand students in her schools, who were taught law, medicine, theology, philosophy, and other studies. For hundreds of years her schools were the most famous in Europe, and here, one hundred years ago, Joseph Galvani discovered galvanism. Churches and palaces are numerous. Many of the streets are finely colonnaded. The one leading to the Church of St. Lucca is three miles long. There are many towers without any apparent purpose, some of them leaning. The Campo Santo is said to be the finest in Europe. The railway from here to Venice, about one hundred miles, runs through a level, fertile country. Passing through many old looking towns and villages, we reached Venice in the afternoon and took a gondola by the Grand Canal for the Grand Hotel, cold and hungry, but a good fire in our room and a substantial tea set us all right.

VENICE.

Perhaps there was no city in the middle ages which had such a wide renown as this City of Venice. It is built on seventy-two islands, lying on the west coast of the Adriatic Sea, and surrounded by wide-stretching lagoons. Its appearance, from a distance, is most peculiar and dreamy-looking in its isolation. The name was first given to a large province which included fifty prosperous cities. This one originated by the locating of a number of families who earned a precarious living by fishing, making salt and trading. In course of time these industries became extensive, the insular position of the islands, and their low, swampy shores not being inviting to any but those who had here found a home and an uncertain livelihood. When the incursions of the Goths had reduced all the cities and communities on the mainland to subjection, this uninviting delta of islands and sand bars was left in comparative quiet. This induced many who had fled from the thraldom of their heathen oppressors to cast in their lot with the dwellers by the sea, and from these sprang that commercial and manufacturing talent which in mediæval times made Venice one of the richest cities of the world. Her glory has dimmed, but has not departed, and Venice today is a city of great importance. Her trade waned when the passage to India began by the Cape of Good Hope, and her political power sank at the same time. Originally, the government was a pure democracy, which was changed in the eighth century to a republic of nobility. This continued with little change for nearly a thousand years, and, as in other cities in Italy, accounts for the great number of palaces and remains of former greatness which meet one on every hand. Originally governed by tribunes elected by the people, each of the seventy-two islands electing one, this order was changed in the beginning of the eighth century, when a doge, with supreme power, was elected for life, whose dignity was equal to royalty. From first to last there were one hundred and twenty-two of these republican princes, and each year, until 1797, they performed the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic on Ascension Day by throwing a gold ring into the sea. Venice has few streets, her canals taking their place. Besides the Grand Canal, which meanders through the city like an inverted letter S, there are one hundred and forty-six smaller ones, spanned by over three hundred bridges. Instead of coaches and wagons or carts, all the traffic is done in gondolas, barges, and small steamers.

This is a rather unusual mode of getting around, but when the eye gets accustomed to the ever-gliding, noiseless panorama, the other senses are lulled into a feeling of quiet dreaminess, as the gondolier, with his quick, graceful strokes, sends his long, high prowed vessel steadily along to the required point. No jolting over rough pavement or dirty streets, but a steady, noiseless dip of the plashing oar into the blue-green water, and, however crowded the way may be, there is no danger of collision, and you are landed at your destination unwilling to break the repose you have been enjoying. The richer classes have their own gondolas, and the gondoliers wear the family livery.

Spanning the Grand Canal is the Rialto Bridge, and on a branch canal between the Doge's Palace and the historical prison, is the Bridge of Sighs. These two bridges have been made famous, the first by a misapprehension of Shakespeare's text in his play of the Merchant of Venice. Shylock says :

> "Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my moneys and my usances,"

evidently referring to the district called Rialto, the oldest part of Venice, and originally the center island where the merchants had their exchange. This bridge was built by Giovanni da Ponte, or Anthony of the Bridge, to distinguish him from other artists of the same name, the baptismal prefix being considered more honorable as kings are at present. The center of this bridge is lined with small shops under arcades. The Bridge of Sighs is covered, and has a dividing wall along its center. One passage led from the rooms of the Avvagadri to the prison, and the other led from the prison to the hall of the ten inquisitors ; it is of one arch, and is forty feet above the water. Byron in his "Childe Harold" says :

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
> A Palace and a Prison on each hand."

No doubt many a grief-stricken soul has passed through these gloomy passages, knowing that nothing short of a miracle could save him or her from impending doom.

The Piazza San Marco, is one of the finest squares in the world. It has two parts, the Piazzetta being an extension of the Piazza leading down to the sea, and having the piazza on the north, the Doge's Palace on the east. On the west is the old library built

by Sansovino, and the Mole on the south. The Piazza is 600 by 300 feet; on the two sides are the old and new courts of justice; on the west end is the new wing of the Royal Palace; and at the east end is the Cathedral of San Marco. It is built in Byzantine style, has five large porticos on the west front, and five fine domes on the roof. Looking at the building from the west end of the square it has an imposing appearance, the interior richly ornamented in marble, mosaic, and bronze, and finely frescoed. There are many valuable paintings, and the wood carving of the sanctuary and chapels is most elaborate, some of it very old. The altar is one of the finest in Europe, rich in silver, precious stones, and cloth of gold. The Campanile, detached, is a massive square tower with a pyramidal spire, and is 320 feet high. From its top a fine view of the city and surrounding islands can be obtained—so Rowe told us, and wished us to see for ourselves, but we were wearied with much climbing and declined the labor. This tower was built in the tenth century. To the north of the church is the clock tower, fifteenth century; on the front the dial, and over it the Virgin and Child, heroic size; on each side of them, doors which every hour, from sunrise to sunset, open, and four figures make their appearance. One of these represents an angel with a trumpet, and all bow to the Virgin and retire, the doors closing after them. On the top is a large bell, and on either side are bronze giants who strike the hour with a hammer. Three sides of the square are covered by roomy arcades. In all there are one hundred and twenty-nine arches, which overshadow the finest shops in Venice.

On the east side of the Piazzetta is the Doge's Palace; massive, yet graceful, acute Gothic. This building is very large, and a worthy residence for the sailor kings. The fronts and the interior are suggestive of great wealth, cultivated taste, and undisputed power. Some of the rooms are of large proportions; the antiquities and art works of all kinds are extensive, and gleaned from manifold sources. The old library opposite, with its fine colonnade and front crowned with statuary, has few rivals in Italy. Doric and Ionic in style, it is a classic foil to the peculiar Gothic of the Doge's Palace. The contents of this elegant building are valuable, comprising one hundred and forty thousand printed books, many of which cannot be duplicated. Napoleon I. took much of the valuable literary treasures to France, some of which were returned. The collection of manuscripts is yet large, some of them pertaining

to the seventh and eighth centuries. Fronting the sea is the historic Mole, on which stands the two red granite columns brought from Greece in the twelfth century. On the top of one is the bronze lion of St. Mark; on the other a statue of St. Theodore, who was the patron saint of Venice until A.D. 827, when the body of the new patron St. Mark was brought from Egypt. We know of no public square in Europe with so many historical associations clinging to it as there are around this famous San Marco, and almost all of them fully authenticated. The isolation of the city gave it immunity from destructive invasion, so that its local records have remained until late years comparatively undisturbed, and the political career of its citizens, for twelve centuries, has been impressed on the history of every nation in Europe. The social history of the people, with their commercial vigor, reads like a veritable romance. In the middle ages they were the sailor kings of the south of Europe, as the Danish vikings were the piratical kings of the north. Unlike the latter, the Venetians traded and subdued for wealth and possessions, which they carefully fostered. The vikings colonized to some extent, but their incursions were made for plunder and destruction.

There are many churches here besides St. Mark, among the finest being the stately memorial church of St. Mary's Salutation, which was erected by the Senate in pursuance of a vow made during the plague of 1630. The design is very striking, the front fine, showing a large portico. The scroll buttresses around the base of the dome give the architecture a heavy appearance, although they are relieved by rich carving and statuary. The interior is rich in carving, statues, mosaics, and paintings, Titian, among many others, having a conspicuous place.

St. Mary of the Friars contains, we conceive, the finest monument in Italy — the tomb of Titian. The general design is a monumental arch in pure white marble, and its execution is as fine as anything we have seen. It is a remarkable design, and grandly executed. Here, also, is the tomb of the great modern sculptor and artist, Canova, designed by himself. It is a pyramid of marble, with a mausoleum interior, and embellished with allegorical statuary, finely executed, and worthy of that eminent man.

St. Jacob of Rialto is the oldest church in Venice, or, more properly speaking, Rialto, for at the time (421 A.D.) when it was founded, Rialto was a colony of Padua, and was then made the seat of a bishopric. It has been remodeled since, but the original

walls remain, and show none of the profuseness of later centuries in church architecture. The Greek Porch is the one originally built. In contrast to this venerable and sedate-looking building, the Church of St. Mary of Formosa has a very pretentious front of marble, lavishly adorned by a great variety of figures of saints, defunct priests, and uncouth-looking cherubs. The whole front is fearfully dirtied and streaked by the pigeons that nestle in hundreds among its details, and seem to have no respect for the sanctity of the persons so numerously depicted. All who visit the square of San Marco are familiar with the tameness of the pigeons which in thousands inhabit the square and its vicinity. They are the special pets of the city, and are fed every day at 2 P.M. Visitors, however, feed them all the time, and they seem to have no fear, alighting on anyone who has grain, and feeding out of the hand.

Four hundred years ago the Arsenal of Venice was the largest in the world, and supplied cannon to all Europe. Some of these are to be seen yet, and are elegant specimens of the founders' ability. In those early days, when the Crusaders were swarming from all Christendom in their endeavor to recover the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the Moslems, Venice was the great point from which military supplies of all kinds had to be purchased, and galleys for naval warfare and transportation were constructed, manned and fought by the artificers, sailors and soldiers of the Queen of the Adriatic. Those were the palmy days of the Italian Republics, for the wealth of Europe was poured into their treasuries, enabling them to build palaces so large and costly in this and other cities that those of royalty were completely eclipsed. The palaces of Venice alone on the line of the Grand Canal can hardly be enumerated, and to describe them would be an endless task.

Venetian glass and Venetian lace are well known to commerce and art. These and salt making are the staple industries, but the disbursement of money by visitors, forms a steady source of revenue to the people, who seem to be prudent and self-reliant, for unlike Naples, Rome, and other places we visited in Italy, here we saw no beggars, except one or two at the church doors.

MILAN.

We left Venice by rail for Milan, our road lying all the way across the fertile plains of Lombardy, and through Padua, the oldest city in the north of Italy, famed at one time for its university,

and the celebrated men who graduated there. The Botanic Gardens are the oldest, and, in some respects, the finest in Europe. Of course, there are many old churches, with the usual embellishments and traditions characteristic of Italy. Verona, on the Adige, another town of some celebrity, is one of the famous forts called the Quadrilateral. The Roman Amphitheater, built in the first century, is an object of great interest, and although not as large as the Coliseum, has been as substantial. This and two Roman gateways, in good preservation, are interesting to archæologists and students of history. Much gush and sentimentality has been expended on the supposititious tomb of the fair Juliet, said to be located in an obscure Franciscan monastery. The great fort, as a specimen of military construction, is said to be one of the best in the world.

Milan, the largest city in the north of Italy, has had a checkered, but on the whole, a prosperous history. Located in the center of Lombardy, it is nearly circular in shape, its streets wide and well paved, its mansions and business houses large and handsome. The royal palace, on the south side of the Cathedral square, is one of the largest in Italy. We made a tour of the rooms used by the royal family, containing valuable tapestries, richly jeweled cabinets, mosaic tables, malachite vases, wonderful mantels in lapis lazuli and onyx, and endless varieties of fine old paintings and frescos. The ball room is gorgeous, and is lighted up by cut-glass chandeliers of great value, adapted to the use of wax candles. Any other illuminant would be too plebian. All the rooms, although very grand, were cold and cheerless, and we were glad to escape into the outer sunlight, and went across the square to the crowning glory of Milan, the Cathedral, the largest purely Gothic church in the world.

Its foundations were laid by Galeazzo Visconti, in 1387, and during its early construction, which proceeded slowly, many architects had charge, the Milanese providing the means. Napoleon I., finding the building far from being finished, by decree hastened its completion, and to his usual energy is to be attributed its present magnificent condition. Its length is 490 feet, its breadth 298; height under the dome 260, and to the summit of the tower 400 feet. Built without and within of the finest Carrara marble, it has a glorious appearance. However much one has read about it, however many views may have been seen, its reality far excels what may have been conceived of it. No mere arrangement of words

can express the infinite beauty of this remarkable structure. We could not, if we would, recount in detail what the genius of man has accomplished here, but will only give some general account of its various parts. The outside is adorned by one hundred and six pinnacles and two thousand five hundred statues. We did not count them, but there are certainly that number, possibly more. The tower is finished by a spire, in obelisk form, and the marble roof around its vast extent is likened to a garden of flowers. The spire is surmounted by a bronze figure of the Virgin. The interior has little of the meretricious decoration which is so common in Italian churches. There are fifty marble columns supporting the roof, 90 feet high, and 10 feet in diameter. All the windows are filled with stained glass, the oldest being the finest. The dome is richly frescoed ; the marble ceilings are cut in open work tracery, the whole in pure Gothic. There are no interior chapels on the church floor, but a great number of finely carved confessionals are ranged around the walls.

Below the choir are two chapels, the most interesting of which is the octagonal chapel, where lies the embalmed body of St. Charles Borromeo. The walls and roof are lined with pure silver, with panels in bass-relief, depicting the principal events in the life of the Saint, born a member of one of the noblest families of Lombardy. He was early dedicated to the church, and at the age of twenty-three his uncle, Pius IV, made him Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. At twenty-six he inherited the family estates, but chose to live in penury, devoting his income to charity. When the plague ravaged Milan, in 1575, he sold a great part of his property for the relief of the people, and devoted himself to the care of the sick and the dying. He escaped the contagion and died at the age of forty-six, and was canonized twenty-six years later. On the altar is his sarcophagus, of crystal, framed in silver. The remains are dressed in pontificals, studded with precious stones ; his crosiers and miter are one blaze of jewels. Over the ghastly and time-blackened face hangs a miniature crown of gold, and further toward his feet is suspended a cross, both inlaid with rare jewels, while many valuable votive offerings are hung to the sides of the coffin. The altar and casket were the gift of Philip IV., of Spain. The whole of this show of baubles is only fitted to create regret that the remains of a useful and good man should be used for the purpose of collecting money from the curious stranger, and the ignorantly devout. In the sacristy are busts of dead churchmen, in silver, many miters,

crosses and altar ornaments, in silver and gold, all enriched with costly gems. Altogether, there is more wealth hoarded here, if the jewels are genuine, than would ransom an earldom.

Many diverse opinions have been expressed by writers in regard to this church. Goethe calls it a monstrosity in which man has transplanted a marble mountain, at immense cost, and forced it into the meanest forms. Eustace says that it is inferior only to St. Peter's. It equals in length, and excels in breadth, the cathedrals of Florence, and St. Paul's in London. There is no church in the world superior in carving, fretwork, and statues. Street says: "absolutely the grandest interior in the world, is, I do believe, this noble work." The Cathedral proves the consummate beauty and magnificence attainable by the pointed style, carried out severely and simply on the grandest scale, as its interior does most triumphantly, beyond cavil.

In marked contrast to the Cathedral is the old church of St. Ambrose, with its weather-beaten, cloistered approach, its plain, square-columned interior, and its Norman arched clear-story. The interior is naked and impoverished looking. This church is said to be of the fourth century. We should say of the ninth. There is a brazen serpent which stands on a column of porphyry, and is shown as the same Moses lifted up to the view of the stricken Israelites, in their journey through the wilderness. It is the principal show piece in the church, and we should call it a brazen humbug. The oldest architecture in Milan is the colonnade of San Lorenzo, consisting of sixteen columns of the Corinthian order. They are said to be part of a Temple of Hercules, of the third century. They are much decayed, but are of fine proportion, and the foliated capitals exhibit rare workmanship. The church adjoining was originally founded by Atulphus, King of the Goths. The Church of St. Mary of Grace is justly famous, because in the refectory of the convent is the renowned painting, or fresco, of the "Last Supper," by Da Vinci. This remarkable work, by a remarkable man, is irretrievably ruined by dampness and abortive attempts at restoration. When Napoleon I. occupied Milan the convent was used as a barracks, and the refectory as a stable. To appreciate this great work, and intelligently understand the positions of the Twelve Apostles, with the expressions of the features, is now impossible. The central figure is really the best preserved. There is great sadness in the pained features, implying resignation to endure what was inevitable, but we are now left to imagine the facial

expression of the startled apostles. Da Vinci was two years in discovering a face which would suitably express the perfidy of Judas, and finally chose, as his model, the face of the prior of the convent, his bitter and malicious enemy.

Leaving the churches, of which there are so many, we cannot omit to mention La Scala, one of the most celebrated theaters in Europe. It is so named because it is built on the site of a church of that name. It seats three thousand six hundred persons, and its accommodations and accessories are of the most sumptuous kind A favorable verdict from La Scala is a sufficient reputation for any singer. The square in front of the theater has a fine monument to the memory of the immortal Da Vinci, artist, diplomat, and civil engineer. Covering the whole end of the square, opposite the theater, is the old city hall, built in the thirteenth century. Massive and strong, it would pass for an old feudal castle, and has been the scene of many oppressive and bloody events, during the long and protracted period when the different Italian republics were arrayed against each other as Guelphs and Ghibelines, and the Roman popes and the Roman emperors were striving and fighting for the political control of Christendom. We, of modern times, have no conception of the political and social turmoils, which existed for hundreds of years in this beautiful land of Italy, caused and continued by the unholy ambitions of worldly priests. On the south side of this same square is the north entrance to the gallery Victor Emmanuel, an arcade of fine shops, built in the form of a cross, 660 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 90 feet high. The center is an octagon, with dome, the roof 170 feet high, the whole covered with glass, and richly decorated with sculptures and twenty-four statues of distinguished Italians. The panels in the cupola represent Europe, America, Asia, and Africa, in heroic fresco. There is no peer to this splendid arcade to be found in the world. The city has thirteen gates, or triumphal arches, chief of which is the Simplon, built by Napoleon I., to immortalize his victories. Next to the Arch of Triumph in Paris this one is the finest in Europe. Milan is a most attractive city to visit, and we left it with many agreeable things to keep alive in our memories.

MILAN TO LUCERNE.

We had intended going to Turin, the most modern of Italian cities, but we had become tired of this restless life, and our appetite for sight-seeing was completely cloyed. Art and other

memorials of man's genuis and labor were becoming indifferent to us by their incessant repetition, and we concluded, as a change, to see nature as revealed in snow-covered mountains, deep gorges, pine-clad hills, Alpine torrents, and deep, blue lakes. We therefore left Milan for Lucerne, on the lake of the same name in Switzerland, via the St. Gothard tunnel. For the first thirty miles our course was north to Como, on the celebrated lake of that name. From here until we reached Bellinzona, the scenery was remarkable, and we think justifies the assertion that the lakes of northern Italy are the most picturesque in Europe. We left Como, crossed Lake Lugano, and leaving Lake Maggiore on the west, pursued our way toward the St. Gothard, on either hand high, rugged mountains, whose snowy peaks glistened in the midday sun; villages nestled in the valleys, and high upon the mountain sides amid their rugged grandeur were perched small huts used for shelter by goat-herds. Innumerable mountain streams brawled through deep, dark glens, hurrying toward the Reuss and Ticino rivers. Our two locomotives had all they could do to make time at the different stations. Shortly after noon we found the St. Gothard right in our front, seemingly barring our further progress, and we were hemmed in on either hand, but we kept on our way through short tunnels and along the mountain side, until we reached what seemed to be the end of the gorge, with apparently no further passage for us. But dashing across an iron bridge, we entered a tunnel, which, by the motion of the train, we judged to be winding through the bowels of the mountain. Suddenly we emerged into daylight, and there, 150 feet below us, was the place where we had entered. Crossing another ravine we were again plunged in darkness, and making another circle in the solid rock, again daylight was reached, and another 200 feet in height was gained. Again we sped along the face of the perpendicular cliff, then darkness and the same course was pursued as before, thus making two double loops. Our course was now comparatively straight to Airolo, all the time ascending until the straight tunnel was reached under the St. Gothard, its tops, 6,000 feet over us. This immense undertaking straight through the mountain is nine and one-fourth miles long, the longest railway tunnel in the world.

Leaving the outer world, our powerful locomotives kept ascending until the center was reached, and there began the down grade toward the Swiss republic. We had been afoot since daylight, and

from the time we began to pass among the Italian lakes every sense had been strained to the utmost tension. Fatigue and the darkness combined made us drowsy, and we slept until we reached the north end and daylight. The prospect here was wild in the extreme. Around and above us on every hand were mountain peaks, clothed in dazzling snow, and scattered in the wildest confusion were immense blocks of detached rocks, some sharp and jagged, others deeply imbedded in the soil, and polished and rounded by glacial action, their tops and sides scored and seamed in every direction. Far below us dashed the foaming River Reuss, fed by the melting snow, its waters icy cold. Vegetation was scant; animal life there was none; all was desolate, dreary, and wild. At Goschenan we dined, and were now on the northern side of the St. Gothard. When we resumed our journey the descent involved the passage through another series of circular tunnels similar to those on the south side of the Alps. Altogether, in a distance of ten miles, we descended over 1,000 feet. The center of the great tunnel is about 4,000 feet above sea level. This marvelous piece of engineering can only be comprehended by those who have some knowledge of the physical difficulties which were met and overcome by the engineers who planned, and the contractors who carried out, amid financial and other troubles, this gigantic and complicated piece of work. The whole line, from Immensee on the north to Chiasso on the south, one hundred and twenty-eight miles, cost over $47,000,000. Half of this sum was paid by Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, and like many other commercial ventures where adjacent governments have contributed money in a governmental capacity, this valuable avenue of commerce has materially helped to bind them together politically and commercially.

LUCERNE.

When we reached Lucerne the weather was cloudy, and all the neighboring mountains were veiled from sight, but we were comfortably domiciled at the Schweitzerhoff, hoping that the morrow would be clear, which it was not. We, however, spent the day in looking over this finely-situated and thriving town. The two-spired church is large, and encircled by a Campo Santo and burying-ground, neither of them large nor very interesting, but symbolizing the rugged natures of the people who have for so many hundred years held intact their republican simplicity and liberty, when

other and more favored nations around them have been perpetually involved in war and change. The Lion of Lucerne, designed by Thorwaldsen, and executed by Ahorn, is a recumbent figure cut out of the face of the cliff to the memory of the heroic Swiss who died in Paris, in 1792, in the performance of their duty during the bloody anarchy of the French revolution. In the garden adjoining are a number of pits ground into the solid rock by glacial action. The spherical grinding stones lie in some of the pits yet. This is perhaps the most striking proof to be found anywhere of the geological fact that Switzerland at one time was completely covered with ice. There are two wooden bridges, three or four hundred years old, under whose tiled roofs are many fine paintings, illustrating prominent incidents of Swiss history. The Town Hall is old, quaint, and has much fine carving on its front and sides.

Next morning the sun shone gloriously, and Mt. Pilatus, rugged and rude, reflected back his beams from his snow-clad sides and summit, and the fine, curved top of the Rigi was fully revealed. Around on every hand mountain was piled upon mountain far as the eye could reach. Below these, and reflecting their towering forms, Lake Lucerne lay in placid beauty, with here and there an early steamboat fleetly moving toward different ports on the well wooded shores. It was a scene ever to be remembered, sublime and impressive.

Having realized all that we hoped to see in this romantic town and neighborhood, we left for Schaffhausen and the Falls of the Rhine. This point was reached after a short visit to Zurich. Schaffhausen has a history running back many centuries. The cathedral shows some portions of wall dating from the fifth century. The old castle and the fortifications are still extant, although slowly crumbling to dust, and the place on the whole is not interesting. The falls are two miles from the town, and to them we went, putting up at the Bellevue House immediately fronting the falls. To those who have looked Niagara in the face this fall of water is not very impressive, about 60 feet high, and perhaps 350 feet wide. It is not a sheer fall, but tumbles down in successive leaps from the top to the bottom, foaming and noisy. The water is of the same clear, greenish color as Niagara, cool and sparkling. Salmon and trout are abundant. Many visitors come here in the summer, and the hotels are of the fashionable class, but comfortable, with fine gardens and shrubberies, while the clear atmosphere is sweetened by the surrounding pine woods, and is

very invigorating. The falls are about 2,000 feet above sea level, the Bellevue being near enough for a good view of them, and far enough distant to make the incessant roar of the waters rather soothing.

STRASBURG.

Next morning we took the train for Strasburg, through the Black Forest. Whatever may have been the extent of this historical district, with its vast pine woods, and reminiscences of lordly German robbers who were continually warring against each other, and only fraternized together when there was a common foe to repel from their gloomy forests or mountain fortresses, there is much fine open country today in a high state of cultivation, as evidenced by vine-clad hill slopes, prolific orchards, and well tilled fields, in which man, woman and child seemed to be busy. Roughly but neatly clad they and their homes had an appearance of thrift and homely plenty, quite in contrast to much that we had seen in sunny Italy. We passed many ruined castles perched on the tops of isolated hills, their moldering walls frowning down on the peaceful fields below. How would Rudolph, once Lord of this ruin, or Conrad, Lord of this other, appreciate the changes if they were to arise from the graves in which they were laid hundreds of years ago, and be permitted to look abroad over this fine fertile country, with its smooth highways and blooming fields. No doubt they would be surprised, and, possibly, disgusted at the evidences of peace and prosperity around them, reasoning from what they saw, that their country and warlike race had wofully degenerated. In thus concluding they would be much mistaken, for the soldierly instincts of the Germans are as much on the alert today as they were when every count and baron held all born on their estates to be the instruments of their ambition in church or state. Feudalism, as once recognized, may not exist, but the martial feeling of Germany's sons is still alive, and they are among the most enduring and intelligent soldiers of modern times.

As we advanced to the north we entered what many travelers consider the finest mountainous district in Germany. The railway ascends in a winding and difficult path, very similar to that on either side of the St. Gothard. There are many tunnels, and much circuitous roadbed has to be traveled before the level country on the other side is reached, but it is different from the Alpine Pass in that, while the mountain tops are high and rugged, and fields of

snow were on every hand, the valleys were populous, and the tillage was carried far up the sides of the hills. The scenery here was grand, but it lacked the wildness and awful solemnity of the passage from Italy into Switzerland.

Strasburg was at one time a Roman station, and called Argentoratum, and for three hundred years they held possession of the town and surrounding country, but were eventually compelled to withdraw by the Allemans, a German tribe. The emperor Julian achieved a brilliant victory over the Allemans before Strasburg, but he held no permanent possession. The overwhelming influx of the Germans could not be stayed, and they held rule until the Franks, under King Clovis, induced them to submit to his rule, which was extended over the whole of Alsace. With the Franks Christianity was introduced, and Strasburg became a bishopric, and the Church, as was usual at that time, gained the political ascendancy. However, the kings and the bishops were generally in accord, and the city from being a small station in the midst of the Ill grew until the fortifications encircled the whole island. Previous to the thirteenth century, the bishops held political control, the citizens being generally obedient, but trouble arose in consequence of Bishop Walter, of Geroldseck, refusing to recognize the growing power of the civic rulers. A bloody battle was fought, the bishop was defeated, and the municipal power passed into the hands of the patricians. The city grew rapidly, the German emperors gave it a free charter, and the Cathedral was begun on its present plan. The patricians became arrogant, the trades guilds gained control, and Strasburg was again prosperous for two hundred years. The reformed doctrines attained a foothold by the ability of Jacob Sturm and his colleagues, and they made Strasburg the political center of Germany. The French tried often to gain possession of this wealthy town, but were foiled until the thirty years' war, when at the peace of Ryswick, 1697, Strasburg was ceded to the French, who held possession until 1870, when, after a siege of six weeks, Germany took and now holds this and adjacent cities, as well as the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. During the bombardment of the city by the Germans, the French established on the platform of the unfinished tower of the cathedral, a signal station, which naturally became an object for the siege guns of the Germans. The result of this practice was the damaging of the completed spire, and the roof of the nave was completely burned down. These damages were

promptly repaired when the Germans occupied the town. The taking of Strasburg by the Germans was a great disaster to the French; 17,000 men laid down their arms, 1,200 bronze cannon, 12,000 Chassepot guns, and over 1,800 horses were captured; 193,000 shots were fired into the town, and four hundred and fifty houses were completely destroyed. At present Strasburg is one of the strongest fortresses belonging to the German empire, and is garrisoned by over 20,000 of as finely equipped troops as ever stepped to martial music. The older portions of the town have the quaint, high-roofed houses, so common in the north of Europe. Those destroyed during the siege have been replaced by elegant buildings of renaissance style, with all modern improvements.

The Cathedral has been fully repaired, and, as it stands, has only one peer in mediæval architecture in Germany. This is the Cathedral of Cologne. The style is mixed Gothic, and the west front has a grand and imposing appearance. The church evidently was subordinated to this huge but airy monument. The finished tower and spire, 475 feet high, can be seen from a great distance. The facade, towers and spire are filled with statues, many of them equestrian, and although not so numerous as those of the Cathedral of Milan, are very effective. Much of the work shown on the walls of the church and chapels is rich in design and execution. The whole structure is built of a variegated red sandstone, and is about 400 feet long, 135 feet wide, and over 100 feet high. The stained glass is rich in design and color, but the rest of the interior is plain to meagerness. The celebrated clock is a marvel of sensational mechanism, known to be in existence as far back as the middle of the fourteenth century. It was then considered the finest in the world. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it ceased to work, and the magistery ordered the construction of a new one. Three mathematicians began the work, but left it unfinished, and it was commenced again in 1570, and finished four years later. The framework and decoration survived, but in 1789 the mechanism was destroyed. For the third time the municipality decided to reconstruct the clock, and this is the one now shown, the clock case and decorations from 1570 being used. Every day at noon the clock is to be seen, and the crowd always in waiting passes through the opened gates. The clock occupies three stories. In the upper story the central figure is the Savior. As the hour is reached, one of the angels, of which there are two, perched above the dial of the lower story, strikes the first stroke of

the first quarter; the second stroke is given by a little girl, who represents childhood, as she passes in front of death, who is placed in the second story. The other angel strikes first for the second quarter, and youth, passing in front of death, strikes the second. Again an angel strikes for the third quarter, and manhood, passing in front of death, strikes second. For the fourth quarter the process is the same, old age striking the last stroke of the four quarters. At the first stroke of twelve, in the third story the twelve apostles pass in front of the Savior, led by Peter. As they defile from left to right, they each bow in passing, and the central figure lifts his hand three times in the attitude of blessing. Each time he does this the cock, perched at some distance, flaps his wings and crows lustily. As death strikes twelve times, one of the angels turns an hour-glass each time.

Leaving out our admiration of the mechanical excellence displayed in this astronomical prodigy, there seems to be something suggestive, in these puppet performances, of income for the church, and the astonishing of the unlearned and credulous. Large churches in Europe are much given to side-shows, but this one has merits unseen elsewhere, for besides the operating of the clock and puppets, there are valuable attachments which must be considered; these are the Universal Calendar and Planetarium. The Calendar indicates all the church holidays, fixed and variable, and regulates itself in leap-years. There is much learning and ingenuity displayed in this valuable addition to scientific endeavor. The calculations are made for all time, however remote, but it is essentially an ecclesiastical computation. The Planetarium represents our solar system, and shows the relationship of the different planets to each other as revealed by modern science, the phases of the moon, and the eclipses of the sun and moon to the end of time. There is also a celestial globe, showing equinoxes and cognate facts. It is barely three hundred years since Galileo demonstrated all these terrestrial and celestial facts to the Roman Church and the world. For his presumption in controverting church dogma, the inquisition sent him to jail, and he barely escaped death at the hands of his churchly persecutors. Now this infallible organization adopts all this, and the more modern teachings, and embodies them in this most famous clock of modern times.

PARIS.

Leaving Strasburg, we went to Paris direct, and encountered the same cold, gusty weather from which we fled six weeks ago. At our hotel we had recourse to the stupid wood fires which radiate most of the heat up the chimney. During the day we rode out, but the moving panorama of the boulevards had no charm for us. It was almost freezing, and, coming from the genial sun of Italy, was too much of a change. However, we visited the Grand Opera House, a most extensive and imposing building, erected by Napoleon III. It was thirteen years in building, and cost $7,500,000, besides the site, which cost $2,100,000. A large number of old buildings were demolished before the three acres it covers could be appropriated. Though so large in extent, the Opera House proper cannot accommodate so many people as the San Carlo, at Naples, or the La Scala, at Milan. The architecture is striking, and as seen from the lower end of the Avenue de l'Opera, has a sumptuous appearance. The distance mellows and tones down what close at hand looks sensational. This building is the center of the boulevard system of Paris, and is only a short distance from the fine, classic Church of the Madeleine, one of the most graceful structures in Paris, built in the early Greek style. It is enriched by a stately portico of massive Corinthian columns. The whole building, outside and inside, is a superb conception. As viewed from the Place de la Concorde, the west front has a noble appearance; the large bronze doors are rich and massive; the legends in the panels refer to the ten commandments.

At the lower end of the Rue Royale, which faces the church, is the Place de la Concorde, claimed by the Parisians to be the finest square in Europe. It is spacious, and chastely ornamented by fountains and groups of statuary, and is a portion of the grand range of public promenades, which include the Gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs-Elysées. In the center is the Obelisk of Luxor, similar to Cleopatra's Needle, from which point is seen the Arc de Triomphe, the remains of the Tuileries, and many of the finest public buildings in Paris. The monolith has a finer appearance than its sister on the Thames embankment. As seen from so many and distant points, it is impressive in its simplicity and fine proportions. The square in which the obelisk stands has a varied and tragic history. During the reign of terror here stood the guillotine, and here two thousand persons were beheaded. Louis XVI.

and Marie Antoinette were the first victims to the lawlessness of the times. Eight groups of statuary placed around the square symbolize eight of the chief towns in France, including Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Brest, Lille, and Strasburg. This last, now German, is draped in mourning.

The Arc de Triomphe, the grandest in the world, is placed on high ground, and can be seen from almost any point in the city. Designed by Chalgrin for Napoleon I., it was completed by Louis Philippe, and is 160 feet hight, 146 broad, and 70 deep. It is enriched by colossal groups of statuary, commemorative of the victories achieved by Napoleon. The top of this grand monument is surmounted by an immense model group designed by Falquirie. From this arch radiate twelve avenues, the most famed of which is the Champs-Elysées, the usual resort and promenade for fashionable Paris. As it ascends from the Luxor Obelisk to the Arc de Triomphe it has a brilliant and gay appearance, its wide center covered with carriages, moving either way in endless procession, the wide sidewalks swarming with promenaders, the ladies in their handsome and many-hued dresses giving a kaleidoscopic effect seen nowhere else. On either side vast numbers of people occupy chairs and tables, sipping their drinks and chatting gaily to each other.

Advancing toward the Arch, we pass the Palais Elysée, the official residence of the President of the Republic; also the Palais de l'Industrie, built for the International Exhibition of 1855. Fine mansions are passed on either hand, among them the residence of John Mackay, of California and Nevada. Passing to the left of the Arch, the Avenue de la Imperatrice is entered, leading to the far-famed Bois de Boulogne. This noble park of two thousand two hundred and fifty acres was originally a game preserve for the French kings, but is now under the control of the municipality, and contains some fine lakes, swarming with water fowl and dotted with neat pleasure boats. This pleasure ground, regal in size and equipment, is one of the best features of the great city, and all her citizens, rich and poor, glory in its possession, and revel in its spacious drives and shady paths. To visit Paris and not see the Bois is to the average Parisian an unpardonable offense.

From the park we drove by the Palais Trocadéro, consisting of a circular center flanked by two high towers, from the top of which, reached by an elevator, is a fine view of the city. The central building is used for concerts and festivals, and seats seven thousand

persons. The dome roof is 175 feet in diameter. Stretching to the right and left are two circular colonnades, which sweep around with their ends to the river, and inclose a large cascade, which falls over eight plateaus into the Seine. Across the river lies the Champ de Mars, the site of the exhibitions of 1867 and 1878. This large open space is 3,000 by 1,500 feet. At one end is the Bridge of Jena, flanked by ornamental grounds, which stretch along the bank of the river. At the other end is the Military School, an institute similar to our West Point. This is a fine building, one of the most imposing in Paris. The facade is 1,100 feet long, and looks like a large palace. The public are admitted only by special permission.

Since the Franco-German war military affairs in France have assumed an energetic and exclusive phase hitherto unknown. There is far less holiday display, and the whole military establishment is settled down to fixed business principles and republican simplicity. The ostentatious army displays, so common during the late empire, or "copper captaincy," as Carlyle called it, have been discontinued, and the French people are awake to the fact that brilliant parades give no assurance of efficiency when the day of trial comes. Of course, the usual maneuvers and camps are held, but the escorts, with brass bands, in attendance on royalty and a fashionable court, are not now required, and the business of preparation for actual service engross the time and minds of the military authorities. The volatile ardor of the French is much toned down since the disastrous days of the German occupation, and the devilish madness of the commune. Yet the devotion of Frenchmen to their country is undiminished, and they love to ponder over the great conquests they achieved under the great Napoleon and previous rulers, while they feel keenly the reverses which, under the little Napoleon, they experienced at the hands of the Germans in the last war, for it was then made apparent that their contention was with the first military power then and now on the continent, the onward sweep of whose forces was simply irresistible. No divided councils or factions retarded them in reaching the objective point aimed at. Their appliances for accomplishing this were the best known to science and mechanism, and intelligence and indomitable will pervaded all, from the field marshal to the humblest private who kept step in the ranks. France realized all this to her cost, and since that time she has been endeavoring to unify her armies, educate her people, and remove her means of defense from the baleful influence of opposing political factions. The future may declare how she has succeeded, as a republic, in the accomplishment of this purpose.

A short distance from the Champ de Mars is the Hôtel des Invalides, built by Louis XIV. as a home for superannuated soldiers. It is a remarkable building, large and finely adapted for the purpose intended. The grounds and building cover thirty-one acres. Much of the hotel is used for other than its original purpose, there being only five hundred beds in use. Adjoining is the Church of the Invalides, with its handsome gilded dome, one of the finest features of this city of palaces and remarkable buildings. Under this dome is the tomb of Napoleon I. The sarcophagus rests in the center of an open circular crypt, 36 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep, whose walls are of highly polished granite. Marble reliefs lend a fine variety to the design. The floor is mosaic, and in the center stands the tomb, inclosing the ashes of this remarkable man, who, in his palmy days, held Europe at his feet, and elevated the French people to the highest pinnacle of military glory, but who, at the same time, did it all merely to feed his own boundless ambition. Waterloo, however, decided his fate, and he was sent to finish his career on the island of St. Helena, where he died and was buried. Many years afterward, as a sign of existing concord, Great Britain allowed his remains to be disinterred and brought to Paris, where, with imposing ceremonies and great rejoicing, they were re-interred under the roof of the church built by his equally ambitious and arrogant predecessor, Louis XIV., thus complying with his last request that his body might rest on the banks of the Seine. Here also are the tombs of his two brothers, Joseph and Jerome; also Vauban, the great engineer, and the equally celebrated marshal, Turenne.

The Palais Royal is another noted building, erected by Cardinal Richelieu. It was then the Palais Cardinal. After the Cardinal's death Anne of Austria took possession with her two sons, Louis XIV. and the Duke of Orleans, and it was then named the Palais Royal. In 1848 the communists wrecked its finest rooms, and again, in 1871, they burned down the south wing. It is chiefly noted now for its shops of cheap jewelry and other merchandise. Its political glory has departed, and traffic streams along its colonnaded fronts, where, two hundred years ago, royalty and the most eminent names in Europe paraded in stately dignity. The buildings inclose what was once a fine garden, but is now a common public resort.

Among the finest squares in Paris is the Place of the Republic, adorned by two graceful fountains and a central monument, dedicated to the republic. We regard this one of the noblest pieces of

commemorative work that we have seen. Its symbolic beauty is very attractive, and consists of a colossal female figure in bronze, crowned with laurel, resting on a circular pedestal and square base, embellished by twelve bronze panels in very full relief, each of which represents salient events in French history. In front, a colossal lion stands beside an electoral urn, symbolizing the patriotic purity of the ballot-box. The square was stubbornly held by the communists in 1871. Many of the walls of the surrounding buildings are marked and pitted by ball and bullet fired at that time.

All who sojourn in Paris visit the Column Vendôme, built by Napoleon I. This massive erection was thrown down by those demons of destruction, the communists, in 1871, but has since been rebuilt. The design is copied from the Trajan Column, in Rome, and consists of a shaft of solid masonry, incased in bronze, arranged spirally, to commemorate the campaign of 1805. To tell this story there were twelve hundred bronze guns used, captured from the Russians and Austrians.

Among all the public buildings and palaces in Paris to which travelers from all countries resort, the most popular is that immense, elegant building known as the Louvre, the name of which is derived from its having been a resort for wolves. Here stood a hunting seat built by Philip Augustus in 1233. Originally a place of some strength, no vestige of it remains. The present structure was commenced by Francis I., and its construction was continued by Catherine De Medici, Francis II., and others. The Palace of the Tuileries was in course of erection at the same time, both buildings being designed and superintended by Lescot. The two buildings were completed in the time of Napoleon III., and were held to be the most finished and imposing of any in Europe. In 1871 the communists burned down the Tuileries, and part of the Louvre. This latter has since been rebuilt; but it is the contents of the Louvre which attract the traveler from all countries, and to its incomparable collection of articles of science and art. Pilgrims journey from the far west, and the still farther east; even the antipodes is drawn upon to augment the numbers of the ever-moving and enthusiastic crowds who wander in supposed artistic bliss along its endless corridors and stately rooms, scanning with eager eye their guide-books, from which they turn, and, with rapturous gaze, endeavor to fix upon their memories the subject, outline and coloring of some famous painting by Perugino, Titian,

Da Vinci, Raphael, Rubens, or other world-famed artist; or, perhaps, in rapt criticism, they circle round some famed group of statuary by Phidias, of Grecian fame, whose works, executed long before the Christian era, have never been excelled; perhaps, in silent admiration, they pose before that matchless figure of a nude female, the Venus of Milo. These are males mostly. The death of Adonis claims the evident sympathy of the ladies, while the hard-fisted and tough-sinewed son of toil admires the figure of Hercules or the Gladiator, both of them from the ruins of ancient Rome. In fact, there is no end to the labyrinth of beautiful objects which can be seen in these vast galleries, gleaned from every country, every clime, and by all sorts of means, for it is matter of history that Napoleon I., in his career of conquest, not satisfied with the means used by different nations for the preservation of their objects of art and articles of *vertu*, although they had been taking good care of them for hundreds of years, assumed the office of custodian of the most valuable articles in their possession, and transferred them to the spacious palaces of France. The gems of sculpture, bronzes, mosaics, paintings, and all kinds of art works, were sent to the Louvre for safe keeping, and to the glory of France, who constituted herself the shameless trustee of other people's valuables. In other words, Napoleon stole, and France held the stolen property, for years. Much of it has been returned to the original owners, but more remains in the hands of the legatees of the original thieves. Lest we might be misunderstood, let us say that not all the contents of the Louvre have been purloined, but much of them have, and the most valuable articles at that.

The galleries of the Louvre are so many, and their contents so voluminous, we can only mention a few of the rooms. The ground floor is filled with sculptures and engravings. Of bronzes there are many, Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome being represented. The first floor contains bronzes, terra-cottas, paintings and drawings; the second floor has museums of classified curiosities, and many galleries of pictures, drawings and smaller antiquities. There are few, if any, collections of art that can compare with this justly celebrated building, and France and Paris have reason to be proud in its possession.

There is another building which adds much to the magnificence of this city — the Hôtel de Ville, or City Hall, at the east end of the Rue de Rivoli. It is a duplicate of the one destroyed by the communists in 1871. It came into their possession in March, and

its cellars were filled with combustibles, the intention being, if the armies of the republic should gain possession of it, the communists might be in readiness for its destruction. This they accomplished, hundreds of the fanatic wretches perishing in its ruins. The building is a fine illustration of the classic renaissance. The interior is not yet finished, but, when it is, few buildings, public or private, will be able to compare with it in richness and style.

But at this juncture our daughter, who had been complaining for some time, became so ill that we were reluctantly compelled to leave Paris, and hurry back to England. Thus, our visit was rather abruptly closed, and so must this fragmentary account of its varied interesting localities close also. Of the people of Paris we can say very little, for we saw little or nothing of their society, except in the streets and public places. All seemed to be fairly prosperous. Although some of the streets we visited were narrow, unswept, and ill-ventilated, yet there was less squalor and filth than we saw in some other cities; but we can imagine that a continuance of business depression would be likely to raise again the slumbering elements of riot which have so often disgraced humanity and civilization, even in recent times. In these days the rich are not so ostentatious as they were; they and the bourgeoise seem to be more in accord, and, altogether, since the rise of the republic, there is more practical sympathy between the higher and lower stratas of society than there used to be. But the Gallic race is ever impulsive, and this was forcibly shown during our visit. The French armies, in their up-hill struggle with the Chinese, had met a reverse, and had been forced to retire before their Mongol enemies; and although the Ferry administration had almost completed a treaty of peace when the news reached Paris of the slaughter of some hundreds of Frenchmen, there was a fearful commotion in the Chamber of Deputies, and, amid much excitement, the administration was kicked out of office, some of the more virulent members branding them as traitors to the government. A few days later, when an opportunity was given to explain, it was found that the Ministers had done their duty faithfully, and, although out of office, are still popular. But France is a fine country, Paris is a magnificent city, and the French people are in the van of modern progress.

The 8th of April severed us from the continent, and our tour came to an end, all too short for the methodical manner in which a tour of so many charming and historical cities and countries should

be conducted. We have seen enough of some localities, and too little of others, and many famous places have not been visited at all. We hope the time may not be far distant when we can renew our acquaintance with the antique and the beautiful.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND HOME.

After a sojourn of two weeks in London and Brighton, during which time our daughter regained, in a great measure, her health, we were advised that the steamship Devonia would sail on the 7th of May from Glasgow for New York. We secured our passage for home, and, with regret, bade adieu to the kind friends in Brighton, whose friendship and hospitality made our four months' stay in that city so pleasant. En route, we passed a day and night in London, and on the 21st, we left King's Cross Station for Edinburgh by the "Flying Scotchman," on the Great Northern Railway, making the run of four hundred miles in nine hours. We remained in Edinburgh one day, and then departed for Arbroath, where we passed a few days, visiting and bidding farewell to relatives and friends, whose attentions to us were unremitting. Although our pleasure was materially marred by rainy, stormy weather, we reached Glasgow on the afternoon of the 2d of May, and found, to our chagrin, that the British Government, in view of a possible war with Russia, had taken the Devonia, and was converting her into a troop ship. The Anchoria was billed to sail on the 14th. On making application to have our expenses paid for this enforced week's stay in Glasgow, we were told they could not do so, because our return tickets had not been exchanged, as required by the regulations. We told them they were taking advantage of a technicality, and that we should make their action in this matter known to the public on both sides of the Atlantic. This threat brought them to terms, and, with much secrecy, before we sailed they made a partial allowance for our week's hotel bill. We mention this episode of travel for the purpose of showing how apt these great shipping corporations are to take advantage of any want of formality on the part of travelers. Although the Government was paying them handsomely for the use of their ship, they chose to endanger their popularity for a few pounds. After reflection, they saw their error, and partially made amends.

During our involuntary stay in Glasgow, the inclement weather was very irksome, but on the evening of the 14th we bade farewell

to many friends, and our run across the Atlantic for home was fairly begun. On the morning of the 15th, we lay at anchor in Lough Foyle, Ireland, waiting for further additions to our passenger list. At 2 P.M. the steam tender from Londonderry came alongside, crowded with emigrants. This addition made over one thousand souls on board. During the day the wind blew heavy from the west, with fitful showers of hail and rain, and we expected heavy weather when we reached blue water. We left Moville about 4 P.M., and when abreast of Instrahull lighthouse, great, heaving billows came pouring in from the west, propelled by a powerful west wind, accompanied with drenching showers. Then began that dire distress known as sea sickness, the great bane of ocean travelers. Many of the cabin passengers disappeared into the seclusion of their staterooms, and there were few at meals in the saloon for some days. There was much distress in the steerage for want of ventilation and exercise, for the ship forward was always wet. However, the captain insisted on enforcing such measures as might be required for the general health. Up to the 21st, the vessel labored ahead against wind and sea. On that morning, the thermometer showed 60°, our motion was steadier, and we had none of that disagreeable vibration caused by the screw being heaved out of the water. This endangered the machinery, and was a source of great uneasiness to all on board; but those grimy men, far down in the depths of the hold, kept feeding the coal to the boilers, and asked no questions of those in charge of the machinery. The engineers require to be men of nerve and endurance, fertile in resource, and prompt in action, for often the officers on the bridge give short and imperative notice to the engine room for abrupt handling of the ship's motions, which, if delayed, often entail great danger, nay possible disaster. The passage of the North Atlantic is always dangerous, and the weather very variable. Today may be sunny and serene, smooth sea, and a high barometer; tomorrow the glass will be 'way down, with a murky sky, the wind blowing a gale, driving before it hail and snow, and howling through the rigging with angry voice, while the sea is covered with foam-capped billows. These assail the laboring ship, as she alternately rises and falls before the angry attack. In such startling conditions can be seen how the use of steam, the intelligence of officers, and the discipline of crews, can be exerted successfully in the preservation of life and property.

On the morning of the 23d we passed seven large icebergs, the thermometer indicating 45° on deck, and 37° in the water;

weather cold and clear. Although we were two hundred miles south of the usual track, there was evidently much ice in our neighborhood. At 6 A.M. a six month's old child was buried in the sea. We dropped our anchor off quarantine, Staten Island, at midnight on the 27th, and next morning landed at Castle Garden. We remained in New York several days, and by way of Niagara Falls, reached Chicago on the evening of the 6th of June, having been thirteen months away from home.

HOME AGAIN.

And now that the dream of our youth, and the hope of our mature years, has, to some extent, been realized, the question may be asked, what benefit have we gained by this expenditure of time and money? this flitting from place to place, along a path of twelve thousand miles from Chicago and back? The question is one not easily answered, for there is a wide difference of opinion about the utility of this wandering away from a comfortable home, congenial society, and loving relations, to journey over stormy and dangerous seas, to travel in strange lands, and among alien peoples, substituting for the home fireside, the familiar friends, and every-day business, the exciting and comfortless life of hotels, controlled by grasping and never-satisfied masters and servants, where they expect to be paid for merely looking at you. As you pass from place to place, all you meet are strangers, often speaking a different language, and indifferent to any of your necessities, unless you can pay liberally for their grudging attentions. Disturbed in mind by an ever-recurring need to take a certain train, at, possibly, an untimely hour, and run the gauntlet of servants who, no matter how secretly you call for and pay, are waiting in line to see you leave ; snaky cupidity gleaming in every eye, and with remorseless cheek awaiting unmerited *pour boire.* To the traveler, meals are very uncertain in quantity and quality, and often have strange flavors and peculiar ingredients. Inconveniences abound, and doubt is continually present ; but there is one thing of which the traveler may always be assured—his bill will be large enough, and will comprehend everything, even to a sheet of paper. Now, in view of all this discomfort, has our gratification in sight-seeing been compensation enough for all these discomforts? And we unhesitatingly say, yes. Is not all life a grappling with difficulties and discouragements? And these surmounted, there is always

a compensation in victory. We went to Europe to see for ourselves celebrated scenery, cities, buildings, works of nature and of art, and such other things as gratify the senses. In the midst of the disagreeable incidents just mentioned, we had our curiosity fairly gratified, for in a desultory and hurried way, we looked upon some of the most picturesque and memorable scenery in the world, and many historic cities, with their squalor and their magnificence, some of the most startling operations of nature, and the finest collections of artistic effort. We have gained a personal knowledge of places famous in the world's history. We have traced partially the development and decadence of many civilizations, have studied feebly their effects on the life of today, and mentally have been enabled to see much that was heretofore obscure, in the gradual elevation of the human race. In short, we have looked upon so much that our senses are tolerably well satiated, and, without reluctance, we return HOME, to its calmer life and every-day routine.

ERRATA.

Page 31, eleventh line from top, for "bitter" read "*belted.*"
Page 36, fourth line from top, for "unpurpled" read "*empurpled.*"
Page 36, seventeenth line from top, for "Gondolin" read "*Gondolier.*"
Page 38, thirteenth line from top, for "Kenarra" read "*Kerrara.*"
Page 38, eleventh line from bottom, for "fisherman" read "*Irishman.*"
Page 40, top line, for "town" read "*tower.*"
Page 41, second line from bottom, for "royal" read "*loyal.*"
Page 52, fourth line from top, for "Lorne" read "*Larne.*"

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